

Maryland Fighters In The Great War



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MARYLAND FIGHTERS IN THE GREAT WAR

By
RAYMOND S. TOMPKINS

*Staff Correspondent of THE BALTIMORE SUN
with the American Expeditionary Forces in France*



1919

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Personal

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

France, March 18, 1919

Mr. Raymond S. Tompkins,
Baltimore Sun Correspondent,
Hotel St. James,
P a r i s .

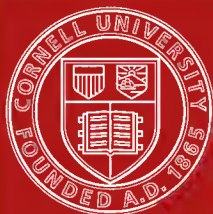
My dear Mr. Tompkins:

It gives me great pleasure to express my appreciation of the services you have rendered to the Army and to the public at home during your stay with the American Expeditionary Forces.

You have had exceptional opportunities for observing the battles in which our troops were engaged, and the various stages of development of our Army, and you have written fully and intelligently on this to the American public. You have had the responsibility of keeping the American people in touch with the Army and its activities, and you have performed these duties, especially as regards the troops of Maryland and Virginia in a highly satisfactory manner, so that it may be said in no war has an Army been supported by a better informed or more intelligent public opinion.

Very truly yours,

John J. Pershing



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FOREWORD

In sending Raymond S. Tompkins to France as its staff correspondent, the purpose of *The Sun* was to establish him as a connecting link between the Maryland Men over there and the Maryland men and women back here. It did this not only because of the big news value of having its own man with its own people, but because it appreciated the vital importance to those left behind of having someone with those boys, charged with the duty of sending back home the story of what befell them on French soil. Had this not been done, Maryland, to-day, would still not have known the history of the flower of the State's manhood that went to France. It would have had no connected account of the lives and doings of their sons "over there" by an eye-witness.

The correspondent of *The Sun* was the only newspaper man with the Maryland forces in France. He lived with them both in the training camps and at the front. He was with them when they went into action and on the march. He saw them fight and he saw them die, and he is the only man in a position to really write their story—the story of the soldiers of Maryland and their part in the war. Through the columns of *The Sun* and *The Evening Sun*, in a series of more than 100 letters and cables from France, he kept the Maryland people in touch with the men of Maryland in France. In this book he has assembled and presents in consecutive and narrative form the history of the Maryland units that went "over there". It is a thrilling story, graphically and truthfully told.

The Sun is proud of Tompkins and of Tompkins' work as a war correspondent. He had his share of hardships and of dangers. He met the problems of the censorship and of the delays and difficulties incidental to writing dispatches on the firing-line, and he measured up in a big way to his job.

FRANK R. KENT,
Managing Editor of The Sun.

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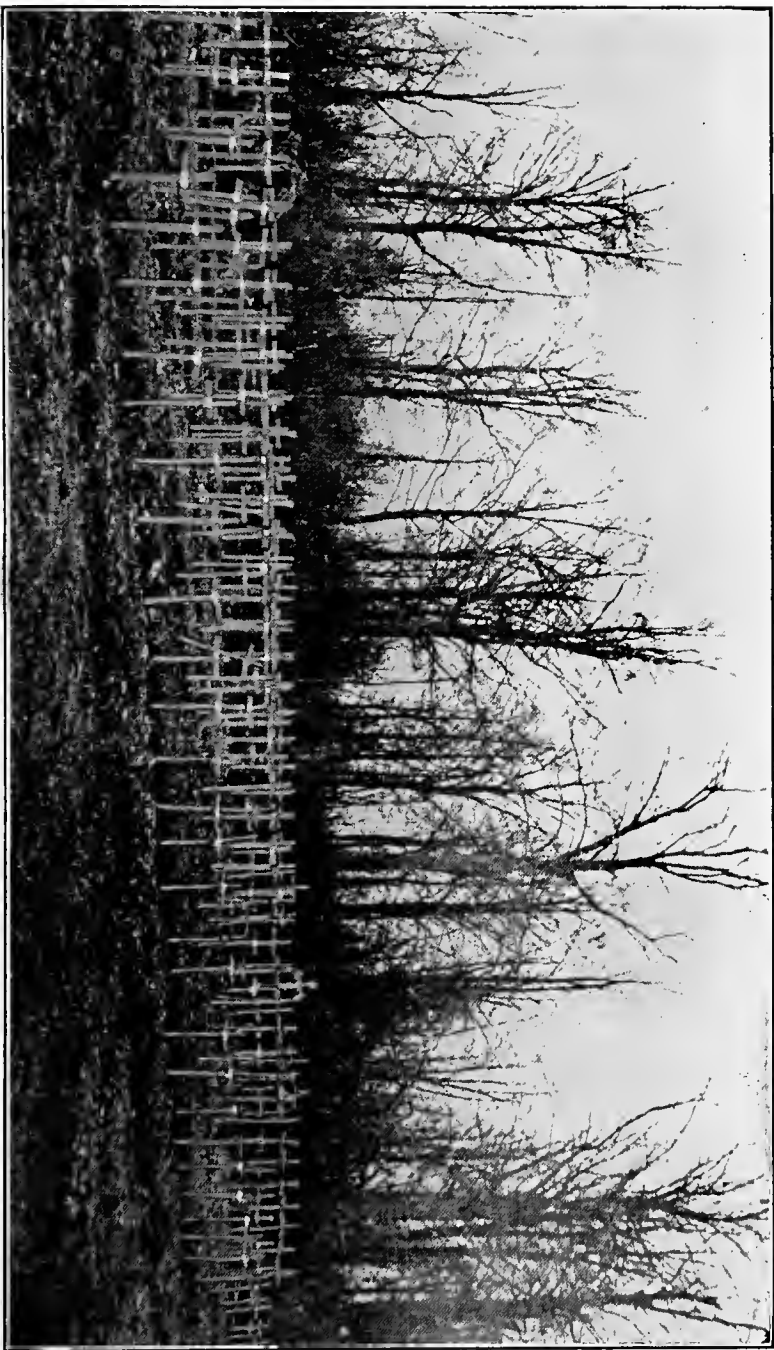
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TO A CERTAIN GREAT CLAN OF YOUNG AMERICANS
WHO DISCOVERED THAT HUMAN ENDURANCE HAS
NO MEASURABLE LIMITS; THAT LIFE IS A LONG HIKE
AND A BRIEF NAP, A GOOD SMOKE, AND A CLEAN GUN;
AND THAT DEATH IS ONLY A SNIPER ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞ ☞



MARYLANDERS ALL—IN THE FOIS DE CONSENVOYE, NORTH OF VERDUN

The Story of the 115th

CHAPTER I

THE OLD GUARD DIES; THE 115TH IS BORN

Probably 50,000 Maryland men fought in the Great War. That is a rough estimate—the only possible sort of estimate for several years. But when it does become possible (if it ever does), to arrive at an absolutely accurate reckoning, the actual total will be found to be neither far below nor far above 50,000.

Most of the difficulties in reaching an accurate reckoning, will arise when future historians come to consider the Maryland men who fought with the British or French before America came into the war. There will be another difficulty when they come to consider the individual Marylanders scattered throughout units in the American Army—units that were not entirely Maryland units.

So that while we are trying to acquaint this generation with the big things Maryland soldiers did in France we must, for the sake of accuracy and coherence, stick pretty closely to the bigger Maryland units—the fighting organizations whose men were entirely or almost entirely Maryland men, roaming up and down the battle-fields of France like great warring clans, with a single great set of traditions spurring them on, and a single great commonwealth praying and cheering for them back home, adding its voice to the chorus of all the great commonwealths that made the nation.

And because, when war was first declared, the only organizations of soldiers to which either the commonwealth or the nation could look for action were the National Guard organizations, we shall begin to tell the story of the Maryland fighting men in France by telling the story of the fighting men who came from the old Maryland National Guard. We say "old National Guard;" we might more accurately, perhaps, call it "late National Guard." But nobody likes to think of the National Guard as dead, for the things its disciples did in France are deathless things, and whether or not everybody else forgets who its disciples were, the disciples themselves never will forget.

Up to the month of August, 1917, the history of the National Guard of Maryland could be molded, and was molded, by the people of the State. They were Maryland's own soldiers. They could be just as great in numbers as the patriotic youth of the State wanted them to be, and they could be just as well equipped and trained as their high officers, who were in some measure State officials, saw fit.

But in that month, they were soldiers of the whole United States and the State of Maryland had ceased to have anything to do with them. They were far off from Maryland, way down in Alabama in a training camp, unlearning most of the things they had learned when they were State soldiers—learning new things in a new way. They were to be trained to fight not merely a national enemy but a world enemy.

Maryland had stopped making their history for them. They had become a part of the history of the United States, and they were to become a part of the history of the world.

The United States, having its own ideas about the making of history, began with the National Guard a "stripping" process. It stripped its regiments of regimental pride by the simple expedient of tearing them into shreds. It stripped the National Guard of its identity by simply ceasing to call it "National Guard." It became unpatriotic to call it "National Guard." It stripped officers of their commissions, companies of their officers, soldiers of their friends in the ranks.

And so, with the deepening of the shadow of war—or rather with the tightening of the grip of war's all-grasping talons (for by that time the shadow had gone)—the Maryland National Guard came to be hardly more than a memory.

By July, 1918, a message from France that even went so far as to mention the word "Maryland" was scrutinized as suspiciously as though "Maryland" were a code word. For another of the United States' ideas about the making of history was embodied in a rigid censorship of news about our soldiers.

And now with the war over and the distrust, the fear and the suspicion gone, we can talk and read and listen to the news that was never printed and that never will be printed

—as news. It may not all be good to listen to, but we can't do anything about that now as we might have then—when it was news. It is only history, and we can only feel sorry over the regrettable things.

Happily, in the history of the Maryland National Guard's part in the war there are few regrettable things to tell, not even excepting the tales of the men who died; for they died as befitted brave American soldiers, and that is not regrettable.

There were three infantry regiments in the State National Guard when it went to Anniston, Ala., in August, 1917. They were the First Regiment, composed of men from the counties, and commanded by Col. Charles A. Little, of Hagerstown; the Fourth, of Baltimore, commanded by Col. Harry C. Jones, and the Fifth, of Baltimore, commanded by Col. Washington Bowie, Jr. There were also three batteries of field artillery, and there was a field hospital company, an ambulance company and a troop of calvary.

Altogether they formed a brigade, or at least they contained the elements of an infantry brigade; tables of organization for a brigade did not include either artillery, medical units or cavalry. But Maryland knew them all as parts of the Maryland National Guard Brigade, and they all went to Anniston in that month of August, under the command of Brig-Gen. Charles D. Gaither. General Gaither, shortly after his arrival at Anniston, underwent his first "stripping." He ceased to become a general officer in the National Guard and was commissioned in the "National Army."

The infantry regiments had virtually the full numerical strength required of infantry regiments in those days. In Baltimore and in the counties volunteers had steadily joined the ranks of the First, the Fourth and the Fifth—not rapidly or in droves, but steadily—so that when they were mustered into the Federal service they were pretty complete. Maryland turned them over to the nation as they were, and was proud of her gift.

Nobody knew what was going to happen next, but nobody quite expected what actually did happen. It was expected, of course, that through the natural processes always attend-

ant upon training for a great task there would be changes in the Maryland National Guard Brigade before it went to France. But the changes that actually occurred came as something of a shock.

One fine morning the birth of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry Regiment was announced. What travail, what agonies of disappointment, what sorrow and what rejoicing attended its birth some Maryland people already know. To create it the First, Fourth and Fifth Maryland Regiments had been picked to pieces, their colonels, majors, captains and lieutenants plucked out and set aside and their men jumbled and scrambled. The Fourth Regiment was almost entirely lopped off, so that this new One Hundred and Fifteenth was made up principally of the men of the First and Fifth, though there were a few of the Fourth's men in it and several of the Fourth's officers.

"The old National Guard is gone," the older soldiers said. "The Regular Army tyrants have had their way with it at last. They've been trying to ruin it for years, and now they've done it. They've made us what we are today; we hope they're satisfied." Some of the officers saw in the thing a much-needed reorganization, but most of them saw nothing but the ruin of a fine old State institution. With the ruin of their old regiment and the loss of their old comrades went the ruin of their hopes.

"At last we're on our way to the war; we'll be leading the grand old outfits in battle," they had thought when they started for the South. And when they got to the South, both they and the grand old outfits were "scrapped" for the melting pot. So those who didn't agree with their gloomy view at least understood how they felt.

The natal day of the One Hundred and Fifteenth was not, therefore, a universally happy day. It began life under a handicap. It was "misunderstood."

Furthermore it lived in the midst of a hot-bed of misunderstanding. It had become a part of the Twenty-ninth Division, the other parts of which were outfits similar to the One Hundred and Fifteenth, similarly misunderstood. The Twenty-ninth Division had been builded upon the ashes of the military pride of four States and the District of Col-

umbia. New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia had all given their National Guard regiments, sending them off with gifts of flags and gifts of swords and banquets by the Ladies' Auxiliaries, and in Anniston, Ala., at Camp McClellan, it all came to nothing. They had to hide the flags and swords and they had to forget the banquets.

More "misunderstood" things happened, and there was more "stripping." General Gaither was examined by army physicians in Washington and declared physically unfit for the hard campaigns of Europe. Brig.Gen. Harry H. Bandholtz, of the regular army, succeeded him. Colonel Little, commander of the old First Regiment, had been given command of the One Hundred and Fifteenth. That had been fine news; at least the broken and jumbled Maryland National Guardsmen would fight under a Maryland officer. Then he, too, stepped down, and a regular army officer, Col. Frank B. Watson, took command.

Meanwhile the regiment was undergoing a course of training in the sort of fighting the armies in Europe were doing. The men had never had such training as that before. By day they dug and fought dummies and marched and fired their rifles and jabbed things with their bayonets, and by night they studied. They had almost no leisure. When 9.30 o'clock came and taps sounded they were through for the day and they went straight to bed. They had to.

Discipline more rigid than anything they had dreamed of governed every move they made—governed even their thoughts, for they could afford to think of little else. The division commander, Maj.-Gen. Charles G. Morton, had acquired a reputation for thoroughgoing discipline before he had taken command of the Twenty-ninth Division, and then, with other division commanders, he had gone to France for a brief study of the war. His ideas of discipline before he went away were mild compared to what they were when he came back.

There were great discussions (very secret ones) about General Morton. Frankly they thought he was "carrying things too far." Why, he was even making them lace their shoes straight across instead of zig-zag! What difference did it make, for Heaven's sake, how a soldier laced his shoes?

Did Old Man Morton think that made a man a good soldier? Whatever Old Man Morton's thoughts were on the subject they were very firm, two-fisted thoughts, for many a good man stayed confined to his tent because he hadn't seen "any sense" in keeping his pocket flaps buttoned or had saluted with a cigar in his mouth or laced his shoes as he pleased.

It was a trying era for the Maryland National Guard—this first phase of its training at Camp McClellan. It didn't understand. It thought it was being brow-beaten, bullied, sacrificed. And it never would have understood, and would probably have failed as a fighting regiment if it hadn't stopped trying to understand.

The moment that happened it ceased to be a bunch of disgruntled men jealous of the loss of its old officers, angry at losing its old comrades, peevish at the high command of the division, and it became a regiment. It stopped trying to understand simply because these strange, new things piled up so rapidly on its shoulders that it just got weary of trying—and because of one other thing.

The long, hard winter of 1917-1918 passed slowly. January brought rumors that the Twenty-ninth Division (by this time named "The Blue and Gray Division"), was about to start for France. Rumors come and go and nobody pays much attention to them after a time, but there is a strange circumstance in the history of this particular rumor. Shortly before it began to circulate it had a real basis in fact. The Twenty-ninth Division actually was scheduled to sail for France in January, 1918.

But it didn't sail. General Morton had come back from France and found things in very unsatisfactory shape. During his absence his whole scheme of discipline had fallen flat. He had begun to build up a sense of the necessity for discipline, and he had left the division in other hands before he had finished building. He returned to find drill schedules demoralized, the military police falling into lax ways, officers staying out at night and things generally upset.

On the face of things everything looked well, but General Morton was never satisfied with the face of things. And he didn't have to probe very deep beneath the surface this time to discover how deceptive appearances were. The

division was inspected, orders to sail were canceled and things started all over again.

And while no one can put his finger on the exact moment or the exact day when the National Guardsmen in the Twenty-ninth stopped trying to buck discipline, one can say, speaking generally, that it stopped shortly after General Morton came back from France. And here we come to the "one other thing" to which I attributed their sudden conversion to General Morton's ideas.

They knew they had played while the cat was away. They knew they had not been soldiering. They had had to live and work for awhile without him and now that he was back they were confronted with two pictures of themselves, the one showing the hard, stern-willed soldier who forgets himself in his love and pride for the regiment, the brigade and the division, and the other showing the half-baked soldier who thinks there is nothing to it but wearing a uniform and answering the calls. And the first picture looked better.

I have dwelt a bit upon this phase of an evolution in which the One Hundred and Fifteenth took part because their behavior in battles was directly attributable to this complete change in their characters. Men less endowed with the ability to think and act in terms of an organization or a machine instead of in terms of themselves could never have weathered the hardships they weathered, or endured the physical and mental shocks they endured.

In some degree the same thing happened in every other division that, finally through submission to discipline, attained fitness for fighting, so that in this respect the story of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment of Maryland is the story of the whole American Army. In this thing lies the answer to the whole hue and cry about the incompatibility between armies and democracies. Of course, an army is not a democratic institution. It is democracy's sacrifice, to be made only when democracy's larger interests require the building of an army that will win.

CHAPTER II.

THE TIME OF DESPAIR—AND THE “BIG ORDERS.”

It is a glorious fact in the history of the One Hundred and Fifteenth that General Morton's return was less of an embarrassment to it than to any other outfit in the Twenty-ninth Division. For at this point it was beginning to be demonstrated that there was something uncommonly good about the Maryland National Guard. Whenever there was a review Division Headquarters always remarked how well the One Hundred and Fifteenth had marched. It always seemed to execute maneuvers with a little more snap than you saw elsewhere around Camp McClellan. When its officers had a job to do, such as laying out a rifle range or conducting a “shoot,” things seemed to move with great smoothness and military eclat. And it always stood high in the office of the Division Inspector.

The fact is that the One Hundred and Fifteenth had a blessed heritage of birth and breeding that had descended to it from the old Maryland National Guard Brigade. There was no hereditary taint of politics in the blood of the One Hundred and Fifteenth. As nearly as a hastily recruited, desultorily trained organization of National Guardsmen could be soldiers, these men from Maryland were soldiers when they first came to Anniston. Their high commander, General Gaither, was a soldier. He was an enemy of “tom-foolishness”—a hater of “twaddle.” Under him the Maryland National Guard had very closely approached the pure military efficiency the regular army fondly believed it had monopolized; and the One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry was his own—picked by hand.

If anybody had sought in the Twenty-ninth Division for an excuse why the National Guard should ever have existed at all, or should continue to exist, they would have found the best excuse in the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment from Maryland.

All over the division, then, men heard that General Morton was back and took a brace-up. There was much excited

whispering, as though a bunch of schoolboys, surprised in the midst of a prank by the stern old professor, were wondering what was going to happen. “Won’t the Old Man raise Cain though!” That was the feeling in Camp McClellan. The atmosphere was tense with expectancy. Where would the bombs drop first?

It was really rather disappointing—there weren’t any bombs. Just a tightening of loose screws and nuts around the division, as though it were an automobile that had begun to rattle and knock. It was all done gradually, but the men sensed it in the smoother running of the machine, and they were glad. From then on, to be a backer of Morton’s discipline was to “belong.”

An overwhelming engerness to be off and into the fighting seized upon the whole division, and disgust at the delay succeeded impatience with discipline. Discipline was nothing now. They would do anything—anything—if only they could get to France. And disgust at the delay came gradually to be succeeded by black despair.

For it began to be rumored that the Twenty-ninth was going to be a “depot division.” Back in August, 1917, nobody would have known what a depot division was, but shortly after that August everybody had learned what a “depot brigade” was. It was the place where all the men and officers had been sent who didn’t quite fit into the divisional scheme either because they were too old or temperamentally unfitted to command, or, because there wasn’t room for them in the newly formed organizations. After that, the depot brigade was the source of supply and the training school for the division. Where men first chosen for a chance in the divisional organization failed to toe the mark other men were picked from the depot brigade and given a chance in their places.

A depot division then, they figured, would be the same thing in an army that a depot brigade was in a division. The Twenty-ninth would be picked to pieces to fill gaps in other divisions that were going to France intact. It would be broken up, scattered, ruined, just like the old National Guard regiments. That was the talk around camp and everybody was desolate. They knew then that a new pride

had succeeded the old pride in the old National Guard—a pride in the name of the Blue and Gray Division, and a sense of honor that would not be satisfied unless they could stay with that division and fight with it and win.

When a batch of men left the One Hundred and Fifteenth to go to a balloon school in Texas, it was as though something had been cut away with a knife. When another batch was called to go to another camp and join a division that was going overseas immediately, it was as though an arm or a leg had been shorn off. Several such groups were taken from the One Hundred and Fifteenth and groans of despair went up every time. Newspaper men hanging around camp looked with horror upon strength reports at Division Headquarters which showed that several hundred men had left the division within a few weeks.

“They’ll never send the Blue and Gray over now,” men thought, and they could almost prove that they were right. The division was far under war strength. And any replacements that were brought in would have to start at the very beginning of a training period, and the war would probably be over before they were fit. The doom of the Twenty-ninth seemed sealed, and it was a time of agony. Backsliders in little details of discipline and “weak sisters” on the training fields were scorned and blacklisted. Nothing in the world seemed so desirable as going to France as a member of the Blue and Gray Division.

Then every week or so a new bunch of officers would be sent away to the School of Fire at Fort Sill, Okla. How long would the course be? men would inquire. Three months! Ye gods! The division would grow stale. They searched themselves anxiously for symptoms of staleness. Sometimes they thought they were working too hard; again they thought they weren’t working hard enough. And many were the twinges of conscience at the thoughts of those August days when they had voted Old Man Morton a “brute” and a “martinet.” Thus early these boys were feeling the regrets of the oldster, who wishes he had studied harder and played less “hookey” as a youngster. It sobered them, making them grim and thoughtful.

Along in the spring of 1918 Colonel Watson went and the

One Hundred and Fifteenth came under the leadership of the great soldier who afterward took it through the war and brought it home—Colonel Milton A Reckord, of Belair. And here Marylanders should know something of Colonel Watson, to whom the regiment owes some of its success.

He was a small, slender, snappy man—an old regular officer, a West Pointer. At about the time he succeeded Colonel Little, Colonel Reckord, then a lieutenant-colonel went to the school at Fort Sill. In their old condition of mental unrest they might have made relations between him and themselves difficult and embarrassing, but in the state of education they had reached under General Morton, they had received the new colonel with a quiet attitude of readiness for anything he might want to do.

Colonel Watson had won them from the start. He smiled, that was the main thing. He rebuked men and disciplined them with a smile—not a meaningless, perfunctory smile, but a smile that meant “I understand all about it, and it makes me feel happy to get a chance to talk to you personally, and to know that you didn’t mean to go wrong and won’t do it again.” So he seldom had to rebuke an officer or a man many times; it was so much easier and pleasanter to keep him happy by trying to do things right.

He had a big room in the regimental infirmary just across from the Post Exchange fitted up as an officers’ club, and it became an “Open Forum” for the regiment. Several nights a week the Colonel and the officers would meet there and after a bit of piano banging and harmonizing the Colonel would get up and want to know how things were going. If nobody had much to say on that subject the Colonel could always be depended upon to say something himself, and to say it with such a funny, dry grin and with such a wealth of droll humor that it was a joy to “get bawled out.” Some of his jokes and stories are classics in the regiment yet.

Thus Colonel Watson got the utmost in co-operation throughout the regiment in his own ideas of training, and they were good, solid ideas. By often putting the whole outfit in the field or on the road as a unit, in maneuvers, hikes and practice reviews, he developed in it a sort of “feel” of the organization. He made the regiment a living thing that

you could almost put your hand on and control, like an engine.

He went directly from the One Hundred and Fifteenth to the general staff in Washington and this promotion came largely as a reward for the good work he did with the Marylanders.

Colonel Reckord came back from Fort Sill before he left. Undoubtedly he could have done what Colonel Watson did with the regiment in its plastic stage; certainly it never went back a step after he took it over. Under him, it developed and improved. It came to be recognized as the best regiment in the Twenty-ninth Division, and that is not a careless statement flung out to feed the pride of Maryland people; it is a fact. It was General Morton's "model regiment."

But it was still on this side of the Atlantic Ocean and over on the other side was the war. Among the few things it lacked was contentment of mind. The "depot division" spectre still stalked around Camp McClellan.

I left that place in the last week in April, knowing a thing that most of the 25,000 men there would have given three months' pay to have established as a fact. The Blue and Gray Division was about to be ordered to France.

CHAPTER III.

FRANCE, BILLETS AND THE FRONT.

On the 6th of May, 1918, I left Baltimore, and on the 8th I sailed from New York on the French Line steamer *Espagne*, which landed me at Bordeaux on the 18th. A feeling of the necessity for secrecy about ocean travel was strong upon everybody in those days, what with spy scares and submarine talk. It was strong upon me; I sneaked around New York for two days, battling with indifferent French and British consuls in an effort to have completed immediately the passport visas that they insisted required a week and, being finally successful, pussy-footed down to the boat feeling all the time as though I should have on a set of false whiskers and a pair of green goggles. But no submarines bothered the *Espagne*.

And when I got to Paris and located press headquarters I sidled in and whispered an inquiry regarding the whereabouts of the Twenty-ninth, receiving the cold reply delivered in a voice that any spy within a radius of half a block might have heard that press headquarters had not the slightest idea. Whereupon they proceeded to cut out of some stories I had written the names of Major (now Colonel) George Walker and Capt. Andrew Lowndes, both of whom were down in Bordeaux—a circumstance that Von Hindenburg was apparently very anxious to know.

Thus I bumped into the censorship. And if this was the censorship what, I wondered, would happen to the stuff I might write about the Twenty-ninth Division, which would be even more interesting to Von Hindenburg, who, of course, got *THE SUN* every day in the mail? It was a discouraging outlook.

But press headquarters in Paris finally “came through” rather handsomely. Returning there on June 30 after a visit to the Chateau Thierry front, the Toul sector, the Johns Hopkins Base Hospital and the Baccarat sector, where I had found the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery, I was informed that the Twenty-ninth Division was

in France and might be found in the Tenth training area, with headquarters at Prauthoy. I was given a pass to go there, an order to report to the commanding general of the division, a letter to him and a complete set of the newest censorship regulations which appeared to give a correspondent the authority to write the date, the fact that this was the country known as France, to send his best regards and to sign his name.

I did not learn until a few days later that for several weeks Lieut. Samuel Merritt and Lieut. (later Capt.) Harry Butler had been in France along with other officers of the Twenty-ninth, arranging billets for the whole division.

The Twenty-ninth had completed its debarkation at the port of Brest on June 27, and when the first arrivals reached the Tenth Training Area on July 2, I was waiting for them on the station platform at Prauthoy.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth went to Champlitte, about 20 kilometers from Prauthoy. The other units of the Blue and Gray were scattered throughout the area in a score or more of small villages. Colonel Reckord's headquarters and the headquarters of General Bandholtz, the Fifty-eighth Brigade commander, were in Champlitte, and parts of the Third Battalion commanded by Major (later Colonel) Charles B. Finley were in two small villages about eight kilometres from Champlitte. But most of the One Hundred and Fifteenth was in Champlitte.

It was the biggest village in the area with a population of about five or six thousand, and the arrival of the Maryland men increased it about 50 per cent. There never had been any more than enough houses in the place to accommodate the natives, and this sudden influx of nearly 3,000 men all requiring places to sleep and eat and move around, disarranged things considerably for the Champlitte folks. But they had already housed one division, and while they were not exactly used to it by this time, they were ready to do whatever they could. They made the One Hundred and Fifteenth very welcome.

The whole regiment was settled in France by July 3. It had been traveling for three days across the country from Brest in box-cars, but at that stage of its experience there

was nothing terrible about a box-car trip with 40 men in a car sleeping and eating on heaps of straw. It couldn't make them forget that they were at last in France, with the doubts and fears about the chances of the Twenty-ninth all behind them, and with the division's and their own opportunities all before them. But for that lapse from grace back in the winter of 1917, while General Morton was in France, they would have been up there now in a quiet sector, and the history of America's rush to the rescue in June and July would have been in part the history of the Blue and Gray. But it had its chance now.

With real American adaptability they settled into the life of the village of Champlitte quickly enough to arrange a celebration of the Fourth of July. Immediately after dinner bugles sounded in the streets and columns began pouring down all the side alleys and cow-paths. Little Mayor Briard, wearing a farmer's straw hat, with his broadcloth frock coat, took up his stand on the curb of the Boulevard de la Republique outside Madame Boussenard's house, where General Bandholtz was living, and, with the City Council around him, reviewed the regiment.

That was the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first exhibition of itself to the people of France; it was France's first sight of a regiment of Maryland troops on parade.

When it was over the Mayor and the City Council were all escorted down to a second-floor room that had already been fitted up as an officers' club. There the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment opened its first champagne and drank the health of France represented by the Government of the village, and France drank health and success to the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment.

I wrote as much of the story as I thought would pass the censor, mentioning the waving of wine-glasses, which sprinkled the heads of the Councilmen. The censor let it all pass except the part about the sprinkling. "It may make the reader think everybody was drunk," he said sagely.

The censor was afraid, too, of mention of the fact that the high plateau to the south of the village on which the regiment drilled every day had been an old battle-field in the days when Cæsar and the Gauls warred together; and from

a description of the old castle, then being used as the town's Hotel de Ville or City Hall, he cut out the name of the castle's ancient owner and occupant, the Count de Toulangeon. All of which matters were, of course, unimportant, but tended to show how the men of the old Maryland National Guard had been at once backed up against the historical settings of the France they had come over the ocean to save. They had become a part of traditions almost as old as the world.

But when were they going "up there"?

That was the question now. They had been as full of queries as a bunch of children at a zoo when they arrived in the training area. In which direction was the front, they wanted to know. Could you ever hear the guns back here? How many miles away was it? Their questions of each other, of visitors, of themselves, were all about the front—"up there" they called it. And when they had found out everything that newspapers three days old couldn't tell them, they wanted to know when they were going there, and nothing else.

There was terrific fighting on the Marne at that time. The Germans' great offensive of March 21, 1918, had been stopped; but at Chateau Thierry a salient was deepening slowly, pointing at Paris. Would the Blue and Gray be thrown in there to stem the tide? It seemed logical, and, the wish being father to the thoughts around every mess table in the Tenth Training Area, it seemed likely. The Blue and Gray had developed great faith in itself by this time. "Put us in there and we'll kick 'em for a goal!" That was the spirit they had.

A week passed—two weeks. Nothing happened but drills, drills, drills—daylong maneuvers, patrolling, searching out ghost enemies in the hills where the French armies of the days of peace had maneuvered every summer. How long had the division that preceded them in the training area stayed there? A month they learned. So they sorrowfully resigned themselves to staying there around Champlitte and Prauthoy for at least a month, and kept plugging.

They resigned themselves too soon. Almost two weeks to the day, they were on the move to the front.

The orders came very secretly. Nobody except the commanding general of the division, a few staff officers and the brigade commanders knew where the Blue and Gray was going.

They pulled out on the night of July 17, three days after a celebration of the French Independence Day—Bastille Day—in which they had marched as they had marched on our own Independence Day 10 days before. They went away in the darkness toward the trains of box cars that were waiting nearly 20 kilometers away.

No man of the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment who made that hike will ever forget it. They had thought they were hardened old hikers after the all-night march from Piedmont to Anniston, Ala., back in the palmy old days of the early spring of 1918. That had been a 25-mile affair under full packs, starting about 9 o'clock at night and ending about 6 o'clock next morning. Men had dropped by the wayside, some had marched the last few miles in their sleep, but fewer had failed in the One Hundred and Fifteenth than in any other regiment. So they thought they knew all about hiking. And they actually did know everything about every sort of hiking but the sort combat regiments have to do when they move up to the front.

The last few days before the orders came had been spent in receiving new equipment. It had come in by carloads and included all the things the allied armies had been using in the war for the previous four years. There were automatic rifles, gas masks, steel helmets, extra pairs of hob-nailed shoes, extra uniforms, extra blankets, machine-guns—everything they would need for an immediate fight that might last several weeks.

All these things were on each man's back when he started out on that night of July 17, and in addition there was strapped around his waist a full belt of ammunition, and in his pack, besides all the things he had carried there on the night hike in Alabama, were reserve rations for two days.

A kilometer is but little more than half a mile, and there were only about 20 kilometers to march on this night, while the Alabama hike had been nearly 25 miles long. But each man now weighed about twice as much as he had that pre-

vious spring, and his legs were not much stronger. And some of the smaller men, weighing about 125 pounds or so, carried packs heavier than themselves by 20 pounds or more.

They were blind with fatigue when they got to the trains. Many had fallen out along the road, dropping into deep slumber in the mud, half buried beneath their piles of baggage. The regimental column trailed out for miles. Officers, half dead themselves and desperate with determination to get as many of their men into the trains as possible, went as far to the rear as they could, and, with drawn pistols, tried to beat the stragglers into the line. But to some of them a drawn pistol meant nothing. Their legs were of lead and the loads on their backs had assumed the tonnage of mountains.

There is no blot on the record of the One Hundred and Fifteenth in the story of this march. No regiment ever marched under worse conditions with so little experience, except the regiments of the Rainbow Division on the "Valley Forge" hike to its training area in February, 1918, when men hiked barefooted through the snow and left their bloody footprints in its whiteness. But that does not belong in this story. This was the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first taste of the war. They were out of war's classroom now—setting forth into the world on the road to the fight.

It was long past midnight when the long trains pulled out. All through France, in the daytime, trains had rolled along with exultant American yells bursting from every door and window—Americans on their way to the front, and trains like that would roll along again through many days.

But these trains carrying Maryland's Own Regiment were deady quiet—no sound but the clack of wheels on rails. The One Hundred and Fifteenth went toward the front sound asleep.

CHAPTER IV.

THE 115TH GOES IN.

The "Lion of Belfort" carved high in the rock of Belfort's natural fortress looked down with solemn dignity at dawn on July 18 upon our hordes of still sleepy soldiers piling out of long trains. There was a sort of query in his attitude, too, it seemed—a haughty query, as though he would say, "You Americans, with straw sticking out of your hair and clinging to your uniforms, lining up there rubbing your eyes! In 1870 the Germans beat upon me in vain—I balked them all. Can you?"

It was not on the Marne toward which the Blue and Gray Division had looked so longingly that it found itself at the end of the long journey; it was far from the Marne, at almost the eastern extremity of the battle line, in Alsace.

But it could feel the hot breath of war. Marching through Belfort toward the neighborhood of Valdoie, a suburb of the city, the men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth passed buildings scarred with air-bomb splinters, cracked windows bandaged with strips of paper, holes in the streets where, for a few minutes, death had danced.

Regimental headquarters was established in Valdoie. That very evening a great flock of black specks appeared high in the eastern sky, growing larger and larger, moving nearer in the shape of a big arrow-head, and as man after man saw the spectacle and stood gazing upward a low humming came to them.

Boche planes or Allied? They couldn't tell which and scarcely cared. It was a warlike sight and it brought contentment, because the Marylanders had yearned long and deeply for warlike sights.

But this was not the front. Where was it? The generals knew and Colonel Reckord knew. Every day he worked over big maps, and several times he went out with his battalion commanders, Barret, Hancock and Finley, for reconnaissance or study of the positions the regiment was to occupy

when it went into the line. For it was going in at the earliest possible date. It was to relieve the French.

The country Colonel Reckord and his officers were studying was a beautiful, fertile land, well cultivated in the regions behind the lines, bearing wheat and vegetables, and in the little battle-scarred villages ancient apple trees heavy with fruit shaded the roads and windows of the houses. They were not badly scarred—these villages; the war had not dealt as harshly with them as with the villages farther to the north and west. In fact, the war had settled down here, after the first shock in 1914, to the keeping of a mutual vigil on both sides—the Germans to see that the French moved no farther into Alsace, the French to see that the Germans took no more of it away from them. And at this point neither French or Germans seemed disposed to quarrel about it further.

So the first experience of the One Hundred and Fifteenth in the fighting line was to be in a “quiet sector.”

But it was to go in as a “sacrifice regiment.” In case of attack it was not to retreat under any circumstances. Behind it in reserve would be the One Hundred and Sixteenth Regiment, and whatever fighting it might become necessary to do back there, those Virginians would do, when the Marylanders had fought to the last man. It was not to be within the province of the Marylanders to fall back to the line the Virginians held, for that was the second line. Theirs was the first and their orders were to hold it at all costs.

On the night of July 27-28 the first units of the One Hundred and Fifteenth entered the trenches. It was a dismal night, pitch black and raining hard. The Third Battalion was picked to be the first.

Major Finley was away at a school in Southern France, and Capt. James G. Knight, later a major, took command of the Maryland infantrymen who were to lead off in the old National Guard's campaign in France. Two companies were to enter the front-line trenches. They were K Company, commanded by Capt. Brooke Lee, and M Company, under First Lieutenant John D. Wade, who was made a captain just before he was killed in the Argonne-Meuse operation in October, 1918. The other two companies in the

battalion—I Company, under Capt. Amos W. W. Woodcock, and L Company, under Capt. Harry Wagner, were to be in support, ready to rush forward in case of a concerted German attack.

For staff purposes governing operations, the Blue and Gray Division was attached to the One Hundred and Fifty-first French Division, and the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment was attached to the Three Hundred and Nineteenth French Regiment.

It was the defense of the center sector—Haute Alsace—that the Marylanders were undertaking. The center of resistance was in the ruined village of Gildwiller and the line, roughly speaking, ran north and south.

No more trying conditions could have been imagined than those under which the Marylanders went in. Their officers had seen the ground by daylight, but the ground over which they went that night looked nothing like the ground they had studied. In fact, it looked like nothing at all. It couldn't be seen. They had to lead their men by feeling their way, not by seeing it. There had been a little mud down in the training area around Champlitte, but that was firm ground compared to the mud they had to wade through on this first night, though they were to wade through much worse than this before the war ended.

Dismal, depressing, sinister—those words describe it faintly. They wanted so much to do well on this first job. They were not quite sure what a slip-up would mean; disaster more likely than not, they felt. And in this pitchy blackness they could not be certain of themselves, or know whether the very next move might not prove to be the fatal slip.

And they made the most successful relief any American troops had ever made in that sector.

The French, those finicky veterans, intolerant of the slightest shying off from approved methods, said so. French officers were waiting for the company commanders in tiny dugouts deep in the hillsides, where candles guttered in the rushes of wind and rain as the doors creaked open to admit dripping young runners with messages from the new outposts. They sat up until 3 o'clock in the morning of July

28, marveling at the coolness with which the Maryland officers issued their first fighting orders and the neatness and precision with which the Maryland soldiers executed them.

There were no slip-ups, no disasters. If the Germans knew a relief was taking place, they showed no signs of it; and to so plan and execute a relief that the Germans knew nothing of it and failed to try to demoralize it with artillery, was the highest possible success in relief-making.

At last "Maryland's Own" was in the front-line trenches, and though with the passing of the long, weary months and the wear and wrack of the terrible fighting north of Verdun, they came later to yearn for comfort, no well-warmed lounge-lizards were as happy that night as the men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth standing ankle deep in the mud peering through the rain into No Man's Land.

The next night the Second Battalion, commanded by Major Frank A. Hancock, went in. Like Major Finley, Major Hancock was away from the regiment, and Capt. Walter Black led the companies into the trenches. Their center of resistance was in the village of Balschwiller, a ruin like Gildwiller. Capt. Harry C. Ruhl, with Company E, had the right of this sector, and Lieut. Philip McIntyre, with Company F, had the left, Capt. Ralph Hutchins, the company commander, also being away at school.

The First Battalion, under Major Henry F. Barrett, was in support. With the completion of this operation the entire One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment was on the front line in France, a "sacrifice regiment" with either death or glory before it.

And the great chance came very soon.

CHAPTER V.

THE 115TH'S FIRST FIGHT.

They went to work at once doing prosaic enough tasks. The trenches were old, and recent bombardments had added to the ruin wrought by age and neglect. The Marylanders first set their new house in order, repairing broken duck-boards, some of which had sunk deep into the mud, building up broken trench walls and revetments, improving the automatic rifle emplacements and the measures for defense against gas attacks.

And some there were among them whose only duty was to stand watch in tiny "Petit Posts" at the end of long saps running out from the trench line into No Man's Land. Only that—to stand and watch. And as though to compensate them for having so unimportant, so monotonous a task, nice heaps of fresh hand-grenades were piled in little boxes built into the trench walls, and their belts were full to bursting with ammunition.

It was at "PP 6" that Sergeant John H. E. Hoppe and Private Andy Youngbar, of Company K, were standing watch on the night of July 30. The night was passing quietly. Four o'clock of the morning of July 31 came, and 4.30, and the eastern sky was paling. Very soon now Sergeant Hoppe and Private Youngbar would be relieved and they could get back to a dugout and sleep all morning.

Just then a piece of wild hell broke loose from below somewhere, and came skipping over and landed with a running jump inside of "PP 6."

I told the story of Sergeant Hoppe and Private Youngbar several times in dispatches to The Sun. But because some Marylander may not have heard it, or read it, and because it is intended here to record with some degree of completeness everything the gallant One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment did in the war, I shall tell it briefly again. For it was also the regiment's first fight.

The exact time of this first fight was 4.45 A. M., July 31. The attacking force was a raiding party of about 20 Ger-

mans. They were after prisoners, having suspected, from the increased fire at night, that new troops were opposite them.

Five other men were in the "Petit Post" with Hoppe and Youngbar when the barrage fell, and another was coming along through the connecting trench with some hot breakfast for them. The barrage dropped behind the post and as it descended the German raiders, waiting just in front of the tall grass, hurled showers of hand grenades upon the seven Marylanders.

Two of the men in the post were killed and five were wounded, and the man who was coming up with breakfast also was killed. Hoppe and Youngbar were among those wounded. One of Hoppe's thumbs was blown off at once, and Youngbar's back was filled with grenade splinters. Later, at the hospital, they counted 32 wounds on him.

But Hoppe, instead of falling back through the connecting trench to the main line of resistance, jumped over the top of the trench into No Man's Land where the German raiders were. He called to Youngbar to follow and they were both up over the edge and running toward the Germans as the Germans were getting to their feet to come in and round up prisoners. The 20 Germans and the two Marylanders met head-on.

Undoubtedly it was the total unexpectedness of this development that put the Germans to rout for they could easily have captured Hoppe and Youngbar. But they were not prepared to see their intended victims getting out of a protecting trench and coming after them, and when some of their men fell dead and wounded from the few shots our men had in their guns the rest turned and fled.

They were just in time, for Capt. Brooke Lee was arriving, rifle in hand, at the head of a support platoon, bent upon repelling any attack, no matter how big.

The three men who were killed in this battle were the first of the One Hundred and Fifteenth to die in action. They are buried now in the Haute Alsace sector close to the old front line. Chaplain Frederick Reynolds, the regimental padre, held the regiment's first funeral service at their graves. Here are their names:

Private Alexander Stanorski, 323 Cherry street, Curtis Bay.

Private James L. Lundy, 1225 Harford ave., Baltimore.

Private Paul Hull, Silver Springs.

Lundy was the man who carried the breakfast through the German barrage. A shell landed squarely in the trench and killed him outright. The other men wounded in that action—the first in the regiment's career—were Sergt. Samuel Cadell and Privates Fred Horn and Nathan Mills.

In this fight the One Hundred and Fifteenth found itself. It knew then that it was more than a match for the Germans. It exuded confidence from every pore.

Until August 8 the French were nominally in command of the sector and French soldiers held the trenches side by side with the men from Maryland, but on the night of August 8-9 the sector was turned over entirely to the One Hundred and Fifteenth and the French came out. The full strength of the Second and Third Battalions went into the line with the First in support. Major Henry F. Barrett, commander of the First, was acting commander of the regiment and the only field officer left, Colonel Reckord being ill and in a hospital and the others being still away at school. He returned on August 12 and resumed command.

"Maryland's Own" by this time has learned well the Intelligence Section motto, "Unless you make No Man's Land a part of the United States, you have failed in your duty," and they were applying it every night. Ceaselessly their patrols crawled about No Man's Land, listening, watching, testing the German wire and the alertness of the enemy.

On the night of August 13-14 the Third Battalion was to be relieved by the First, and Lieut. Herbert Payne, as leader of the Second Battalion's scout platoon, was ordered to take a patrol out to learn whether the boche suspected a relief. He discovered a party of boche trying to find out all about it, drove them back and escaped with his platoon intact through the barrage the enemy threw over in his rage at being thwarted. There were no casualties, and the relief was a success.

Two men were wounded in another patrol fight the very next night, and on the night of August 18-19 the One Hun-

dred and Fifteenth was all ready for its first raid on the enemy lines.

Lieut. Chandler Sprague was selected to lead it. With his party of picked men he had been rehearsing it secretly in the quiet country behind the reserve line for several days. Reconnaissance patrols had been across the route selected over No Man's Land and had reported the condition of the ground and the enemy wire. Everything was ready. Lieut. Frank Hewitt had secured a quantity of black grease paint, and a little after sunset on the 18th the men began to blacken their faces for the "party." Their spirits ran high that evening. They were going over to get boche prisoners, and they conjured up pleasant pictures as they sat around in Captain Lee's dugout like a troupe of blackface minstrel men waiting for the curtain to rise.

General Bandholtz, the brigade commander, had come out to the Regimental P. C. at Brechaumont for a final conference with Colonel Reckord. Colonel Reckord himself had then gone out to K Company's P. C., to superintend the departure of the raiding party. General Morton, the division commander, would arrive at Brechaumont some time after midnight and wait there for word of the success of the venture. The division intelligence officer would be there with two interpreters to fire questions at the prisoners the moment they were brought back.

It was the Blue and Gray Division's first initiative in the war and headquarters was burning with eagerness to make it a success. Because the One Hundred and Fifteenth had been selected to execute the mission, every Marylander was feverishly anxious to do it right. The coolest soldiers on the Alsace front that night were Lieutenant Sprague and his "black-faced wrecking crew," as he called them, and Colonel Reckord, always the personification of coolness and clear-headedness.

At 9 o'clock in the dark forest on the hilltop the raiders gathered around their colonel for the final words of caution and instruction. The countersign for the night was "France". The men repeated the word after him in a breathless whisper—"France!"

Now, were the wire-cutters here? Did they know what to

do? All right. Did Sprague have his rockets ready for the barrage signal? That was one of the most important things of all. Everybody would be watching the sky for that pink rocket, and they must send it up at the proper time and get into the German trench, grab their men and be away in time to get the benefit of their own artillery and escape the boche artillery. All right! Let's go!

The colonel started to lead the way down the hill toward the jumping-off point, then turned suddenly and inquired:

"How about the grenades? Have the men all got them?"

There was silence for a moment. Then somebody spoke up.

"I haven't seen anything of them!" Then another moment of silence.

And the next moment it developed that this raiding party had been about to go against the German trenches without a hand grenade amongst them.

The world seemed to cave in right there. The raiders, until that moment keyed to a high pitch, drooped like withered flowers. The colonel tore back to the Company P. C. and planted himself at the field telephone, working desperately over the wires that seemed all at once to go out of commission, to get in touch with the men responsible for having the grenades up there. He ordered the raiders to proceed to the jump-off and wait there until the grenades were brought to them.

After more than a half hour the heavy boxes came up and a carrying party was organized on the spot, Colonel Reckord carrying his share of the load with the rest. Stumbling over the rough duckboards winding down through the black woods, in imminent danger at every step of spilling a box and killing the whole party, they came finally out to the trench where the raiders were waiting, biting their nails and cursing. There they distributed the grenades as the men went over the top.

Hours passed while along the roads behind the line soldiers stood under the trees watching the eastern sky for the pink rocket and listening for the crash of the bengalore torpedoes that would blow away the last vestiges of wire. And when dawn began streaking the lower heavens and the birds be-

gan twittering and nothing happened, they turned in and went sadly to sleep.

Daylight had caught Sprague and his men a little more than half way across No Man's Land, and they had to turn around and come back. To have continued the raid would have been fatal. It was the fault of the grenade delay.

The next night they tried it again, leaving from another point and crawling by another route, but this time too difficult a feat had been attempted. It was a full mile and a half from our trenches to the Germans between those points, entirely too long to get over and back with prisoners before daylight, with no means of locomotion but crawling. So for the time being they gave up raiding. They had learned much about it and knew now how to avoid mistakes.

On August 20 Colonel Reckord took command of the Fifty-seventh Brigade composed entirely of New Jersey troops. General Barber having been relieved of command. Major Barrett, the senior field officer of the regiment, again took the helm of the One Hundred and Fifteenth and that night it came out of the first line and the One Hundred and Sixteenth from Virginia went in.

"Maryland's Own" had been holding the front line for 24 days, without rest or relief, and this had been its first trench experience. So much had not been expected of a totally green regiment. The division commander complimented it highly; the French officers were delighted. In many ways it had showed the temper of veterans. It had kept the enemy at a respectful distance and it had kept its own head cool under stress. It had done well.

And now for almost two weeks it stayed in reserve, with headquarters in the village of Reppe, and there the men had time to stretch their cramped limbs and talk it all over, and analyze themselves and their feelings after their first turn in the theater of the great war. "Taking a wallop at Kaiser Bill," the folks back home were calling it. A picturesque phrase it was, but scarcely descriptive of the life of a soldier in trench warfare, where "walloping" was largely a waiting game, with mud and rats far outweighing excitement and glory. The One Hundred and Fifteenth was learning things.

CHAPTER VI.

THE QUIET SECTOR AWAKES.

It continued to learn even out of the trenches. Again, as in Champlitte and Valdoie, the men's days were filled with training schedules. Now they were learning to advance long distances over the country, deployed as skirmishers searching out machine-gun nests. From far up there where other Americans were making eternally glorious history on the Vesle, came news of these machine-gun nests. They were the Huns' last cards, and the Yanks were trumping them all—at what costs even the casualty lists tell incompletely. And it was during the two weeks between August 20 and September 5 that the One Hundred and Fifteenth studied to play the German game better than the Germans—and learned it to the Germans' sorrow, as the Verdun chapter in our regiment's history will show.

But before we come to September 5 we come to the night of August 30-31, the night of "The Great Raid."

I was never able to tell this story from France, and tell it truthfully, because of the censorship. It was not a success, and the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment was not at fault. Division headquarters investigated, and was able to settle upon little more than the fact that the trench mortars had played on the German wire too long. The trench mortars were manned and fired by the French.

The first two attempts at raiding had only whetted the Blue and Gray Division's appetite, and this raid was to be conducted on a scale that would be as little calculated to fail as it was humanly possible for trained soldiers to calculate. The Virginia regiment, the One Hundred and Sixteenth, still held the line, with the One Hundred and Fifteenth in reserve, but all the raiders were picked from the Maryland regiment.

The party consisted of 110 men selected from throughout the regiment, though most of them were from the Third Battalion. The leader was Captain Brooke Lee, and the

group leaders were Lieut. Chandler Sprague and Lieut. J. Spence Phelps.

No chance was to be taken this time. The raiders were to sneak across No Man's Land in a skirmish line and lie outside the German wire. They were to leave their own trenches at 1 o'clock in the morning of August 31, and as the zero hour for the preliminary bombardment was fixed at 4.36 A. M. they would have plenty of time to be there and in position for the final dash.

This preliminary bombardment was to be the big thing. It was relied upon more than anything else for the success of the raid. For several days and nights French artillery had been coming into this part of the country and disappearing in the forests a little beyond the pretty villages of La Fontaine, La Chapelle-Sous-Rougemont and Brechaumont—getting into their camouflaged gun positions. It was to open a bombardment upon the entire divisional front. The sector of Haute-Alsace was to get the most terrific rousing up since the days of 1914.

Beginning at the zero hour a dozen regiments of guns were to open a preliminary bombardment that would last five minutes, pounding the German front lines to a pulp. Then it would lift and for five or more minutes trench-mortar bombs would fall on the German wire, ripping it to shreds so that the raiders could rush through to the trenches unimpeded. When the bombs stopped falling the artillery would begin the rolling barrage, a moving avalanche of high explosive, and the raiders would move along behind it, yank out of their dugouts all the cowering German wretches who had crawled in out of the rain of death, and get back, protected on their flanks by a barrage of 24 machine guns of the 112th machine gun battalion operating under Major David J. Markey, of Frederick.

Here, where there was almost a tacit agreement between Germans and Allies that "we won't bother you if you don't bother us," there was to occur suddenly a great slaughter of Germans. The utmost secrecy surrounded every step of the planning. The big object of everything was prisoners—as many as possible.

Promptly at 1 o'clock on the morning of August 31 the

raiding party from the One Hundred and Fifteenth left the trenches held by the One Hundred and Sixteenth. They worked into No Man's Land through an old French trench that ran out toward the objective, and at 2.10 they were in position in skirmish line, not far from the German wire. There they waited.

At 4.36 the bombardment began—a rolling, thumping roar of big guns. At 4.41 the trench-mortar bombs began to tear up the enemy wire. The Marylanders lay flat to the ground under this screaming roof of shells and just ahead of them the earth tossed and rocked with the crashing explosions. Looking westward from No Man's Land the sky was blood-red with the flashes of guns; in the east it was red with the bursting of high explosives. It was a beautiful barrage, timed to the second and deadly.

But some of the trench-mortar bombs were falling short, especially on the left flank. The raiders were lying 250 yards from the objective, yet some bombs were falling but 60 yards ahead of them. And when the five minutes were up Captain Lee allowing an extra minute for the rolling barrage to start, issued an order to get up and move forward behind it and the next moment had to countermand the order. The trench-mortar bombs were still falling.

They waited three more minutes, then started. Moving through the thick, acrid smoke, they got to the wire and found that the mortar barrage had not stopped. Here were the raiders all ready to go through to the Germans—several minutes behind their schedule now—and to do it they would have to pass through their own mortar barrage, which by this time should have ceased.

They found a gap in the wire and started through, engineers going ahead with the cutters to sever a few remaining strands, and while they were in the midst of the wire field a trench-mortar bomb landed in the midst of them.

A few bengalore torpedoes had been brought along. They are long hollow strips of steel a little thicker than bed slats and filled with T N T. Engineers carried them, one at each end, like litter-bearers, and they were to be exploded under any wire that the trench mortars had not destroyed. They contained the most deadly explosive possible.

This trench-mortar bomb landed almost directly on one of these strips of T N T.

One of the two engineers carrying it was tossed 25 feet into the air and came down mangled beyond identification. He was not a Maryland man—most of the engineers were from New Jersey. Other men in the group were swished away like dry leaves in a sudden gale. They picked themselves up, some of them wounded, all of them dazed and shocked.

Captain Lee had already led half the party through a gap in the wire to the right, and had started down the German front-line trench. The men remaining with Lieutenants Sprague and Phelps seemed surprisingly few. It developed later that aside from the casualties some of them had been cut off by the over-long trench-mortar barrage and never did get through the wire or into the German lines.

But gathering together what men they had, Sprague and Phelps led the way through the wire, and while Captain Lee's men were searching the front-line trench, they fell upon a small connecting trench behind it. They searched dugouts and shelters, throwing grenades into them, but produced no Germans.

Captain Lee went back to the third-line trench, and Lieutenant Sprague and Sergeant Bielaski, who had been sent on the raid with Sergeant Walter Spriggs by Major Markey for the special purpose of capturing a German machine-gun, found one as they came around the enemy left of the front-line. It had been blown from its foundations.

But, so far as Germans were concerned, it was a case of "nobody home." There wasn't a German apparently within sight or hearing though watchers on our own side of the lines saw the sky streaked with signal rockets from behind the German lines, like rockets from ships in distress. They were calling the German gunners into action. The next moment their counter-barrage began, laying down a curtain of fire outside their own trenches. The raiders would have to go through it to get back. They were boxed in.

Sprague sent two runners back to hunt for Captain Lee, prowling around somewhere in the German third line, looking for boches, and to tell him of this serious development.

And just about that time three derelict Huns, who had managed somehow to escape both the bombardment and the raiders, came to light.

Sergeant Gerk and Private Dorsey, of K Company, discovered them hiding in a small connecting trench leading from the second to the third line. Dorsey was in front and saw them first. They shot him full in the stomach and he fell mortally wounded. Stocky little Sergeant Gerk lunged over the fallen Dorsey and drove his bayonet into the chest of the first German, pinning him to the ground and breaking the bayonet clean off. He left the blade in the Hun's wriggling body and started after the others, who were fleeing down the trench.

Just then Captain Lee appeared around the corner of another connecting trench off to the right, and sent up the pink rocket, the signal to withdraw. Gerk threw a few hand grenades after his boche and abandoned them.

And now came the return of the Maryland raiders to their own trenches through the German barrage, which by this time was searching out every foot of the ground over which they must pass.

Already badly cut up by the terrible mistake of the men who had manned the trench mortars, empty-handed as to the coveted prisoners, with nerves already shaken by the terrific fire, both of their allies and the enemy, that had raged around them while they worked, they started back. Sergeant Bielaski dragged the precious machine gun he had captured. Sergeant Gerk staggered along with Dorsey dying on his back.

To keep any sort of military formation was impossible. The men dodged and flopped their way back through the barrage, knocked down by the shells, killed outright or wounded; and those who were able continued at a crawl, never knowing whether the next inch of progress would bring them in line with a shell, or whether it was surer death to lie still. But, somehow, most of them got back. When they began toppling to comparative safety over the edges of their own trenches broad daylight was more than an hour old.

Sprague went back again into that wicked country, working past a tricky Hun sniper toward the sound of groans,

found an M Company man alive and Private Davis quite dead. He and Private Fleischman tried to get the M Company man back past the sniper and through the wire, and Fleischman was wounded, brought back by Sprague and died.

Captain Lee, with Sergeant Miller, of M Company, wounded, and several other noncommissioned officers lay out all that hot day of August 31, in a shellhole in No Man's Land, and were unable to get back until long after dark because the country was infested with German snipers.

And out of this handpicked raiding party of 110 of the best men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth, there were 39 casualties, including 11 whom nobody saw killed, but who never came back; and they did not get a single prisoner.

All of which redounds to the eternal glory of "Maryland's Own Regiment." For their losses were great and their mission failed only because they went ahead and did their job when they saw their own artillery support doing worse than failing before their very faces.

At a time when to "carry on" might mean death in their own barrage, they "carried on."

And now things "woke up" for certain in the sector of Haute-Alsace. On September 14 the Germans opened a gas war. French and Czecho-Slovaks on the left of the Maryland line they deluged with mustard, and that same night they bombarded the village of Traubach-le-Haute, inflicting casualties in the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth. Stung to anger by this big raid—for the fierce artillery bombardment of the French must have wreaked havoc among their forces behind the lines—the Germans were doubling their activity.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth had taken over the sector again on the nights of September 5-6 and 6-7, relieving the One Hundred and Sixteenth. It was their second turn in the trenches, and they could see the results of what they had done since July 27. No Man's Land was almost entirely clear of prowling Huns now, and they fought at long range, bombarding the railhead at Fontaine with big guns, throwing over flocks of gas shells, bombing sleeping villages from the air.

The Maryland patrols had the country between the trenches almost to themselves now; the boche patrols stayed at home. About the last skirmish of the Alsace campaign was between a scout patrol from the First Battallion, led by Lieut. Joseph Ayres, and a band of Germans. The Marylanders coming out of their trenches for the evening prowls ran full tilt into the enemy and drove him back to his lines in a hurry.

On September 13 three men from the First Battalion roamed over the shelltorn fields clear into the village of Amertzwiller behind the enemy lines. They saw no Germans. They ripped from house walls some signs printed in German and brought them back as trophies. It looked as though the boche was holding his lines very lightly if, indeed, he was holding them at all.

Capt. Herbert L. Grymes, with a patrol from D Company, found out that the boche would like to hold his lines a little more if the Maryland men would only let him. It was on the night the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth relieved the Third Battalion in the Gildwiller sector, the night of September 16-17. Captain Grymes took his men over and set them down around the end of a little finger of trench that ended in No Man's Land. He pointed a couple of automatic rifles down it, spread out other men with rifles and hand grenades on the flanks and lay back to watch.

In a few minutes, as though they had simply been waiting for Captain Grymes to arrive, a crowd of Germans began filing down this finger of trench, all equipped to go out on patrol. But they no more suspected that Captain Grymes and his men were out there waiting for them than they suspected the Kaiser of being a Frenchman. And when the trench was nicely full of plump lads in field gray, the cold-hearted Maryland captain whispered an order and a sheaf of bullets sped straight down the narrow aisle. To make matters worse a lot of hand grenades fell in on them.

There was terrible havoc in that trench for a few long minutes and the German patrol never came out.

Next night the Germans retaliated with a heavy gas attack on Holzberg wood; it was the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first experience with gas. Twenty-four casualties

resulted, including seven killed. A strong concentration of mustard had been sent over—the first in that sector since the war started, for gas was not used in 1914, and by the time it appeared in the fighting things had become quiet in Alsace and gas had been prohibited on both sides for the sake of the villagers, who were still living close to the front.

The good gas discipline of the Marylanders saved them from greater casualties, and gas discipline had to be discipline developed to the highest power. Every soldier in Europe had come to regard gas as his worst enemy; a man had no chance to fight it. Either he was quick with his gas mask (and that meant obeying gas orders at all times), or he was dead. It was a sneaky, treacherous enemy, but it failed to demoralize the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

And now the greatest battle in America's history was drawing near. The One Hundred and Fifteenth had a part in the preparations for it right there in old Alsace.

Their part demonstrated the fact that it is not all of war to strike blows—even in the front line. At some time and some place it may be the greater part of strategy to feint, so that the enemy shifts his guard and leaves his chin or his solar-plexus unprotected against the quick blow that follows the feint. The One Hundred and Fifteenth made the feint.

All inhabitants were ordered out of the villages of Hecken, Faleckwiller, Gildwiller, Ueberkumen and Balschwiller. It was known that news of this move would get to the Germans and that they would suspect something. The news did get to them, and for five nights after the villagers left those five towns the Germans deluged them with poison gas. The Marylanders there lived almost constantly in their gas masks.

Other bluffs were made, tending to arouse German suspicion that the Twenty-ninth Division was getting ready to try to take Mulhouse, the biggest town in that part of Alsace. Colonel Reckord made frequent "fake reconnaissances" looking toward an attack. And on the night of September 20 the Blue and Gray Division started up toward the Argonne-Meuse drive for which the First American Army was gathering from all parts of France. It was now a division of trench veterans with nearly two months' steady service in the line and without a rest.

CHAPTER VII.

INTO THE ARGONNE FIGHT.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth was relieved by the Tenth Regiment of French Chasseurs (Blue Devils) and marched, as soon as its various groups were relieved, to Bessoncourt on the nights of September 20 and 21. On the night of September 23 it piled into trains of box cars at Belfort and on the morning of the 24th it rolled away toward the north and west.

In the area around the city of Barle-duc, about 40 kilometers south of Verdun, it detrained that night and the next morning, Colonel Reckord establishing regimental headquarters at Seigneulles. The First and Second Battalions and the machine-gun company bivouacked in forests nearby, and the Third was billeted in the village of Marats-le-Grande.

The status of the Twenty-ninth when the great Argonne drive began on September 26, was that of a division in army reserve. Three army corps were in the First American Army for this operation, with three divisions in the front line in each corps. Other divisions were in reserve for each corps, and behind the corps-reserve divisions were the army-reserve divisions. In a pinch they would be thrown hurriedly anywhere into the whole line from the west bank of the Meuse river to the western edge of the Argonne Forest.

Division headquarters was established at Conde, and headquarters of the Fifty-eighth Brigade—Virginians and Marylanders—was at Hargeville. The day after the troops arrived, Brig.-Gen. Harry H. Bandholtz, who had commanded the brigade ever since a few days after General Gaither left it, was taken away.

The Maryland men felt this to be a decided loss. Everybody in the Fifty-eighth—Virginians as well as Marylanders—had come to love General Bandholtz, who was as fair and just as he was stern and unyielding in discipline. He had developed a wonderful organization; it had absorbed his own snappy, military personality, and the men were the model soldiers of the division. General Bandholtz had set his heart

on leading it in the fight. But on the eve of the fight General Pershing sent for him and made him Provost-Marshall General of the whole American Expeditionary Force. His training and genius for organization made him the best man in France for the job at a time when the military police system was badly in need of repair.

And so, with a part of the greatest battle in the world just before them, the Marylanders lost their General. Colonel Caldwell, an old regular army man, succeeded him.

The rumble of the greatest artillery bombardment in history (up to that time), came down to the Marylanders, 40 kilometers away on the night of the attack, and all night trucks clattered through the pitch-dark villages on their way forward. On the third day of its position in army reserve the Twenty-ninth received orders to prepare to move. Trucks would rush it up to the battle. The trucks themselves, manned by pairs of Chinese coolies from French Indo-China, were stretched along every road in the divisional area for miles. The division's orders were "stand by the trucks."

The men slung on their packs and rifles and stood by the trucks. They stood by them all night in a cold, driving rain. They tried to crawl into them to keep dry, but the orders of the French were to take nobody aboard until orders arrived to start. And after the men had slept all night in the mud, some without even shelter tents between themselves and the downpour, new orders came and the trucks went away without them.

The Marylanders stayed all that day in the open, drying their clothes around little wood fires, and finally that night they started—not by trucks but by foot, in more rain.

Before daylight they reached Mondrecoart, soaking wet and covered with mud. Mondrecoart was a village of about 10 houses and a few barns and the men threw themselves on piles of hay or on floors—anywhere to be under a roof, and slept heavily until sunset. Then they started on again, and arrived next morning in Nixeville, a few kilometers southwest of Verdun.

The hike from Champlitte to the trains back in July dropped for a time among the forgotten things during this two-day-and-night march to the Argonne drive. The expos-

ure to the wet and cold and the hard night marching made many men ill. Cases of influenza and pneumonia developed; ambulances were constantly on duty.

But two days' rest in Nixeville worked wonders with the One Hundred and Fifteenth. The men scraped the mud from their shoes and even shined them, so strong within them were the habits of neatness and soldierliness they had developed under General Morton's discipline in the old peaceful days at Camp McClellan.

Camp McClellan! Those had been the good old days, and they used to seem so hard! A man never knew when he was well off, did he? A tent with a stove in it would look like a palace now. But there'd be no tents or stoves for some time to come now. The big fight was about to begin. Thus the men philosophized as they rested at Nixeville, polishing their guns and cleaning their pistols and belts and shining up their muddy, hob-nailed shoes.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth moved then to the Bois de Burrus, disappearing for a time in dugouts in the woods. Regimental P. C. was established at Germonville.

The Fifty-eighth Brigade, prize brigade of the Twenty-ninth Division, had been separated from the division, placed under the command of the Seventeenth French Corps, and ordered to attack. It was to cross the Meuse from the west bank to the east above Verdun and surprise the Germans there who were enfilading the American positions on the west bank—firing into them from three angles. It was to drive these Germans back.

The attack would begin on "D Day" at "H Hour." Brigade and regimental headquarters waited anxiously while it planned its dispositions and its tactics and its supply systems, for word from the French. When "D Day" and "H Hour" were finally made known the start of the battle would be but a matter of hours.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE END OF THE "INVINCIBLE VERDUN LINE."

"D Day" was Tuesday, October 8; "H Hour" was 5 o'clock in the morning. But if Colonel Caldwell, commanding the Fifty-eighth Brigade, had not had the sort of inspiration that comes to soldiers sometimes in some phase of some great battle, there might have been trouble for the One Hundred and Fifteenth that day instead of victory.

But before we go into that we ought to see something of this battle-field that means so much in Maryland history—to know where it was and what it looked like, and why this particular battle was fought.

West of the River Meuse the American Army had made glorious advances. Against the most brilliant, stubborn rear-guard action in the history of wars the doughboys were pushing on, slowly by this time, but still pushing. The Argonne drive had slowed up, there was no doubt about that. After the first dash of September 26, when the Three Hundred and Thirteenth, with the rest of the army abreast of it from the Meuse to the Argonne Forest had swept over Montfaucon, the advance had become a slow, painful day-to-day job of capturing machine-gun nests one at a time.

But east of the Meuse and north of Verdun the Germans had not fallen back. Instead they had massed men and guns there much more densely than on the west bank. They had constantly been expecting an attack there before the attack on the west bank started. On September 22 a German divisional order taken from a prisoner said:

"It is certain that the Franco-Americans are going to attack east of the Meuse on a great scale. We have not yet been able to determine whether the attack will extend to the left (west) bank. The situation demands the greatest surveillance. Under no circumstances is the enemy to be able to surprise us."

After September 26 the Germans sent three of the six reserve divisions they had massed on the east bank to try to stop the advance on the west bank.

But they still refused to believe that the attack beginning September 26 was the main attack; they thought it was just a new deception.

About October 5 this order came out in the Fifth German Army, signed "von der Marwitz":

"According to the news we possess *the enemy is going to attack the Vth Army east of the Meuse and try to push toward Longuyon-Sedan, the most important artery of the Army of the West.* Moreover, the intention of the enemy is to render impossible for us the exploitation of the Bassin de Briey, upon which our steel production depends in a large measure.

"Thus it is once more that the hardest part of the task may fall upon the Vth Army in the course of the fighting of the next weeks; it is upon that task that the security of the Fatherland may rest.

"It is on the *invincible resistance of the Verdun front that the fate of a great part of the west front depends, and perhaps the fate of our people.*"

And from those strongly held positions on the east bank, from which they could look over into the rear of our army driving ahead on the west bank, they were pouring a deadly artillery and machine-gun fire that enfiladed the American lines. So it became necessary at last to help von der Marwitz realize his expectations of an attack on the Verdun front. It became necessary to send men against that "invincible resistance" upon which "the fate of the west front and the fate of our people" depended.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth, One Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry Regiments and the One Hundred and Twelfth Machine Gun Battalion were picked to decide the fate of the German people. Thus came to the old Maryland and Virginia National Guard the highest reward that can come to soldiers who, having reached that fork in the highway that all men reach in their lives—whether soldiers or not—have taken the right, though roughest road, and have become great.

The Fifty-eighth Brigade had been detached from the Twenty-ninth Division for the attack, and was made a part of the Seventeenth French Corps, under whose orders it was

to advance. Twenty-ninth Division Headquarters had been established in the citadel of Verdun, and I believe it was the first American division to establish headquarters in that heroic city, at whose very name the heart of a Frenchman swelled, giving him the courage of a lion and the self-forgetfulness of a mother. But the Twenty-ninth as a division was not to take part in the opening of the attack.

The French had told the Fifty-eighth brigade commander everything he needed to know about the plans for the battle, except one thing. It had not told him the day or the hour. It was necessary to surprise the Germans—no chances could be taken of their learning when to expect the blow. They were well enough prepared for almost anything, as Von der Marwitz's order showed. The only hope of demoralizing that "invincible resistance" lay in falling upon it out of a clear sky. And that, literally, is what the One Hundred and Fifteenth was going to do. There was to be no preliminary artillery bombardment—just a silent, sudden pounce like a cat upon a mouse, and the "fireworks" were to come later.

So that it was well to let "D Day" and "H Hour" be mysteries until the last minute. But when the last minute arrived they were still mysteries. Colonel Caldwell had reasons of his own to believe that "D Day" was October 8, but he had no word about it from the Seventeenth French Corps headquarters, and he was under that corps' orders.

What should he do? If he ordered the brigade to move into position and make the attack, and it developed that "D Day" was October 9, for instance, he would probably be without support on either flank and there might be disaster. If he didn't give the order and October 8 actually were "D Day" and the French attacked, there would be a great gap at the point where the One Hundred and Fifteenth should be attacking.

The moment arrived when, if the attack was to be made on October 8, the regiments should be marching, crossing the Meuse river and getting into position on the other side for the jump-off. Otherwise they would arrive too late.

"They may kick me out of the army in disgrace," said Colonel Caldwell (he was an old soldier—looked like an Alaskan trapper and had a long and active record), "but

they can never say that we sat still and did nothing. I'm going to order 'em to start."

It was pitch dark on the night of October 7 when Colonel Reckord led his men away from their bivouac in the Bois de Bourrus and struck eastward toward Charny, where the bridge ran across to Bras. Major Barrett, with his First Battalion of men from Frederick, Hagerstown, Cambridge, Belair and Baltimore, with Company A of the One Hundred and Twelfth Machine-Gun Battalion, led the way, followed by Major Hancock's Second Battalion, supported by the One Hundred and Fifteenth's Machine-Gun Company under Capt. Carey Jarman. They marched by way of the Charny-Samogneux road, which took them across the river and northward along its east bank. The Third Battalion under Captain Woodcock (Major Charles B. Finley, Jr., then being brigade adjutant and chief of staff), marched to Regneville, which was on the west bank of the river.

The First was to open the attack, the Second was to pass through the first as soon as the intermediate objective had been captured, and advance on the normal objective; and the Third was to carry on the attack from the normal objective passing through both the First and the Second. All these objectives were in the heights of the Haumont, Ormont and Consenvoye Woods—ideal places to defend with the thick trees and brush offering cover to the German machine-gunners; deadly places to attack.

On the right flank of the Maryland line, which was the eastern flank, the One Hundred and Sixteenth was to fight. On the left flank the Thirty-third Division, Chicago's old National Guard was to come across the Meuse and fight northward beside the Marylanders filling the constantly widening gap between the river's east bank and the One Hundred and Fifteenth's left flank, for the river flowed to the northwest and the One Hundred and Fifteenth's attack was almost due north.

On the right side of the Charny-Samogneux road which almost parallels the river, and about 10 kilometers north of Verdun, a stake is driven into the ground bearing a white-painted board on which in black letters is the word "Samogneux." On the morning of October 8, a few other things

were there beside the sign—a few heaps of rock and dust, making the place look like a monument dealer's ill-kept back yard or a deserted stone quarry. But a few days later there was nothing but the sign. It marked the site of the village of that name—beaten almost to powder before the Marylanders ever saw it; reduced to nothing at all during the days that followed.

It was just beyond Samogneux that Maryland's Own Regiment "jumped off"—between Samogneux and Brabant, a kilometer and a half away. The German outposts were in Brabant.

An hour after he had made his "live-or-die" decision and his brigade was on the way to either ignominy or glory. Colonel Caldwell got from the French the message he had been waiting for. "D Day" was Tuesday, October 8; "H Hour" was 5 o'clock in the morning.

They started at 5 o'clock, two companies of the First Battalion in the first line deployed as skirmishers and two companies in support advancing in line of combat groups. Spread widely over the fields, woods and roads they were arranged like checkers on a board, so that enemy shells landing among them would hurt the fewest possible men. No artillery bombardment heralded their advance, but just as they started a rolling barrage came down in front of them, moving on ahead of them as they advanced.

Thus went Maryland's Own over the top to strike the first blow in the battle that would decide (in von der Marwitz's own words) "the fate of the German people."

Their first encounters were with Austrians, whom they swept off their feet with the suddenness of their attack. They were ragged, scrubby-looking men; two or three among the first bunch they sent back had but one shoe apiece, but to the Maryland soldiers they looked like a million dollars. They were the One Hundred and Fifteenth's first prisoners.

By 9 o'clock they had captured Malbrouck Hill, three kilometers and a half away from the jump-off. On the crest of this hill was a strong line of trenches which the Germans called the "Branbanter Stellung." Major Barrett's men pounced upon it and mopped it up in almost as little time as it takes to tell it. Lieutenant Jobes, of A Company, had

been killed, but the whole attack was moving like clockwork. Brigade headquarters—Colonel Caldwell and Major Finley, Lieut. Richard Fearn and Lieut. Hugh McCoy, and the detachment of telephone men and motorcycle riders, who were still working at top speed as they had been working all night—waiting anxiously in a dugout on the Cote de Talou within sight of Dead Man's hill for news from the advancing line, got message after message full of nothing but good news. Resistance was being overcome as fast as it developed; prisoners were coming back in parades; French artillerymen along the road turned from the hot guns with which they had been defending Verdun on this same ground for four weary years, and cheered as the Austrians and Germans trudged down along the Meuse with their doughboy guards.

One company was detailed to mop up the ground between the left flank of the One Hundred and Fifteenth and the canal that bordered the Meuse, for the Thirty-third Division had not yet crossed the river to join in the attack. When they did come the Chicagoans, to quote a German corps report taken later from a prisoner, "in broad daylight crossed the Meuse and went with a single bound into the Bois de Chaume." It was the dash of the One Hundred and Fifteenth that made the entry of the Thirty-third possible, and it forced the Germans to suddenly extend their defensive front to 11 kilometers.

Smoothly and quickly Major Hancock's battalion, which had been following Major Barrett's at a distance of 500 meters, executed a "passage of lines," filtering through the First Battalion now resting for a few minutes in the hard-won trenches on Malbrouck Hill and passing down the slope, across the ravine and into the Consenvoye woods.

The One Hundred and Fifteenth was now up against the Germans' main line of resistance, the "Hagen Stellung," which ran along the southern part of the Bois de Chaume, Bois de Consenvoye and Bois de Haumont, from west to east. This line General von der Marwitz, of the Fifth Army, had ordered held at all costs.

But at the end of the day Hancock's men—Elkton and Hyattsville soldiers of the old First Maryland and Balti-

more men from the old Fifth and Fourth—had reached the edge of Molleville clearing, nearly two kilometers deep in the Consenvoye Woods, and the Hagen Stellung was no more.

Do not imagine that all they had to do was to walk through the woods like strollers hunting for beautiful autumn leaves. There was death in every step of their advance. Here were the deadly machine-gun nests whose tricks they had studied to beat in the days in Alsace when the Virginians relieved them for a time. The bushes and the trees were full of them, lurking behind screens of leaves and brush that hid them, and striking unseen like rattlesnakes—and more fatal. But what “strolling” it was possible for human men to go through a place like that (and none who did not see them fight realizes the possibilities for super-human things in these plain men from Maryland), these men of the One Hundred and Fifteenth did; and, as I say, they reached the edge of Molleville Clearing that evening before dark.

There developed a weak place in the line of the Fifty-eighth Brigade. It was at the point where the One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Sixteenth should have joined. They had not joined, and nightfall found a gap between them with the One Hundred and Sixteenth about 500 meters behind on the right. Major Hancock filled the gap by “refusing his right flank”—that is, drawing the right of his battalion back 500 meters to connect with the One Hundred and Sixteenth. If that gap had remained open during the night and the Germans had counter-attacked there they might have broken through and outflanked the Second Battalion. But the Marylanders were overlooking nothing.

CHAPTER IX.

“WE ARE GOING AHEAD!”

In the meantime the Third Battalion, under Captain Woodcock, had come into the fight. Following the Second at a distance of 1,000 meters it had come to the Intermediate Objective on Malbrouck Hill. Receiving no word from the Second Battalion that the normal objective—the German’s main line of resistance—had been taken, the battalion at 12.30 advanced and entered the Bois de Consenvoye on the left. As Major Hancock’s men had done, these men from Salisbury, Silver Springs, Crisfield and Annapolis with the men from the old Baltimore regiments, lunged into a forest of machine-gun nests and mopped them up without mercy. Reaching the Normal Objective they dug in for the night and established liaison with the Thirty-third Division on the left. Col. Reckord, directing the regiment’s advance from across the river directly opposite the German positions, had moved to the east bank and established his P. C. in a recently captured German dugout in the Cote des Roches, a few hundred yards south of Brabant.

It was in the side of the hill on the main road, and all along that road ambulances were rolling and supply trains were struggling to get up more ammunition and food. The Germans had worked hard to handicap traffic. Just below Brabant they had planted a mine in the center of the road, but Blue and Gray engineers had discovered it and blown it up before trucks came up. It made a crater big enough to hold the foundations and cellar of a house, so the engineers gouged into the hillside and built a new road around it. Between Brabant and Malbrouck Hill they had blocked the road with masonry from the ruined village—immense boulders piled high and deep, so that it would seem to take a week to clear it away. But Maj. Fred Vinup put a gang of German prisoners to work on it and under the goading of their guards they cleared it in an hour and a half.

At 6 o’clock next morning (Wednesday, October 9), came the first counter-attack. As Colonel Reckord and Major Han-

cock had expected it was aimed at the point where the gap had been the day before, and the brunt of it fell on the right flank of the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

It was a battalion of Saxons, rated as among the best troops in the Fifth Army, but it struck a stone wall when it struck that One Hundred and Fifteenth—a stone wall that opened hospitably, however, just long enough to swallow up a whole company and take it prisoner. The rest of the battalion was repulsed with heavy losses, but in falling back the Germans left groups of machine gunners in the woods about 200 meters in front of the Maryland line.

French Corps Headquarters heard of the counter-attack and immediately dispatched a message to Colonel Reckord ordering him to retake at once all the ground he had lost. It was in answer to this message that the Maryland colonel hastily penciled the reply:

‘Have no ground to retake, for we have lost none. We are going ahead.’

And so the One Hundred and Fifteenth stood on the evening of the second day of its first attack in the American Army’s great Argonne-Meuse battle, having won about six kilometers of territory from the Germans, having broken the “invincible German front of Verdun,” and having repulsed a counter-attack. They had not won these things cheaply. Good Maryland men lay dead back there through the woods and more were back in the hospitals with their bodies torn and their souls yearning to get back and into the fight. For the battle was not over; they were “going ahead.”

Next day—the tenth—came the battle of Molleville Farm. The First Battalion, freshened a little now with the brief rest on Malbrouck Hill, passed through the Second Battalion, and the Third Battalion advanced with the First.

Molleville farm lay in the bottom of a cleared ravine to the right of the main road running through Consenvoye wood, and the advance of Woodcock’s men would take it out of the edge of a part of the woods into the clearing. Every inch of this clearing, including the ruined farm buildings, was in full sight of German gunners in the edge of the Bois

de Plat Chene, which carpeted the top of the opposite hill—Richene hill.

The Germans made full use of their advantage. Into both the First and Third Battalion they poured a withering hail of machine-gun bullets as the Marylanders came on. The Third encountered the heavier fire and was held back in the Consenvoye woods. Capt. John Wade, of M Company, was killed at almost the outset of the attack. Captain Woodcock called for artillery fire on the German machine-gun positions in the Bois de Plat Chene; and for 15 minutes American 75s from the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Artillery Brigade beat upon the enemy. Then, through the fog and smoke that filled the valley, the Third Battalion, supported on the left by Company D, of the First Battalion, under Capt. Herbert L. Grymes, swept down upon Molleville farm.

Up the opposite slope Woodcock's men swept on—up and over Richene Hill and the First kept on through the eastern part of the forest.

The German trenches and machine-gun emplacement along the edge of the woods had been battered to nothing by the artillery. Nests that had escaped, the Maryland men took with their bayonets, and snipers in the trees they brought down like hunters stalking birds. The prisoners that came back now were not the scrubby, tired sort of men that were taken in the first day of the attack, but real Germans—big, strong fellows and full of fight. The Marylanders were up against the best Germany had.

They dug in here and prepared to hold what they had won, but the next counter-attack, when it came on October 11, was against the One Hundred and Sixteenth, on the right. By this time the rest of the Blue and Gray Division had come into the fight and General Morton was directing the operations of his men under the French Corps. On the day of this counter-attack the New Jersey men of the One Hundred and Thirteenth and two companies of the One Hundred and Eleventh Machine-gun Battalion, under Major Millard E. Tydings, of Maryland, attacked the Bois de la Reine and the Bois d'Ormont. On October 12 the One Hundred and Fourteenth, also from New Jersey, and the two remaining companies of the One Hundred and Eleventh

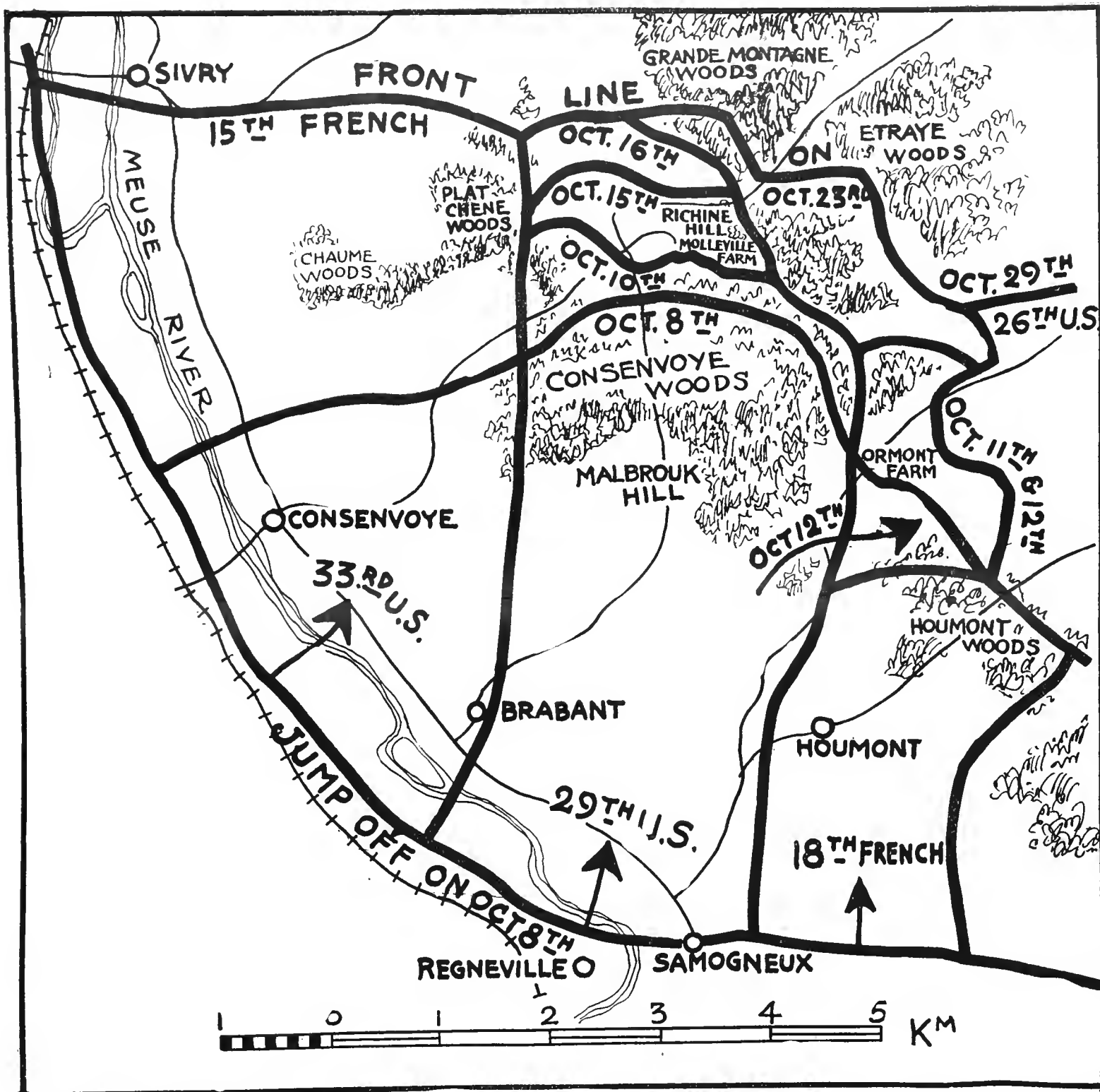
Machine-gun Battalion, attacked the Bois d'Ormont from the south.

Every day and every night the German big guns poured heavy fire into the positions our men had taken. But nothing could shake them loose. They lived now in little scooped-out places in the earth, protected from the view of the German aviators by roofs of branches and by the few scattered trees that had survived terrific bombardments. These aviators circled constantly over the woods, and upon the slightest stirring around they would swoop down and rake the place with machine-gun bullets. Runners, whose duties kept them constantly afoot in the forests and along the roads with messages, were frequently victims of the boche flyers and the boche artillery, which searched the country with gas and high explosive.

On the morning of October 15 the One Hundred and Fifteenth began an attack on the Bois de la Grande Montagne, the biggest forest in the area. The Third Battalion under Woodcock was the assaulting battalion, covering a front about a kilometer long. The Virginians of the One Hundred and Sixteenth attacked at the same time on the right, but met such vigorous opposition that the Marylanders were forced to stay their advance in order to keep contact with the Virginians.

At this stage of the battle the One Hundred and Fifteenth was called upon to help the One Hundred and Sixteenth. From the start of the operation the Virginians had had difficulty in keeping abreast of the Marylanders. Colonel Reckord was constantly "refusing his right flank," that is drawing it back after it had gained its objective, to preserve liaison with the One Hundred and Sixteenth, and to close the gap through which the Germans might strike. The Germans had sensed the situation and continued to resist the Virginians fiercely. So Col. J. McA. Palmer, who in the midst of the fight had succeeded Colonel Caldwell as commander of the Fifty-eighth Brigade, ordered the Second Battalion of Marylanders over to help the Virginians.

Capt. Thomas McNicholas was commanding the Second at that time, Major Hancock having been completely worn out with sleeplessness, shell-shock and a touch of gas. Major Bar-



This map, reproduced from an original map prepared in France by the Intelligence Section, Twenty-ninth Division, clearly shows the division's part in the First American Army's Meuse-Argonne operation. On October 8, at 5 o'clock A. M., the One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry "Maryland's Own," attacked northward in the center of the sector marked "29th U. S." The spaces between the lines marked with dates show the extent of the regiment's advance between those dates. The city of Verdun is 11 kilometers south of the village of Samogneux, from which the One Hundred and Fifteenth jumped off.

rett was in much the same condition, but both had hung on, half dead though they were, until ordered from their posts and sent back to hospitals. Captain Woodcock commanding the Third was the only battalion commander still able to stick to his command, and he was kept busy dodging doctors who thought he ought to quit.

Captains and lieutenants were gaunt and hollow-eyed and thick stubbles of beard were on their faces. Their clothes were ripped and caked with mud. The men were in the same condition. As though a storm of proportions more terrific than any storm the mind can imagine had swept through the forest, the ground behind the One Hundred and Fifteenth was a terrible wreck and strewn with wreckage—human wreckage, some of it, for the bodies of our Maryland men lay there, some of them as though they merely slept, with an arm under the head for a pillow, and the good old rifle alongside, and a knee doubled up, perhaps, for comfort.

But there was no sleep for the gallant One Hundred and Fifteenth in the Verdun fight—except the sleep of death.

McNicholas took his men across the country in the night and reported to Col. R. H. Kelley, commanding the Virginians. Colonel Kelley threw them into the line at once, putting Company F, under Capt. Philip McIntyre, and Company G, under Lieut. Merrill Rosenfeld, into the front. Capt. Henry Robb, of Company G, had been sent to the hospital.

It was here that Rosenfeld was killed, on the morning of October 16, when, with Marylanders now spread along the front of virtually the entire Fifty-eighth Brigade, the attack swept ahead irresistibly. A machine-gun bullet got him, leading his company. So fierce did the German resistance become during the day that in the afternoon Company H was sent up to fill a gap in the front line. The advance ended at dusk, with the lower edge of the Bois de la Grande Montagne in the hands of the Marylanders and Virginians.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST FIGHT.

Early next morning—5.15 to be exact—men of Company H, lying in the woods along a little German tramway that ran along the eastern edge of the forest, heard coming toward them the tramp of many heavy feet. Almost as soon as they heard it a little group of boches was upon them, not looking for a fight but bearing a great can of hot coffee and several loaves of bread. It was a ration detail, hunting for the German line which it did not know was now held by the Americans. As quick as thought the men of H Company opened to let the ration detail through, then closed in behind it and captured it.

But following the ration detail came a long file of German soldiers, with packs, rifles and machine-guns—reinforcements apparently—totally ignorant of the fact that their line of the evening before was in the hands of the One Hundred and Fifteenth. There were about 100 of them.

The Company H men waited until they were very close then cut loose into them with their rifles. Taken completely by surprise, the Germans broke and scattered. The Marylanders took their captain and several of the men prisoners and killed and drove back the rest. This was one of the links of a long chain of evidences that the German order of battle opposite the Blue and Gray Division had become almost demoralized. Those in front would be beaten back and the others would never know it. Among prisoners taken by a single battalion of the One Hundred and Fifteenth there would be Germans from perhaps a half dozen different divisions. Things were badly tangled in the German Army during those days.

And finally, on October 23, came the One Hundred and Fifteenth's last fight. It was a battle for the ridge of the Bois d'Etraye from which the Germans looked down upon the One Hundred and Fifteenth's and Sixteenth's positions in the Bois de la Grande Montagne.

New Jersey men of the One Hundred and Thirteenth, some

of them commanded by Major James G. Knight and Major Ralph Hutchins, and Virginians of the One Hundred and Sixteenth, attacked toward the east and the First Battalion of "Maryland's Own" attacked toward the north—a covering attack that would hold the Germans in check while the right of the line was brought up abreast of the One Hundred and Fifteenth.

One of the fiercest fights of all the Blue and Gray's operations was this battle for Etraye Ridge. The First Battalion fought desperately against the German's heaviest concentration of machine guns. Lieut. Harry Webb, of Company D, standing up a moment in the woods to look over the line—just a moment—was shot down instantly and killed. His Maryland comrades never recovered his body, though Chaplain Frederick Reynolds and Capt. Winfield Harward, of Company B, went up to the woods after the armistice to hunt for it. Efforts were made to recover it the night Webb was killed, but the Germans kept the spot hot with machine-gun fire.

So terrific was the battle for Etraye Ridge that on the night of the 23rd the First Battalion was taken out and the Second took over the line, and on the 25th the Third Battalion relieved the Second. It was on the 25th that Etraye Ridge was finally taken and held.

On October 27th the One Hundred and Sixteenth was relieved and the One Hundred and Fifteenth was ordered to hold both sectors; so the night of October 28-29 found Maryland's Own Regiment holding the line that marked the limits of the advances of the Blue and Gray Division.

Twenty-one days in line—steady, terrible fighting all the time—little food, scarcely any sleep—131 officers and men killed—a total casualty list in this single operation of 1,031 Maryland men!

And the "fate of the German people" decided—against the German Army, with the "invincible Verdun resistance" demoralized and pushed back nearly eight kilometers.

On that night (October 28-29), the Blue and Gray was relieved by the Seventy-ninth, the Camp Meade Division, the Three Hundred and Sixteenth taking the One Hundred and Fifteenth's sector. The regiment marched by companies

back to the Cote des Roches, where Colonel Reckord had had his P. C. on the second day of the battle. The Germans shelled the whole area heavily while the companies were marching back; ten men were wounded in one platoon by a single high explosive shell.

They returned again to the area around Bar-le-duc, where they had waited in army reserve while the September drive was starting, and there they were when the war ended less than two weeks later. And a glorious night it was back there then, with the French country folk, sobbing through their laughter, showering the men with flowers and embracing them; and with rockets soaring into the sky and the band tearing things loose; and Colonel Reckord, the god and idol of his men, hoisted willy-nilly to boxes and porches to make speeches. Quite different from the last days of September.

Now they went to Fresnes, France, and in the small villages round about. Colonel Reckord's headquarters were in Fresnes. The village was far back in the country, below the Belfort-Paris railroad line, where the war had never been heard. There they waited to come home.

And that is the end of their story. The true story of no regiment in the American Expeditionary Forces will ever have more in it of glory, sacrifice and the pure, undreamed-of heroism of plain American manhood.

The Story of the 313th

CHAPTER XI.

BALTIMORE'S CITIZEN SOLDIERS GO TO WAR.

Maryland first gave her sons to the new American citizen army on September 26, 1917. They did not "spring to arms" (as certain statesmen had fondly hoped some months before), "between sunrise and sunset." They sprang to suit-cases and travelling bags and their oldest clothes and arrived at Camp Meade, a vast city of wooden barracks on the sands of Anne Arundel County on that hot September day with no arms but the two with which they had been born.

From their first training camp days to the day of their embarkation for Europe, their story is very different from the story of the Maryland National Guardsmen. Their very presence in the new camp on September 26, represented the existence of an idea that had, until that moment, been entirely unknown in American history. It was the idea that American citizens would and could give up the practical fruits and advantages of "American liberty" and "American freedom" and consent to live for a time under a system which had for its very foundation the denial of the sort of liberty and freedom they had been used to all their lives.

In other words, they consented to let themselves be taken into an army to fight. Abandoning the reasoning that the only possible sort of American soldier was the soldier who made up his own mind to enlist and enlisted voluntarily, they adopted the reasoning that an American could be a soldier and a good one by letting his government make up his mind for him and enlist him when it needed him.

All this was at a time when the American government was making up the mind of the American people on pretty nearly every subject, with the full consent of the American people. It was America's own government—the nation itself had chosen it and had confidence in it. Luckily the mind that, being made up, represented the will of the nation, was the mind of President Wilson. So that the people adopted as their own the decisions he made with a feeling of pride in the thought that they had known the master mind

of the age when they saw it and had lost no time in putting it to work for the good of the nation.

Thus came about such tremendous sights as that of a column of men carrying their luggage along dusty roads, with a band tooting away at the head and a big blue flag borne aloft bearing the number "313"; and standing off regarding this marching, singing column, little groups of veteran soldiers in uniforms with stars or eagles on their shoulders, thinking (and saying, too), "So this is some of that new army we've got to teach how to fight!"

The number "313" on the blue flag was the number of a new infantry regiment to which the men in this column and other Baltimoreans coming later, were to belong. The Three Hundred Thirteenth was to be an all-Baltimore regiment. The band that led this column of men of assorted sizes and conditions, was the regimental band of the Three Hundred Thirteenth. It had been organized before the regiment itself was organized. For the bit of foresight represented by that fact—for the existence of a brass band playing inspirit-ing music—a tangible pleasant-sounding bit of evidence to a somewhat bewildered bunch of men that they "belonged to something" and had something they could develop a fraternal pride in, those who honor the Three Hundred Thirteenth Infantry must thank Colonel Claude B. Sweezey, U. S. A.

Colonel Sweezey was the commander of the Three Thirteenth. He was the original Three Thirteenth; because for several days before September 26, there was nothing at all to the Three Thirteenth but a wooden building with a sign reading "Headquarters, 313th Infantry," and Colonel Sweezey, a veteran soldier and officer in the regular army of the United States.

What was happening that day at Camp Meade was happening in other great camps all over the nation on the same and succeeding days. It was the gathering of the biggest and newest part of the greatest army the world had ever seen. And the part most significant, too, of the real sincerity of America's conclusion that liberty and the democracy of peoples was now a bigger thing than the liberty and democracy of mere persons.

The new Three Hundred Thirteenth Infantry became a working regiment immediately. Its men were uniformed, divided into companies and battalions, put to work on drill fields. The regiment was a part of an infantry brigade, the 157th, commanded by Brigadier-General William J. Nicholson, and the 157th Brigade became a part of the Seventy-ninth Division, commanded by Major-General Joseph E. Kuhn.

With the band as a working basis, a regimental spirit grew quickly in the Three Hundred Thirteenth. Other outfits came into being at Camp Meade, some of them from Philadelphia, and the Three Thirteenth had the pride of its own city of Baltimore to fall back upon and to defend. How well it was defended one may know from the fact that the Three Thirteenth came quickly to be recognized as the best regiment in the Seventy-ninth Division, and held that reputation throughout the war.

Rivalry within the regiment itself helped foster the regimental spirit. Men from one section of Baltimore managed to get into one company, and men from another section into another company. Company A, for instance was made up almost entirely of East Baltimore men. Company F, being mostly from the Tenth Ward, called themselves "The Irish Fusileers." And there were the favorite companies of South Baltimore and West Baltimore and Northwest Baltimore.

As quickly as this regiment of citizen soldiers developed a pride in its organization its members developed a pride in themselves as soldiers. There came to them that subtle, inexplicable thing called "morale." Men came to light in the ranks (as men had come to light in the seats of the nation's government), who objected to the whole thing—the war, the army, the process that had put them where they were—everything. And as the spirit of the nation had overwhelmed the "conscientious objectors" in the United States Senate, the spirit of the Three Thirteenth overwhelmed the same sorts of men in the regiment.

Again and again men were transferred from the Three Thirteenth to other regiments in other divisions, for immediate service overseas. The regiment was broken time after time, but the spirit never broke. New men came in with

new drafts, and they all caught the pride of the organization. Its football team was beaten, and the baseball team lost the championship of the division by a narrow margin, but the men always came up for more, and the regiment always bet its money on the teams of the 313th.

Gradually the men cast off the last ties that bound them to the old, peaceful civilian life. They grew strong physically—stronger than ever in their lives. They acquired the looks, the speech, the bearing of soldiers, and when they paraded before Secretary of War Baker (as they did several times), no one would have imagined that they hadn't been in the regular army for years.

And on April 7, 1918, the day after they had passed in review down Baltimore street before President Wilson, they hiked under heavy packs, all the way back to Camp Meade, a distance of 23 miles. A few months before they had gotten out of breath walking up the hill behind the band carrying their suit-cases!

In and through and above everything though they thought of the thing that some day, late or soon, was coming to them all—the orders to go to France. Often it looked as though they would never come to the Three Thirteenth as a regiment. So many of the old crowd had been taken away. Thousands of men had come and gone, so that almost every week the regiment was almost a brand-new outfit with more "rookies" in it than trained soldiers. Things looked hopeless—for be it known that besides morale and regimental spirit, the men of the Three Thirteenth, for so brief a time away from the old peaceful life, had developed also a fervent wish to get into the fighting in France. All their hopes for the future tended toward France and the front line.

The news from across the ocean was full of dire portent. Nothing seemed to stop the Germans for more than a little time. Every day an advance somewhere was reported in dispatches—every day the Allied line, bolstered up here and there by a few Americans, seemed to weaken in a new place. To the men at Camp Meade the very sand that covered the country even while it slipped beneath their feet seemed to be saying, "Hurry! Hurry!"

And when finally they went—they simply went.

General Kuhn and General Nicholson and Colonel Sweezey got the news a few days before the Fourth of July, and kept it a dead secret. On the evening of July 5, the First Battalion marched away to the train and at 6.30 they were on board and rolling toward Hoboken. That was Friday. The other two battalions were to go next day.

The regular Saturday afternoon crowds of Baltimoreans came down to Camp Meade that day, bringing candy for the men and comfortable things to wear and books to read. And people who sought the men of the First Battalion found empty barracks.

Like wildfire the news spread through the crowd of visitors to the camp. The Three Hundred Thirteenth was going to France! Some of it had already gone! Then they discovered that for two weeks telegrams and telephone calls from Camp Meade had been censored. Somehow all this information got up to Baltimore and something like chaos broke loose. Drawing rooms, libraries, kitchens, offices were suddenly deserted and an avalanche of soldiers' families swept down upon Camp Meade. Some of them got to the Three Thirteenth's section, but more did not, because a guard was thrown around the regiment, and soon all visitors were ordered away.

Before dark the last of the Three Thirteenth was gone.

Two evenings later, July 8, the regiment, most of it aboard the giant transport Leviathan, was gliding out of New York Harbor past the Statue of Liberty, while the lights of the city began gleaming out of the dusk and the torch in the hand of the goddess leaped into flame.

CHAPTER XIII.

UP TO VERDUN FOR THE "GREATEST BATTLE."

General Kuhn's Seventy-ninth Division arrived in France close to the end of July; the last units were off the boats on July 31, 1918, and they began to pile into the Tenth Training Area on August 1, almost on the heels of the Twenty-ninth—the Blue and Gray.

The turn of the tide in the great war and the advent in France of Col. Claude B. Sweezey's Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry from Baltimore occurred on the same day. The big liner *Leviathan* discharged her cargo of men at Brest on July 15, 1918; and on July 15 General Gouraud's Fourth Army, including one American division—the Rainbow—was stopping in its tracks the last great German offensive in the Champagne before Chalons.

The Three Thirteenth was billeted in the town of Champ-litte, in the Tenth Area, where the One Hundred and Fifteenth had been before it. They probably never will forget the words "Maryland" and "Baltimore" in this little French city, because for nearly two months the American soldiers who lived with them and celebrated with them their own and our own great holidays, and who rejoiced with them at the news of victories that came down from the fighting between Soissons and Rheims, were all Maryland and Baltimore soldiers.

As with the Twenty-ninth, headquarters of the Seventy-ninth were at Prauthoy. The men from Meade were assigned to the Fourth Army Corps when they arrived, but on August 13 they were transferred to the Sixth Corps. On the old battle fields of Caesar and the Gauls and on the old plains the French armies of peace years had used in summer maneuvers, the Three Thirteenth got its polish in bayonet fighting, in grenade throwing, in patrolling, in firing its rifles to kill.

On August 26 it became a unit of the First American Army, newly born to the world in France. Other divisions in that army were gathering near Langres, not far away, for

America's first big-scale operation of the war, to be planned and executed upon its own responsibility. They were veteran divisions, had seen the worst sort of fighting, and the Seventy-ninth was still in the learning stage of development.

While most of this army was gathering around St. Mihiel, the Three Thirteenth started toward the front on September 9, with its pockets loaded with money. Within a week it had received as its first pay in France the accumulated income of two months. Under new packs, full of extra shirts, blankets and underwear, with new overcoats, hobnailed shoes and steel helmets, it hiked to Oyereres, where it started a box-car trip to the Robert Espagne Area, near Bar-le-Duc. Very promptly the Three Thirteenth named that village "Oysters," for that is what is looked like on the signs and it was much easier to say than Oyereres, besides having the tang of the home town about it.

The train trip ended in Longeville. There the Three Hundred and Thirteenth stayed for three days awaiting orders. They were about due to go into the front lines—the men knew that. It would be a quiet sector, probably; every other new division had gone from its training area into a quiet sector. For one thing, when the American divisions that had come over earlier had gone in there were few sectors but quiet ones in which to put them, and for another thing the French were a little dubious in those days about the wisdom of letting the "untrained Americans" do any real fighting.

But all around and over the heads of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth, as it waited quietly around Bar-le-Duc for the hand of the General Staff to move it again over the chess-board of war, a tremendous game was being planned and played. The Three Hundred and Thirteenth, "untrained Americans" by all the veteran standards of the French and British, figured in the plans and "quiet sectors" did not.

The First American Army's first operation, directed entirely by General Pershing with no help from the other Allies (except the work of one French division detailed to "mop up" at the tip of the St. Mihiel salient) had been a great success—greater than even the American Staff expected. General Pershing had turned immediately from St.

Mihiel to the German military railroad running along behind the entire German line—the German army's main artery, it's "jugular vein," which, severed, would mean defeat for Germany.

General Pershing's knowledge of the importance of this railroad was not a particularly private bit of knowledge. Marshal Foch knew all about it and so did the British commanders. But a break through by the British would not have hurt the railroad much, unless the British victory amounted to a rout for the Germans, and on the French front a break through looked impossible—had looked impossible for four years. Sedan was the city and railhead nearest to the front lines and between the French and Sedan the Germans had constructed during those four years a defense that gradually had come to be recognized as impregnable.

But it did not look impregnable to General Pershing; and Marshal Foch himself had, by this time, apparently come to know that the "wild Americans" would stop at nothing. So he was willing to let the First American Army's next major operation be the beginning of a drive toward this German railroad. It would either end with complete victory for the Allied arms and a German surrender, or it would prove merely a new lesson in "modern warfare" for the American Army—probably teach them to be a little more cautious.

The attack was to be along the whole line from the west bank of the Meuse River to the Argonne Forest, and it was to begin on September 26.

The presence of the Seventy-ninth Division in the Robert Espagne area around Bar-le-Duc meant that it was going to start the attack. And it had never heard the boom of a hostile gun or the scream of a hostile shell!

It was September 12, Baltimore's "Old Defender's Day," when the Three Thirteenth got orders to proceed immediately toward Verdun. Trains of French trucks were lined for miles along the roadsides to take them up. The regiment waited five dark hours in the rain that morning until orders came to get aboard and start, and while they waited they talked about the celebrations Baltimore was probably having—how the folks would be laying wreaths around the Wells and McComas

monument and eulogizing the brave Baltimore boys who had shot down the British General Ross in 1812; and wondering whether those "brave boys" had ever waited all night in an ocean of French mud for a ride on a rickety French truck.

The truck ride ended after dark that night at Dombasle, west and a little north of Verdun—or rather in what was left of Dombasle, for at this place the Three Thirteenth saw its first ruined French village. Dombasle had been within the range of German guns for four years and it was battered out of all semblance to a village. The regiment started away from Dombasle immediately, in the night.

A French guide marched at the head of the column, and he started toward the bivouac dugouts in the Foret de Hesse along a road that led out of Dombasle to the left. It was a steep road, very slippery with mud, and the packs were heavy, and it wasn't until the Three Thirteenth had traversed it for about four miles that the guide discovered he should have taken the road to the right out of Dombasle. So the regiment turned around, marched back to Dombasle and struck out upon the other road. The hike to the bivouac, that should have been about five miles long, actually became a hike of nearly ten miles.

Three days they stayed in the dugouts in a little nose of the Foret de Hesse called the Bois de Pommes—though there didn't appear to be an apple tree in the country for miles around. And finally, on the night of September 16, they went into the front line, relieving the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh French Division.

The Seventy-ninth Division took over a sector seven kilometers long. In the line it faced, roughly, toward the northwest, with the right flank about half a kilometer southeast of the village of Haucourt and the left flank a kilometer southwest of the village of Avocourt.

The division's center rested in the southeastern end of the Bois de Malancourt. The part of the line held by the Three Thirteenth was along the northern edge of the village of Avocourt itself. Montfaucon, almost directly to the north of the division's center, was four kilometers from the right flank and about eight kilometers from the left flank. Across the inter-

vening space were the woods of Malancourt, of Cheppy, of Very and of Montfaucon, and between the northern edge of this collection of forests and the hill of Montfaucon itself was an unwooded stretch of land two kilometers wide with a bare hill 280 meters high in the middle of it.

So that the fight of the Seventy-ninth Division (if it should have to fight up through that ground ahead of it, of which possibility it was not yet fully aware) would be through the woods of Malancourt and Montfaucon, then across those two kilometers of bare ground with its 280-meter hill in the middle, and up the hill of Montfaucon, 342 meters high, with the city on the top.

It was not yet fully aware of the work cut out for it. Stretched across a seven-kilometer front, it was occupying a sector big enough for two divisions, provided that sector remained quiet. It knew that in an attack it would move forward on a front only half as wide as that. But it knew, too, that this was not the "quiet sector" it had heard about—the quiet sector of Toul or Luneville or Baccarat or Alsace.

This was Verdun.

Only 14 kilometers southeast of the Three Thirteenth's front line was the city of Verdun itself. Less than halfway to Verdun, visible to the Three Thirteenth on clear days, was Cote 304—Dead Man's Hill—where the rains still washed the skeletons of French and German soldiers lying there yet, where their bodies had fallen many months before; Dead Man's Hill, down whose slopes many human tides had receded in horror, leaving it alone and unclean like a plague spot, until the Hun again sought Verdun.

No, there was something else for the Three Thirteenth to do besides holding on to its position in a quiet sector and finishing its training in bayonet and rifle, grenade and patrol raid. The Three Thirteenth knew that. The whole division was under orders from the Fifth Corps to send out no patrols and attempt no raids. The men of the Three Thirteenth could not go out and familiarize themselves with the ground over which they were to advance; a bottomless pit might be yawning out there before them for all they knew. But what was it they were to do?

They began to find out on September 22. On that date the Seventy-ninth Division was transferred to the Fifth Corps and the Three Thirteenth moved over to the right. The division was concentrating its forces. The right flank stayed where it was, just southeast of Haucourt, but from a kilometer west of Avocourt to a kilometer and a half east of that place, the Seventy-ninth came out of the sector it had been holding and moved toward the right. In other words, it bunched up into half the space it had been occupying since the night of September 16. So to speak, it was gathering its muscles for a mighty spring.

On September 25, General Pershing visited General Kuhn at the Seventy-ninth Division's P. C., about one kilometer west of Esnes and a kilometer and a half behind the front line. Everything was ready now—the men from Meade knew at last what they were about to go up against. They were to start off on a big drive—the biggest drive the American Army had ever been in, bigger than the St. Mihiel drive.

They were to get the Hun away from those nests in which he had lurked for four years seeking to snatch Verdun; to break his apparently impregnable defenses and drive him back and away and capture his precious railroad.

Late in the afternoon of September 25, Colonel Swezey got his orders. His Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry was to attack next morning. He was to advance at "H Hour plus 30 minutes," behind a rolling barrage that should move at the rate of 100 meters in four minutes. The path of his regiment's advance would take it directly over the crest of Montfaucon, five and a half kilometers north of the jump-off.

At this point let me try to picture the situation of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth as it stood waiting for the word to move up to the jump-off; the general plan of disposition of the Seventy-ninth Division and how it was to be supported by artillery, aeroplanes and tanks.

The One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Infantry Brigade under Brig.-Gen. William J. Nicholson was in the division's front line. It was to launch the first shock of the attack. The Three Hundred and Thirteenth was on the left. On the right was the Three Hundred and Fourteenth, under Col. William

H. Oury. Of each of these regiments two battalions were in the attacking line and one was in the brigade reserve. With each regiment was one company of machine-gunners from the Three Hundred and Eleventh Machine-Gun Battalion under Major C. M. DuPuy, of Pittsburgh, in addition to the machine-gun companies of the regiments. To the Three Hundred and Thirteenth an extra platoon of DuPuy's machine-gunners was assigned to work with a platoon from the regiment itself, forming a "combat liaison group," charged with preserving contact between the Three Hundred and Thirteenth and the right flank of the front-line regiment of the Thirty-seventh Division, which was attacking on the left of the Seventh-ninth. The Baltimore regiment also had a half company from the First Gas Regiment assigned to it.

In the division reserve was the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Infantry Brigade, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Robert H. Noble, a Marylander by birth, with the Three Hundred and Fifteenth and the Three Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry regiments, and the Three Hundred and Twelfth Machine-Gun Battalion, under Major Stuart Janney, of Baltimore. In the attack it was to follow the attacking regiments at a distance of about 1,000 meters.

Thirty-five batteries of field artillery, light and heavy, and a battery of trench mortars were to support the division, with a preliminary bombardment and a rolling barrage. When the 75's had reached the limit of their range, the barrage was to be taken up by the 155's and the corps artillery. One regiment of 75's—The One Hundred and Forty-seventh—was to follow the two attacking infantry regiments forward as soon as its barrage mission had been accomplished.

Flying above the advancing infantry to fight off German planes and keep the artillery in the rear informed of the advance of the Seventy-ninth's front line would be the Two Hundred and Fourteenth French Aero Squadron. Two French tank battalions were to accompany the doughboys, and the Sixth American Balloon Company was to maintain observation for the division.

Thus carefully and completely was the Seventy-ninth, from Camp Meade, prepared and equipped to start America's great-

est battle; and thus, according to the plans, it stood ready on the night of September 25-26.

That night some of the men in the Three Thirteenth's intelligence section sat around Col. Sweezey's P. C. talking things over. The barrage had started at 11.30, and it was a terror. Far, far back around Bar-le-Duc, 50 kilometers away, the men of the Blue and Gray could hear it. Even a little barrage would have been a wonderful thing to the Three Thirteenth. They had never heard one, big or little. And this tremendous thing dazed them and made them very quiet; for they knew it was being fired for them. When it stopped they would start. So when they talked they talked about queer, inconsequential things.

Privates Bill Conway and Bob Armstrong, for instance, sat there discussing the strangely persistent presence of the number "13" in and around their immediate neighborhood. It had been Friday, the 13th, when the regiment had arrived in the Bois de Pommes, preparatory to taking the Avocourt sector. That day, as soon as midnight had gone, would be just 13 days ago. The date of the attack was just twice 13. And there were 13 active men in the regimental intelligence section, and the regiment itself was the Three Thirteenth! Lucky or unlucky?

And there they sat discussing their luck while the barrage raged around them; and at 4 o'clock in the morning, September 26, Colonel Sweezey got his men into line for the jump-off, and shells from the German batteries began landing into those trenches the Germans knew so well, and men began getting killed and wounded in the Three Thirteenth, though it hadn't even started to fight. When it started the great Argonne drive there were gaps in the ranks that had not been there the night before.

It started at 5.30 on the morning of September 26, 1918.

CHAPTER XIII.

MONTFAUCON!

It may not be known to most Maryland people that wild stories spread through France in the days immediately following the opening of the Argonne-Meuse offensive on September 26, bearing upon the conduct of the Seventy-ninth Division in the attack on Montfaucon.

They were ugly stories and they did not deserve repetition at that time. They do not deserve repetition now except in so far as it may be considered necessary to prove that they were and are untrue. It is possible for me to tell exactly what the Seventy-ninth Division did in that fight; and what they did is very different from what they were rumored to have done. How different it is can best be shown by recounting in a purely general way what the rumors were.

I heard it in the gossip around various military headquarters; around Bar-le-Duc where Press Headquarters was stationed; in Paris, in rest areas, in leave areas—that the Seventy-ninth Division had “run from the Germans.” I heard that the men had been “scattered like sheep” all over the face of the country. I heard that after they had jumped off from their trenches and advanced a little way, they had become demoralized; that their officers had drawn pistols and threatened to shoot men who were retreating without orders.

I heard that they had been taken out after four days (which was true as I knew), because they had been “simply shot to pieces.” Not an officer or a soldier I met for several weeks after that fight failed to say something somewhere in the course of a conversation, about the “failure of the Seventy-ninth.” The thing had spread like wildfire, and it was so constantly before my notice that it made me disgusted.

For out of the whole mess of gossip one thing stood big and clear—that Montfaucon had been taken—and Montfaucon (so the maps plainly showed) was almost six kilometers away from the point at which the Seventy-ninth started the attack. Furthermore Montfaucon had been taken by the Three Hundred Thirteenth Infantry from Baltimore.

So it occurred to me that if such feats as an advance of nearly six kilometers and the capture of a city on a hill 342 meters high had been performed by demoralized troops—troops that had run from the enemy—troops that had to be beaten into line with pistols—why then, a very wonderful and interesting thing had happened in the American Army in France, a thing that merited investigation.

And this that follows, taking up the story where we left it in the preceding chapter, is what happened at Montfaucon between September 26 and September 30, 1918:

At 5.30 on the morning of September 26 the Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry of Baltimore was on its way—to attack and capture a hill it couldn't see.

Almost in the path of the regiment, about three kilometers from the jump-off, the Bois de Montfaucon stuck its nose out into the plains halfway across the Seventy-ninth Division's sector, and the city on the hill was behind that nose, two kilometers away. Besides that, there rolled ahead of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth a heavy screen of black smoke.

For 25 minutes they fought nothing but barbed wire. During that time every one of the 90 guns behind the division pounded the Germans' front-line trenches, to give the infantry time to get through its own entanglements. It got through within the allotted period and started after the enemy.

It was my privilege after the battle to walk with Colonel Swezey over the ground the Three Hundred and Thirteenth covered that morning. They were supposed to go over it, keeping their formations so that the line would not be sagging back in one place and forging ahead in another, at the rate of 100 meters in four minutes. That was the speed at which the rolling barrage was to move ahead of them and the theory of the rolling barrage was that of a curtain concealing and protecting men who must leap forth and kill the moment it was lifted. Otherwise those of the enemy who had survived the barrage would have time to gather their wits and their arms before the attacking infantry came up.

The ground I saw might have been covered at the rate of 100 meters in four minutes by a regiment of men with seven-

league boots, but not by men with hob-nailed shoes, and legs capable of normal strides. The shell holes that covered the face of the land lay almost rim to rim, and were deep. There was no jumping them. They had to be descended into on one side and scaled like mountain sides on the other. Snarls of barbed wire lay in the holes or up on the edges, torn and tangled by shell-fire and as difficult to pass as though they had not been touched by shells.

So that it is no wonder that the Three Hundred and Thirteenth did not keep up with its barrage. The barrage moved on, for moving it meant only elevating the muzzles of the guns a bit. But for the Three Hundred and Thirteenth moving meant long battles with wire, up and down hillock after hillock, all slippery with deep mud and full of boulders, fallen trees and water.

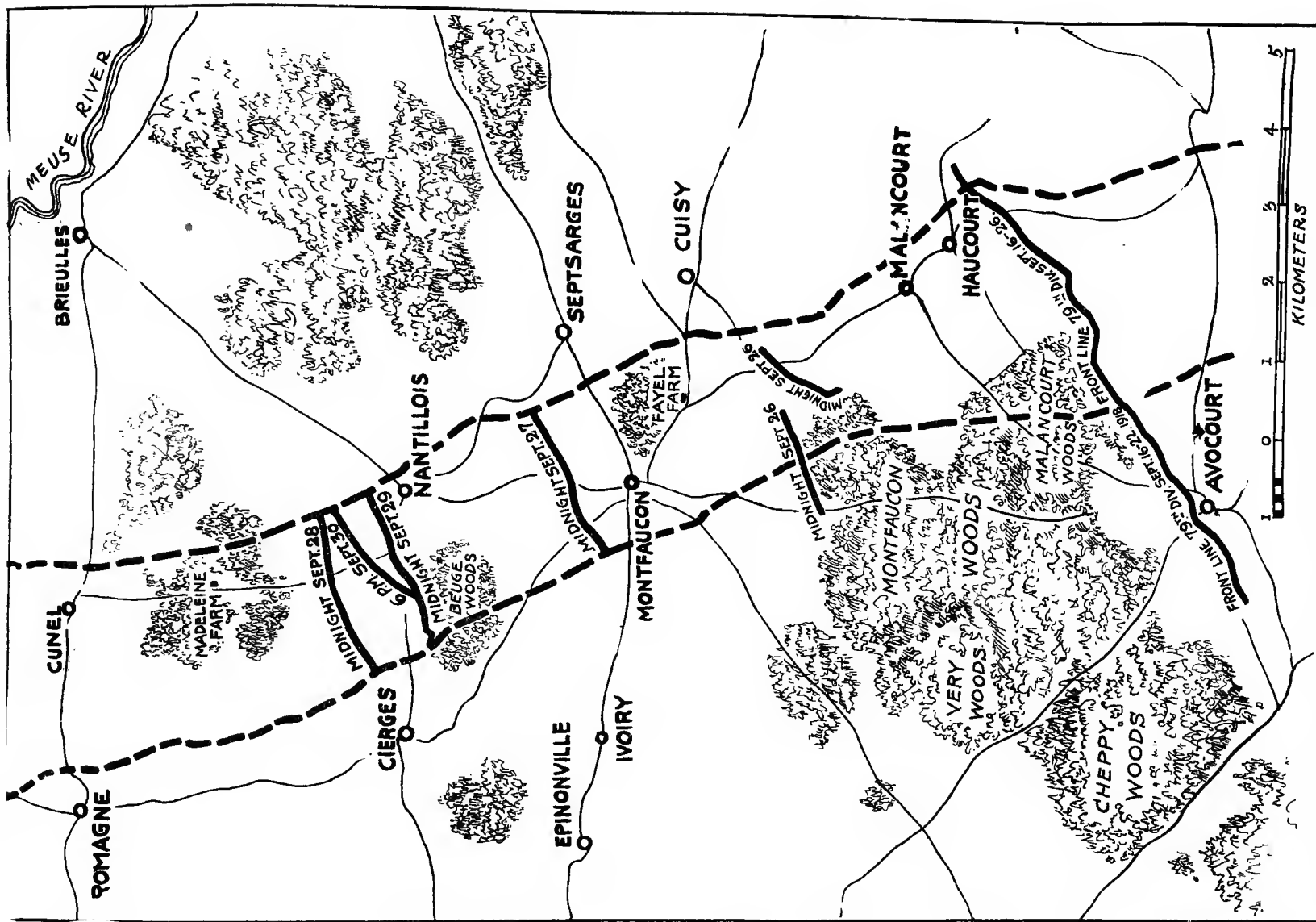
The regiment never halted, but it moved slowly.

It moved the more slowly because the smoke screen which was to hide it from the enemy hid it from itself. The men got lost in the gray fog; they were bunched in some parts of the line, in other parts there were big gaps.

But with Colonel Sweezey roaming up and down behind them, keeping them up and setting the lost men right, the Three Hundred and Thirteenth reached the Bois de Montfaucon, about two and a half kilometers from its starting point, by noon. And here the two commanders of the two front-line battalions were killed.

They found Major Israel Putnam lying face downward on the edge of a fresh shell hole, with his head pointing toward Montfaucon. He had died within sight of the city on the hill, for he had rounded the nose of the Bois de Montfaucon and there it stood, rearing its crest and its church tower above the reeking, roaring country about it like the Acropolis of Athens—and then the advance had ended for him.

And up near the northern edge of the Bois de Montfaucon a German machine-gun sniper had killed Major Benjamin Franklin Pepper and his battalion adjutant, Lieut. Francis S. Patterson. With half the day gone and Montfaucon still two kilometers away, the attacking battalions were without their old commanding officers.



This map explains the operation of the 318th at Montfaucon. The heavy black line above Avocourt shows where the 79th Division held on until September 22, when it "punched up" into the space between the two heavy dotted lines. Those lines running toward the northeast and embracing Montfaucon, mark the boundaries of the 79th Division's sector, and the black intersecting lines show the depth of advance from day to day.

But these had not been the Three Thirteenth's only losses up to that time. Back there, almost at the very jump-off, Lieut. George M. Baker, of Baltimore, had been killed as he stood up to call for medical aid for Sergeant Brown, of L Company, lying wounded at his feet. Capt. Harry Ingersoll, of H Company, advancing with K Company in the forefront of the attack, was dead on the field; Capt. Edward L. Killian, of M Company, had been carried back mortally wounded.

Still the regiment kept on. The battalions became slightly separated and Colonel Sweezey brought up two reserve companies to fill the gap. The Colonel moved his post of command up to within 300 yards of the front line. German snipers tried to get him and failed. He raged up and down through the Montfaucon woods, rallying his men. Working forward in little groups the Three Thirteenth attacked machine-gun nests in clumps of brush, behind tree-stumps, in little fortresses of rock.

Snipers who had escaped both the barrage and the first infantry wave were firing from the trees into the support and reserve companies, so that there in the blasted forests it was as though the remnants of a plague had been left in the trail of a hasty health warden.

But by 6 o'clock in the evening the Three Thirteenth had gained the whole northern edge of the Bois de Montfaucon. Before it lay the bare slopes—a 280-meter hill and a deep valley and then Montfaucon. Not a tree, not a bush, not a boulder between them and the city, just a rolling stretch of open country to be crossed under the eyes of the enemy.

It was at this same hour—6 o'clock—that General Kuhn received word from the Corps to this effect:

“The Seventy-ninth Division is holding up the advance of the whole American Army. The Commanding General insists that the attack be pushed more vigorously.”

Division headquarters got into touch with Sweezey out there at the edge of the woods. It was getting dark. Could he attack and take Montfaucon tonight? Headquarters wanted to know. Sweezey could try anything. He was a soldier.

Attacking was his profession. But Montfaucon was one of the strongest positions in the whole German line; hundreds of machine-guns would blaze down on his men from that hill and the trenches around it. The Three Thirteenth would not be able to see them. It would have to attack blindly—in the dark.

But it attacked.

It started out in the old formation, and two tanks went with it. The front line moved ahead for 200 yards and then there came down upon it a deluge of machine-gun fire, high explosive and hand grenades. The two tanks turned clumsily around and headed back into the woods. Facing a ghost enemy—invisible in the dark—from whom came deadly blasts of bullets, the Three Thirteenth stayed and tried to fight. No artillery came up behind it to beat the German fire down. There were no roads for artillery to travel upon.

And so, worn and weary with the terrific struggle, the Three Thirteenth crawled back finally after the tanks, and, at the edge of the woods, bivouacked for the night.

Colonel Sweezey tried to get into communication with brigade headquarters, but could not. So from the little cage that the regimental intelligence section had carried through the fight he took one of the pigeons, tied a message to its leg and started it toward division headquarters.

The pigeon flew up into a tree and stayed there all night.

“—holding back the advance of the whole American Army!” A fine thing for the Three Thirteenth to sleep over! What had happened? What was the trouble?

The trouble was that everything had happened that possibly could have happened to retard the Seventy-ninth Division's progress. The One Hundred and Forty-seventh Field Artillery (as you may remember from the preceding chapter) had been ordered to move forward behind the attacking infantry at 8 A. M. on September 26, for its barrage mission was by then to have been accomplished. It had tried to move forward and failed. It tried to go by way of the path the engineers had built for the tanks to cross No Man's Land and found that impossible. Then it had followed the road as far as Avocourt and could get no farther. Beyond Avocourt the

road was obliterated. Ground that men had found terrible difficulty in crossing simply could not be crossed by horses dragging guns and ammunition behind them.

In all that country there was not a road upon which an ambulance or a supply truck or an artillery train could have lived five minutes. There was not even a road upon which it might have fought out its chances of living. The single road that had existed between Malancourt and Montfaucon had been battered into the rest of the wreck.

So the Three Thirteenth had virtually lost the protection of its artillery. One may get an idea of the effect of this when one reads that General Noble's One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Brigade, in the divisional reserve, 1,000 meters behind General Nicholson's One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Brigade, had to fight machine-gun nests that had not been cleaned out by the leading troops, German machine-gun nests that were still alive and doing business, mind you, behind the American front lines.

Furthermore, communication between the Seventy-ninth's front lines and the division P. C. was virtually cut off all during the twenty-sixth. General Kuhn received no reports regarding the position of his front line. The aero squadron, supposed to carry these reports, dropped two messages, but dropped them two hours after they had been written.

On the right the Three Hundred and Fourteenth, under Colonel Oury, had had even more difficulty than the Three Hundred and Thirteenth. They had not been able to get through the wire in the allotted 25 minutes; they had fallen behind the barrage; enveloped in the thick fog and the smoke screen, they had become scattered—had passed German machine-gun nests without seeing them.

And in this situation, trying enough to trained officers, the fighting, so far as platoons and companies were concerned, was being directed almost entirely by noncommissioned officers, for some of the majors and most of the lieutenants and captains had been either killed or wounded.

It may be as interesting here as later on to note that the Three Thirteenth came out of the line four days later with a lot of its companies commanded by corporals.

Apparently it was true on the night of September 26 that the Seventy-ninth Division was behind the rest of the American Army. At about the time Colonel Sweezy's men reached the northern edge of the Bois de Montfaucon, two kilometers from Montfaucon itself, the Fourth Division, having the sector on the right, reported that it was east of Nantillois, a village about three kilometers north of Montfaucon and on the extreme eastern edge of the Seventy-ninth's sector.

The Fourth's outposts would extend westward during the night into the sector of the Seventy-ninth. The regulars had sent out a brigade to protect the Fourth's left flank where the Seventy-ninth had been expected to be. The men of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth and Three Hundred and Fourteenth were to look out for these regulars and not mistake them for the enemy. And they must take Montfaucon tonight!

That was the situation that faced the Three-Thirteenth as it battled in the dark toward Montfaucon, with an enemy it could not see, with its tanks lumbering back into the cover of the woods, with its artillery mired far back at Avocourt. And with no means of communication between it and the Division P. C., for General Nicholson had moved ahead and had been unable to notify General Kuhn.

So it is a fact that, if, for several days, Major Whittlesey's battalion in the Seventy-seventh was a "lost battallion," General Nicholson's brigade of the Seventy-ninth was, for a whole night, a "lost brigade."

It was found again at about 5 o'clock on the morning of September 27. Liaison was re-established between the front line and General Kuhn's P. C. General Kuhn himself, with Col. Tenney Ross, his chief of staff, and one of his aids, went out on horseback toward the front, got a look at the state of affairs, established a new P. C. at Haucourt (a pile of stones that had been a village) and things began to move again.

At that time they thought at division headquarters that Montfaucon had been taken. Montfaucon was almost in the center of the path mapped out for the Seventy-ninth, but the Fourth Division, it was reported, was three kilometers

beyond it, and to the right. Corps Headquarters believed Montfaucon had been taken.

At 7 o'clock, then, September 27, the Three Hundred and Thirteenth moved out of the Bois de Montfaucon for the second time, to attack the city on the hill.

The two tanks came out again. The guns of the Three Hundred and Eleventh Machine Gun Battalion opened on the German positions with direct fire over the heads of the advancing infantry. For about 300 yards they had no opposition, and then the German machine guns started. But there was not the same deadliness in the enemy fire now. They captured several machine gunners, who told Colonel Swezey that there were three German nests along the flat plain at the foot of the hill, and 32 more on the slopes toward the city itself. So the Three Hundred and Thirteenth went on, knowing something of what lay before it.

During the night a mist had settled over the valley. The top of Montfaucon, with its tall church tower still undemolished by shell fire, was shrouded in gray veils of fog. Layers of heavy vapor lay over the valleys, so that those who went ahead were lost to view by men but a few yards behind.

They got to the foot of the hill, and as they started up the sun burst through the clouds, flooding the valleys and mountains with a shimmering, misty radiance. And at the same moment showers of hand grenades and bursts of machine-gun bullets came down upon them.

But they were there now. Montfaucon had not been taken by another division. The city on the hill was still a prize to be fought for and wrested for the Germans in a death struggle, and the men of the Three Thirteenth were glad of that; it put new heart into them as they toiled wearily upward, and the grunts and screams in their ears as a bullet or a shell fragment struck home put murder into the breasts of the men who could keep on.

They got into the edge of the town at 11 o'clock and found 200 Germans in one dugout. In another Private Joshua Cockey, 3rd, found three Germans, huddled in three tiers of bunks.

"Get out of here!" he roared—a gaunt, filthy, ragged American, with a trembling pistol, gone clean mad with bat-

tle. "Get out of here before I count three! One-two-three!"

And then he blew out the brains of the German in the middle bunk. The others tumbled out in terror.

At 10 minutes to noon, September 27, Montfaucon was in the possession of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry. Colonel Swezey sent up his last carrier pigeon and started it toward the pigeon loft at division headquarters with the message. At 10 minutes to 1 General Kuhn moved his P. C. into the town.

And that was all of that. But it was not all of the battle of Montfaucon.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT BEYOND THE HILL.

An interesting place was the city of Montfaucon, and a death trap. The Germans shelled it constantly, spitefully. But they could not keep the ubiquitous American doughboy under the ground. The men of the Three Thirteenth delved and hunted all over the place. In the top of the church tower they found a great telescope—the one through which the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, in 1916, had watched the furious struggle on Dead Man's Hill off there to the southeast. They turned the thing around and through it watched the Germans in the Bois de Beuge slightly to the northwest and in Nantillois directly north. Three men of the regimental intelligence section—Sergts. Russell Mules and James V. Mauro, and Private Eugene Martenet—stayed there while shells whizzed around the tower and bade fair to clip it off at any moment, keeping observation on the enemy and sending back reports.

The division had itself well in hand now. Telephone communication was established and kept up, though the shelling broke the wires every minute or so, and the men of the Three Hundred and Fourth Signal Battalion were busy all night repairing them. Colonel Sweezey had dropped into the mud and was sleeping there under the shadow of the German graveyard wall, when a signal man woke him up to ask him if his wires were all right. The man was the Colonel's own brother, Sergt. Schuyler Sweezey, whom he had not seen since the Seventy-ninth left Camp Meade.

The regiment had halted for the night on the northern slopes of Montfaucon. It was now half way to the combined army objective—the Romagne-Cunel road, which, taken, would lose to the Germans one of their strongest positions on the Kremhilde-Stellung. But it could not go on there now. It was exhausted—played out. Not a man had anything to eat or a drop of water since the hours before the jump-off the day before. Neither had Colonel Sweezey—he had smoked cigars. The men had marveled at the Colonel's

stock of cigars; it seemed to be inexhaustible, and he had smoked and chewed one after another without an interval until he had fallen asleep in the mud by the graveyard on Montfaucon. He said, "They keep me going."

On the morning of the 28th the Three Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry, which had passed through the sleeping Three Hundred and Thirteenth and the Three Hundred and Fifteenth, which had passed through the Three Hundred and Fourteenth, attacked north in the direction of the Bois de Beuge. All night long artillery had played on this round little forest, and virtually all the Germans who had been unable to get out had been killed. So there was not much resistance from the woods, but there was resistance from another quarter—the German aviators.

They came in flocks over Nantillois and Montfaucon, swooping like seagulls and firing their machine guns into the Infantry. Unhampered by any Allied planes, they had the air to themselves. But the Three Hundred and Fifteenth and Three Hundred and Sixteenth went on and took Nantillois and the Bois de Beuge, and, on the northern edge of Nantillois, reorganized for an attack on Madeleine Farm and the woods to the north. But all attempts in that direction failed, and they tried it twice with big and little tanks. German fire came from three directions—west, north and east—and by nightfall they had to retire and wait for morning.

In the meantime the Three Hundred and Thirteenth in Montfaucon was hanging on to a very hot piece of ground. The hill was constantly under fire. It was on the 28th that Private "Bob" Armstrong was killed and Private Bill Conway was wounded, both former newspaper men on the staff of the Baltimore Sun, and I single them out for this recounting of casualties because what happened to them was typical of what was happening all over that country every few minutes to every Baltimore soldier there. A man on Montfaucon or around it in those days simply carried his life in his bare hands.

Armstrong, Conway and Austin Grove (who afterward was killed) had been sent with other members of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth's intelligence section to bring up the

German maps and the Crown Prince's big telescope. Capt. Joseph M. DuBarry, the regimental intelligence officer, wanted them. The Germans had bombarded the hill all day, seeming to concentrate their fire on the church tower, because the maps and apparatus they had deserted were there, they thought. As a matter of fact, everything had been removed to the protection of an embankment that overhung the road around the right of the hill, and to that place the intelligence men went to get them for Captain Dubarry.

Armstrong was carrying a big metal map case, like a stove-pipe; Eugene Martenet and two other men were lugging the great telescope, and Conway was ahead with an armful of maps. Stooping over to get the protection of the embankment, they had walked about 25 feet when a great shell skimmed over their backs and the edge of the bank and exploded in the road, just behind Armstrong. He got most of the fragments in his back, and fell dead instantly. Conway got most of the other fragments and was seriously wounded. After these two had been looked out for, the rest of the party "carried on" with the maps, telescope and map case.

Then came September 29—the day the Seventy-ninth Division might have started the Germans on their final rearward run. That the Germans did not start then is not the fault of the Seventy-ninth, for more than one division, taking up the fighting where the Seventy-ninth left it, fought for a month thereafter toward the Romagne-Cunel road, and when finally it was taken the Germans never stopped running until the day of the armistice. When I say the Seventy-ninth "might have started" the Germans to running I mean to say that the whole American Army might have started them at the same time. But it was at this point that the first phase of the First Army's Argonne-Meuse operation, begun almost entirely by "green" divisions (of which none was greener than the Seventy-ninth), began to slow up. Never having been under fire before in their lives, and being suddenly put under the worst fire in the experience of any American troops, veterans or others, and having to fight and advance under such fire for three days, they were tired—tired to the point of death.

But at 7 o'clock on the morning of the 29th they attacked again, the Three Hundred and Sixteenth Infantry on the left and the Three Hundred and Fifteenth on the right. Almost even with their front line, over the Cote Lemont to the east, floated a big German "sausage," an observation balloon, looking down at them. It was directing the German artillery fire, and doing it with deadly accuracy. The fire covered not only the advancing front line but all the rear areas.

By noon the Three Hundred and Sixteenth had been reduced from its original strength of about 3,600 men to hardly more than 1,000. The regiment had become disorganized. General Nicholson therefore ordered the Three Thirteenth into action again and had the Three Hundred and Sixteenth reformed into a battalion to follow the Baltimoreans at a distance of about 800 yards.

At 12 o'clock Colonel Sweezey was standing on a little knoll north of Nantillois talking to Colonel Oury. Looking suddenly off to the left, he saw troops straggling back. Closer at hand came more troops. He recognized them as men of the Three Hundred and Sixteenth. Behind them came more, and these he saw were his own—the Three Thirteenth of Baltimore.

Colonel Sweezey leaped up and down on the knoll, waving his arms and shrieking with all the power left in his almost broken voice. The men of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth heard him and rallied. With the remains of two battalions in front and the remains of the third in support, he started the Three Hundred and Thirteenth off again in the direction of the Romagne-Cunel road.

But it was too late. By that time Division Headquarters had issued orders to withdraw and take up a line along the northern edge of the Bois de Beuge, and the orders got out to Colonel Sweezey when his regiment was in the southern edge of Cunel Woods, 100 yards away from Madeleine Farm and scarcely more than two kilometers away from the Romagne-Cunel road.

There, almost at the limits of the farthest advance made by the Three Hundred and Thirteenth in the battle of Montfaucon, Lieut. William J. Watters was killed. So the beginning

and the end of the Seventy-ninth's operations are marked with the graves of Baltimoreans of the Three Thirteenth—George Baker near Malancourt and "Billy" Watters near Madeleine Farm.

The Three Hundred and Thirteenth got that day as close to the Romagne-Cunel road as any other division got to it for a month afterward—so close that the men could see the German artillery at work.

Until 6 o'clock on the evening of September 30 the Three Thirteenth held on to the northern edge of the Bois de Beuge, and then it was relieved by a regiment of the Third Division.

CHAPTER XV.

"SHOOTING TROUBLE" ABOVE VERDUN.

The night the fighting Seventy-ninth marched wearily down the roads past Verdun on its way to rest, the fighting Twenty-ninth marched jauntily up the same roads. Thus Maryland men in two combat divisions passed in the dark—10 feet of road between them; 3,000 miles of ocean between them all and home.

And because (contrary to popular belief) soldiers seldom exchange college cheers, there was no exchange of cheers between these two divisions; just a lot of good-natured badinage and "hawling out," for comrades in this profession of soldiering wasted no sympathy on each other in those days. So the Seventy-ninth got no sympathy for the things it had gone through and the Twenty-ninth got no sympathy for the things it was about to go through that night on the Verdun roads. Instead each "kidded" the other unmercifully.

The Three Thirteenth remained in the vicinity of Genicourt and Nixeville, south of Verdun, until October 6, and on that day the Seventy-ninth was ordered into the line again.

Do you remember the old St. Mihiel salient, that ugly fist the German Army had pushed into Lorraine down to the town of St. Mihiel, on the River Meuse, and how in the First American Army's first attack the ugly fist was thrust back to a line running from Haudomont to Pont-a-Mousson, freeing from German domination a score or more of villages and bringing the Allied line under the guns of Metz?

It was into that new line beyond this section of redeemed Lorraine that the men from Camp Meade went—a supposedly quiet sector. The Three Thirteenth relieved two regiments of the Twenty-sixth Division—"The Yankee Division" from New England—which then started westward to fight through the wooded heights east of the Meuse side by side with the Blue and Gray Division.

The Three Thirteenth's new sector was called the Troyon sector. The Baltimore regiment stayed there until October

24, a little over two weeks, and sustained 84 casualties from mustard gas. The men virtually lived in mustard gas all the time. It was in the air, on the ground, in the dugouts, in the bunks and trenches. They could put on their gas masks when an attack of mustard came over from the boche lines, and thus escape the sure-death effect of the high concentration, but at some time they would have to take their masks off, and the air they breathed then was still tainted with the fumes that clung to the low, marshy land.

Colonel Sweezy left the regiment here. He tried hard to stay, but the doctors would not let him. Every day some medical officer came to look at him and urged him anew to go back to a hospital, but the Colonel always said:

“These men of mine went through the same things as I at Montfaucon. If they can stick it out here I guess I can.”

But he was in worse condition than he realized, for he had really suffered more than the men at Montfaucon. Beside being, as they had been, in the thick of the battle, he had had the responsibility for the skillful handling, preservation from disaster and effective fighting of a regiment of untried soldiers. The strain had weakened him, he had caught cold and he had breathed the deadly mustard.

So one day, when he found that he could hardly walk up the 25 or 30 steps of his dugout, he let them take him to the hospital.

For the next 36 hours Lieutenant-Colonel Delameter, afterward “G1” of the division, commanded the Three Hundred and Thirteenth, and then Lieutenant-Colonel Moore took command and administered the regiment’s affairs until October 26, when Col. William J. Rogers came. Colonel Rogers stayed until November 17, when Colonel Sweezy came back, much improved in health—almost his old self again.

So that he was not with the Three Hundred and Thirteenth during the trying days in the Troyon sector. And they were trying. There was no advance and no attack, just sitting still, driving off German patrols, holding on under intermittent shellfire and gas, and breathing mustard. A whole battalion was in the outpost positions. Food had to be car-

ried to the men, a distance of nearly four kilometers, and their meals were always cold. There was no cover here—the line ran through the Woivre Plain, where there were few hills and almost no timber land; so the men had to live in hiding during daylight hours and were able to come out only at night.

Nor was Colonel Sweezey with them when they started on the night of October 23-24 for their last battle—when the Seventy-ninth took up the trail of the Blue and Gray through the Consenvoye and Montagne Woods, and on one battlefield in France the histories of Maryland's two "doughboy" regiments were linked together in the closing days of the great war.

On October 30, the first battalion of the regiment having been relieved from the Troyon sector, arrived at the Cote des Roches, at the P. C. in the hillside along the road between Samogneux and Brabant, where the One Hundred and Fifteenth, from Maryland, had jumped off on October 8. Next night it relieved the Third Battalion of the One Hundred and Fourteenth, of New Jersey, in the Bois d'Ormont.

Where the Marylanders and Virginians, of the One Hundred and Fifteenth and the One Hundred and Sixteenth, and the Jersey men, of the One Hundred and Thirteenth and One Hundred and Fourteenth, ended their three weeks of fighting, in the edge of the Bois de Grande Montagne, the Marylanders and Pennsylvanians, of the Seventy-ninth, took it up, with the First Battalion of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth leading off. For the practical purpose of permitting unhampered the continuance of the advance west of the Meuse river, the wooded heights east of the stream had been effectually cleared by the Twenty-ninth and Thirty-third Divisions. But the loftier heights beyond remained in the hands of the Germans, and they were hanging to them like grim death. This part of the line they were trying to make their pivot—the hinge on the door which must hold, even though the door had to swing backward under the Americans' blows. Once the hinge was smashed, the German Army was done.

There awaited the Three Thirteenth Infantry here a different sort of job from the one at Montfaucon. That city,

on a hill, they had been able to take by storming, with an advance of six kilometers in two days. The path of their attack there was fairly smooth and rolling, with but few clumps of woods to hide enemy machine gunners, and keeping on with the advance was simply a question of how much machine gun and artillery fire troops could stand. Here, east of the Meuse, however, a succession of great hills faced the Baltimoreans, all heavily wooded and thickly carpeted with underbrush in which the Germans had managed cleverly to conceal thousands of machine guns, turning each hill and valley into a natural fortress.

Great stealth, infinite patience, much courage and, above all, coolness and dogged persistence were all to be the big factors in this fight.

But if the job was harder, so was the Three Thirteenth better prepared to tackle it. The whole Seventy-ninth Division was better prepared. For it was now a veteran division and the Three Thirteenth was the most reliable regiment in it.

On the very day I reached General Kuhn's P. C. at Vacherauville, above Verdun—November 7—the Second Battalion of the Three Thirteenth (commanded by Capt. G. Collinson Burgwin ever since Major Pepper had been killed) was rendering a sort of “first aid” to the Three Sixteenth. With great dash and courage it was capturing Hill 378, the Bourne de Cornouiller, known to the doughboys as “Corned Willie Hill,” as a concession to their pan-American tongues, a token of respect to the beautiful French language and an open insult to the army canned beef they had to eat.

Rendering “first aid” throughout the Seventy-ninth Division was the Three Thirteenth's big work in this Grande Montagne sector. Cut up into battalions, it was being hurried first to one part of the line, then to another, to put vigor into attacks, to gain objectives that nobody else could gain. It had become the “trouble-shooting regiment” of the Seventy-ninth.

CHAPTER XVI.

HILL 378, ET AL.

The division's operation in the Grande Montagne sector had begun on October 31, with the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Infantry Brigade (Three Hundred and Fifteenth and Three Hundred and Sixteenth Regiments), under Brig.-Gen. Evan O. Johnson, doing the attacking. General Johnson had succeeded General Noble. The operation had not started as an attack. It had started as a series of reconnaissance patrols thrown out under orders from the Seventeenth French Corps to ascertain whether or not the enemy was withdrawing from the sector. There seemed to be reason to believe that he was.

Three platoons of the Three Hundred and Sixteenth stepped off (not "jumped off," for this was not an attack) at 6 o'clock on the morning of November 3 and immediately discovered that the Germans were not withdrawing. Instead they had sown machine guns along the entire front line of the division and the slightest attempt to advance brought hot bursts of fire.

The objective of one of these patrols had been "Corned Willie Hill," and the Americans had been able to get no farther than the southern slope. The other platoon had had even less success.

But now that it was certain that the Germans were still there in force the operation ceased to be a reconnaissance and became an attack. At 6 A. M. the First Battalion of the Three Hundred and Sixteenth again went after Hill 378, made a good advance under heavy fire and then had to withdraw 500 yards south of the hill crest, under a counter-attack on the battalion's left flank, which had been exposed by the failure of the French to advance on the left.

The Three Hundred and Sixteenth was ordered to try it again next day, and the Second Battalion of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth was placed at General Johnson's disposal. But the Baltimoreans did not get into the fight yet. Again the Three Hundred and Sixteenth stormed Hill 378,

and again the Germans resisted stubbornly. Again and again during the day the Three Hundred and Sixteenth went forward in the face of deadly machine-gun fire, but it was no use. Trench mortars, one-pounders and light artillery were all turned loose on the German positions, but every time the infantry started forward the woods and hilltop sputtered death at them.

On the morning of November 6 Burgwin's battalion was to lead the assault, but while it was coming up into position the Germans had deluged the woods with high explosives and gas. They were unable to get up until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but the fact that it was broad daylight failed to hold them back. They launched the attack and got to the crest of the hill, but were unable to get beyond it. There they hung, though, by their finger nails, so to speak, and refused to be dislodged.

And at 10 minutes past eight next morning (November 7) they went at it again—and this time they went through. By 10 o'clock the Baltimoreans were over the top of and beyond "Corned Willie Hill," and the supporting battalion was consolidating the place. Four times in four days the division had tried to take it. The Three Thirteenth captured it in two attacks.

During the night of November 7-8 the First Battalion of the Three Thirteenth was detached for "first aid" work. Under Major James R. L. Gibbons it marched in the dark through the Bois de Brabant to report to General Johnson. This left General Nicholson, of the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Brigade, with but one battalion (the Third) of the Three Thirteenth in the Bois d'Ormont, and the whole Three Hundred and Fourteenth.

And then in order that even this battalion of Baltimoreans could be taken away from its old brigade, corps headquarters ordered two battalions of the Twenty-sixth Division to report to General Nicholson.

Back of the breaking up of the Three Thirteenth was the big plan of turning the German right flank just as rapidly as constant hammering could turn it. The Seventy-ninth's order of battle had put General Johnson's brigade opposite that part of the Germans' right flank closest to the

"hinges." So it fell to his brigade to do most of the driving, while to General Nicholson's brigade fell the job of holding on tight at the "hinges" and mopping up. And as it took regiments with dash and energy and fighting spirit to attack successfully, they had thrown the Three Thirteenth over into General Johnson's brigade to help the Three Hundred and Sixteenth and the Three Hundred and Fifteenth.

On the morning of November 8 General Johnson had a much-mixed command. It consisted of two provisional regiments, one made up of battalions from the Three Hundred and Thirteenth (the Second), Three Hundred and Fifteenth and Three Hundred and Sixteenth, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Burt, of the Three Hundred and Fifteenth, and the other made up of two battalions from the Three Hundred and Fifteenth and one from the Three Hundred and Thirteenth (the First), under Colonel Knowles, of the Three Hundred and Fifteenth. The Third Battalion of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth was in General Johnson's brigade reserve.

No honor much higher can come to a regiment than to be thus picked out to lead assaults—and no more gruelling work. The Three Hundred and Thirteenth was undoubtedly regarded as the shock regiment of the division.

With the taking of Hill 378, or Bourne de Cornouiller, the right of the German line facing the Seventy-ninth had swung back, so that the attacks were no more toward the north, but toward the east—toward Germany itself. On the morning of November 8 these two provisional regiments, with the battalions of the "Trouble-Shooting Three Hundred and Thirteenth" in the lead, began to attack toward Germany. The villages of Ecurey, Etraye, Reveille and Waville were their objectives. The attack began at 6 o'clock.

For the first time the Germans began to give way. From far out there in the wooded hills reports were shouted to General Johnson over the wires that trailed through the forests:

"We've lost contact with 'em! We're going ahead and can't find any boche!"

Brigade headquarters was jubilant.

"Keep at 'em! Keep at 'em!" General Johnson shouted back. "Don't let 'em get away!"

Many times that morning, as he turned away from the little telephone box, he groaned: "If we only had some cavalry now—if we only had some cavalry!"

General Nicholson's brigade, too, had joined the general advance. There was no use in sitting still and holding on to the hinges when the Germans had pulled the hinges off and were taking the door with them. Nicholson's men cleared and mopped up Hill 360 that day, and by nightfall the line of the whole Seventy-ninth Division was digging in on the eastern edge of the heights it had faced from the western side early that morning.

Before the Meade men now lay the great Woevre Plain. Literally speaking, they were "out of the woods." Before them lay four high hills, Cote d'Orne, Cote de Morimont, Cote de Romagne and Hill 328. An order from the corps that night contained the glorious news that the enemy was "in retreat from the Meuse toward the north" and called for a general pressure upon the entire front and a vigorous following up of the enemy withdrawal.

The Seventy-ninth was now readjusted and rearranged. The shock battalions of the Three Hundred and Thirteenth were ordered to "sidestep" to the south. The orders came out to the fox holes at 10 o'clock on the night of November 8, and required the Three Hundred and Thirteenth to be in position at 6 o'clock next morning.

Tired though they were (with the constant driving they had not known sleep for nearly a week), they took up the march in the black night, crashing their way through the thick underbrush, guided only by a few stars, a compass and a map that had to be scanned by flashlights in deep shell holes where the Germans could not see the gleams. But the Three Hundred and Thirteenth reported for duty on time. At 6 o'clock on the morning of November 9 the regiment was in position in support of the Three Hundred and Fourteenth, ready for a day's fighting.

That day the Three Fourteenth led the attack. There may have been places somewhere along that breaking line where

the Germans were falling back without a struggle, but this part of the Woivre Plain was not one of them on November 9. There were machine guns on those four hills and artillery behind them. General Nicholson's men met discouraging resistance, but they went ahead. They took Crepion, Wavrille and Gibercey, and they consolidated positions in Etraye and Moirey.

They were far behind the old German defenses of Verdun now. German neatness and military thoroughness were visible everywhere in the land. Great ammunition dumps the Baltimoreans came upon, and recreation huts and narrow-gauge railroads that had neither been reached by our own guns nor blown up by the enemy, so rapidly were they retiring. At midnight the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Brigade was on the top slope of Hill 328, and the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Brigade was on a line running north and south between Damvillers and Gibercey, directly facing the Cote d'Orne and the Cote d'Morimont. In front of Nicholson's men was Hill 319, with the Cote d'Romagne directly behind it.

Then came the morning of November 10, the last full day of the great war. The attack started at 6 o'clock and in 25 minutes General Nicholson's men in the Three Hundred and Fourteenth had taken the last of Hill 328. This, however, brought their left flank under direct enfilading fire from the Cote d'Orne, on the north, which had not yet been captured by General Johnson's brigade, and from Hill 319, to the east.

But under heavy fire from Hill 319 the Three Hundred and Fourteenth Infantry got into the village of Chaumont-devant-Damvillers at its base to clean that place of Germans, while the Three Hundred and Thirteenth veered around, facing north, to silence the fire from the Cote d'Orne. At the same time General Kuhn himself came up to General Nicholson's command post and personally directed the artillery fire against Hill 319, which was to last a little more than half an hour. At 20 minutes past 4 the Three Hundred and Thirteenth and Three Hundred and Fourteenth, jumping off together as the artillery bombardment ceased, went up Hill 319 and captured it, still under heavy fire from the Cote

d'Orne and the Cote de Morimont. Meanwhile the Three Hundred and Fifteenth got halfway up the Cote d'Orne, but had to stop and dig in for the night, so heavy was the fire from the crest.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN AT THE DEATH.

Nine o'clock on November 11—two hours before the war ended—found the Three Hundred and Thirteenth at the edge of more than 30 square kilometers of French territory it had helped to wrest from the Germans in 11 days—30 square kilometers that had been the iron hinge to the door opening toward Germany—the last of that “invincible Verdun resistance,” broken by one regiment of Maryland doughboys, “scrapped” by another.

It found the Baltimoreans, too, waiting to attack at 9.30, with one battalion moving with a platoon of 75s against the last of the hills—the Cote de Romagne—from the southwest. At the same time the Three Hundred and Fifteenth started toward Hill 328 and the Cote de Morimont.

Then came the order that ended it all.

“At 11 hours, November 11,” said an order from the Second French Colonial Corps, “all hostilities will cease. The lines will be carefully marked and the men required to stop at the exact point they reach at 11 hours.”

They had started the regular morning attack when the order came. The Three Hundred and Thirteenth had been attacking nearly every morning since the beginning of November, almost as regularly as the milkman was making his morning rounds back home. It was just the beginning of the day's work.

On this morning, with the end of the war about an hour away, you would have expected them to go ahead cautiously. Men simply lived from day to day, anyway, out there. If at the end of the day they found themselves alive and whole—why, that was a piece of luck to be made the most of until the next day's fight started. And here were these men, with day-to-day lives, now within an hour of the end of it all. No one could have blamed them for digging into the biggest hole they could find and staying right there until 11 o'clock—or even until 10 minutes after 11, to make it sure.

But that was not the way of the Three Thirteenth. It

fought up to the last minute of the war, and fate held death back from some of its men throughout the long, weary days only to bring it to them at the end.

One of these men was Private Henry Gunther, of Company A. In Gunther's breast for weeks there had been a dull ache—a smoldering hatred of himself and the world—because he had “gotten in bad” with his captain and his company. He felt that he had gotten in bad. He had looked every day for a chance to make good. He came to the last day of the war feeling as though he had not made good. And he came to the last 10 minutes of the war feeling the same way.

So Gunther crawled out ahead of his platoon toward a German machine-gun nest. By the time he started to crawl out he had five minutes until 11. The rest of the men in the platoon shouted to him to come back. The Germans saw him; they shouted to him to keep away. But Gunther kept on, and the war was not over yet by about two minutes, so they killed him.

The maps show that, as the Allied line stood on November 11, the Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry was closer to Germany than any other regiment in the First American Army. They do not show that Private Henry Gunther, of Baltimore, was closer to Germany when he died than any other American soldier, but he was.

There was a little more ceremony than usual to the burial they gave Gunther, because he had died making good. There could not be much ceremony to most of the burials that took place all the rest of that day and most of the next, because there were so many of them.

In the trail of the Seventy-ninth Division through the wooded hills east of the Meuse 453 men lay dead, and of 418 more there was no record at all. They were just “missing.” The division's total of casualties for the 11 days of its last battle was 64 officers and 2,636 men.

The list of German material it captured reads like a list of material for some big construction project. Besides 10,000 German 77-millimeter shells, 48,000 hand grenades, more than 1,000 shells for 105-millimeter guns and batches of trench mortars and field pieces, it rounded up great heaps of steel rails,

wire nails, netting wire, hand well-pumps, stone drills, draining pumps, iron piping, "I" beams, 20,000 feet of lumber, 20 tons of coal—and a laboratory in a set of barracks and frame buildings completely equipped with surgical instruments and material.

Other divisions that had seen the hardest fighting in the war's closing days now began to leave the old line and go back into rest billets. Others were put into the Army of Occupation and started toward Germany. But the Seventy-ninth stayed where it was—out in the foxholes it had dug under shell fire.

It stayed there throughout November. On November 12 the Fifteenth French Colonial Division, which had been fighting on its left, was relieved and Kuhn's men took over that sector, too. On November 20 it took over the old sector of the Sixth American Division. So, until December 26, the men from Meade occupied the sectors of three divisions in the old line where the battles of more than four years had ended, living amid the mud, the wreckage and the smells of a war that was over. On December 26 it began to come out, and by December 28 the whole division was grouped in the area around Souilly, the village a short distance south of Verdun, from which General Pershing had directed the operations of the First Army between the Meuse and the Argonne.

Here Colonel Sweezey rejoined the Three Thirteenth, with headquarters in the quiet, muddy little village of Conde, and at Souilly General Kuhn was made commander of the Ninth Army Corps and said good-by to the Seventy-ninth. The division stayed in General Kuhn's corps, however, so the men he had commanded from their awkward-squad days to the days of their triumphs as soldiers did not lose him entirely.

And that, leaving out masses of words about the drab monotony of waiting to come home, is the story of Baltimore's Three Thirteenth Infantry Regiment—the story of the brave, hard soldier that nobody knew was always in the plain American young man (least of all the American young man himself)—the most wonderful story any young men in the world ever lived.

The Artillery From Maryland

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LUCK OF THE "BIG GUN MEN."

In the deathless war records of the Yanks from Maryland, there is the story of the "first to fight," and there is the story of the "victims of the armistice."

There is the story of men in a complete fighting organization with Maryland blood and traditions which fought in nearly every battle the armies of America fought in the Great War; and there is the story of an organization with the same blood in it and the same traditions which fought no battles at all.

I speak, respectively, of the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery and of the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Tenth Regiment of Field Artillery. And because the latter began its career first, we shall tell its story before we tell the story of the younger and luckier outfit.

For in the American Expeditionary Forces they counted the "luckiest" men as those who got into the worst fighting the most often. It was not necessarily the bravest, most ambitious spirits that did the most fighting in the great war, and at the same time it must be said that no man who came through the fighting lacked any of the bravery or ambition he needed, else he would not have come through, or failed to come through.

No, to go "up there" in those days was just "luck," like striking it rich in the days of '49. Some went and some didn't—that was all. A colonel couldn't go up to General Pershing with tears in his eyes and say, "General, I've got the finest gang of soldiers in France, just itching to fight, sir—just itching! Please give 'em a chance!" The war wasn't run that way.

Instead, to describe it in a general way, they sat back at general headquarters in Chaumont, France, amidst their maps, their desks and their records, and they put into the fighting the men who weren't too far from the scene of the battle when it was about to start; the men who had fought before, if possible; the men who had had the longest and best

possible training and the men who could get there quickest.

In brief, they always tried to fight a battle with the oldest veterans closest at hand.

It took a "first-time" fight to make a veteran and the great war ended before the One Hundred and Tenth Field Artillery could get it into its "first-time" fight. This baptismal battle was all planned out for it. November 14 was to have seen it start and the surrender of the great fortresses of Metz was to have seen it end. And the One Hundred and Tenth found itself on the 11th of November, 1918, unbaptized by fire and a "victim of the armistice."

The One Hundred and Tenth represented Maryland and the District of Columbia. The First Battalion was the District of Columbia part, made up of National Guard cavalrymen from the nation's capital city. The Second Battalion from Maryland was likewise a National Guard organization. But its pre-war history is a very different history from that of the Maryland National Guardsmen who figured in the One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry.

The same thing that brought about the death of the old National Guard Infantry brought about two years earlier the birth of the Maryland artillery battalion. The ancestor outfit of the Maryland artillerymen who awaited the word to move upon Metz late in 1918 was a child of the renaissance in American military ideals that started at Plattsburg, N. Y., in the summer of 1915. So that no story of the part played by Maryland artillerymen in the war is complete without the story of Battery A.

It was in 1915 that the phrase "universal military training" came to be heard loudly in the land. Some people began to see in the stubbornness of the conflict in France a menace to this part of the world. Others did not see it. But those who did saw it so plainly that they were not content with pointing to it and talking about it; they went out and got themselves ready to meet it. They went to Maj.-Gen. Leonard Woods' citizens' training camp at Plattsburg.

More than a score of men from Maryland went there, most of them from Baltimore. Another Baltimorean, William Fell Johnson, Jr., went to Tobyhanna, Pa., where there was a camp devoted exclusively to instruction in field artillery.

When they were all back in Baltimore in the fall of 1915 they organized Battery A, Maryland Field Artillery, and it was mustered into the National Guard of the State with William Fell Johnson, Jr., as captain.

Thus were combined for the first time (in Maryland, at least) an old idea and a new idea, which, its proponents said, should replace the old idea. Most men who wanted universal military training wanted the National Guard System to end. These Maryland men got out of the universal military training theory all that theory had to give them, then seized upon the National Guard as the only existing practical institution capable of using them and their new knowledge.

On June 25, 1916, Battery A was mustered into the service of the United States, along with Maryland's National Guard infantry, cavalry and medical units, and at Camp Harrington Laurel, Md., it went into camp, ready to go toward the Mexican border. Instead, it went to Tobyhanna, where its captain had first seized upon and prepared himself to develop the Plattsburg idea. It stayed there in training until October 7, 1916, then came back to Baltimore.

From somewhere it got the name "limousine battery," intended to convey the picture of an outfit of wealthy men who played at soldiering because it was fashionable, and who reported for drills in their own cars. The nickname lent a bit of romance to Battery A, but it was far from properly descriptive of it. There was no harder working or more earnest bunch of State soldiers in the Maryland Guard than the so-called "limousine battery."

For almost a year, then, Battery A had nothing to do. But in the spring of 1917, when the clouds of the great war began to roll toward America, it stepped to the front full of enthusiasm, ready to go over and anxious to be of influence in getting others to go. Entirely without jealousy of its position as the only battery of field artillery in the State, it sought permission to organize a whole artillery regiment. The War Department mulled over the proposition for a time, then consented to a battalion. In May, 1917, then, Battery A began to help add to the strength of the American Army.

Under its new captain, J. Craig McLanahan (Captain Johnson having retired), parts of it toured the Eastern Shore and Western Maryland, flying its red guidons along the roads through the hills and lowlands in a crusade for recruits. In the heart of Baltimore—the Court House Plaza—it went into action on a hot day in June before noon-time street crowds of office people. Its men, in uniform, canvassed the streets day and night to get recruits. To complete the battalion of three batteries, 380 more men were needed.

By the middle of July Battery B was a reality, and Capt. Gustavus Ober was made its commanding officer. Before the Maryland National Guardsmen started for Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala., Battery C was complete, with Capt. A. Hunter Boyd in command. The Maryland First Battalion, Light Field Artillery, was a reality.

Unlike the Maryland National Guard Infantry, the artillery did not have to be broken up and reorganized during the early days of the Twenty-ninth Division. It simply underwent a change of designation. It became the Second Battalion of the One Hundred and Tenth Artillery Regiment, and its batteries were called D, E and F. Captain McLanahan had been considered the logical man for the rank of battalion commander, but he was sent off to the School of Fire at Fort Sill. Major J. Newman Numsen, of the old Fifth Maryland Infantry, was assigned to the One Hundred and Tenth, and he also went to Fort Sill, and, while he came back, Captain McLanahan remained as an instructor. Major Numsen then became commander of the Second Battalion.

Col. Washington Bowie, Jr., of the old Fifth Maryland Infantry, was put in command of the regiment. His whole experience as a soldier had been in the infantry; artillery was a new game to him. But he, too, went to the artillery school at Fort Sill, and came back well equipped with the necessary knowledge.

The story of the One Hundred and Tenth's experience in Camp McClellan is the story of the experience of every other outfit in the Blue and Gray Division. It gun-drilled and rode over the Alabama hills, and in the late winter and spring of 1918, it dragged its guns into the country and spent many

days firing shells into the mountains. In June came the "big orders."

Not many of the "folks" of the Twenty-ninth Division got a chance to see the men on their way to France. There were few leave-takings for the departing Blue and Gray, because they moved so secretly. They spent almost no time at all in embarkation camps; they were gone before anybody knew it, like a division of will-o'-the-wisps. But small as was the opportunity for farewells in other parts of the division, it was even smaller in the One Hundred and Tenth.

The regiment had gone to Camp Mills, Long Island, to embark, and relatives of the men had flocked to New York to see it off to France. And at about the time they arrived in New York the One Hundred and Tenth broke camp and came to Baltimore.

Next day it sailed, and few people had the slightest suspicion that it had even been near the city. It was the only Baltimore outfit to sail for France from the home town during the war.

Most of the men were aboard the steamship *Kemun* and there was a sinister story about that old ship. She had rescued some French sailors from a German submarine, it seems, and there was a price upon her. German submarine captains would be hunting her all over the ocean.

But the *Kemun* came through. With the Maryland batteries' field pieces strapped to her deck (for she had no mounted guns of her own), she plowed across and never saw a submarine.

The One Hundred and Tenth went first to the town of Poitiers, not far south of Tours. From there details of men went out to get horses, for the Marylanders had brought no horses with them. They had to use French animals. And because of four years of war French animals were very scarce.

From Poitiers the One Hundred and Tenth moved in September, 1918, to Camp Meucon, near the city of Vannes, on the northwest coast of France, and Camp Meucon was where it stayed during most of the war.

Most of the American Expeditionary Force's artillery got its training at Camp Meucon. That place offered an opportunity for firing at long ranges, and it was far enough away from the war to make it certain that the Germans would not suspect we were training thousands of artillerymen.

All through September the One Hundred and Tenth stayed at Meucon, while the Twenty-ninth Division went into the line and came out and prepared to go into the Argonne drive. General Morton, the Blue and Gray Division commander, looked anxiously for his own artillerymen, but he looked in vain. In Alsace the Twenty-ninth was supported by French artillery, and in the fight north of Verdun the supporting artillery was the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Brigade, commanded by Brig-Gen. A. S. Fleming. The artillery situation was virtually the same in every division in France—every division's own artillery brigade would be in a training camp and the artillery of some other division would be supporting it. With only a few divisions, such as the First, Second and Forty-second, was this not the case.

Through most of October, too, the Maryland artillerymen stayed at Camp Meucon. They fired away enormous amounts of ammunition. In one day they used up \$100,000 worth of shells in target practice.

Of course, they came to the point where they were expert gunners. They had been firing their guns constantly since the fall of 1917 as a regiment, and the officers and some of the noncommissioned officers had been artillerymen since the summer of 1916, with old Battery A at Tobyhanna. So that, so far as efficiency was concerned, there was no reason at all why Colonel Bowie's regiment should not have taken part in the Argonne drive, or even in the St. Mihiel drive.

The reason was not connected with efficiency. It was connected with transportation—horses.

At one time there were but 150 horses in the entire One Hundred and Tenth Regiment. At another time there were but two, one for Colonel Bowie and the other for his orderly. All the horses the French Government could spare for the American Army were up there with the batteries that had to move along behind the American Army's advance, and they were being killed in great numbers.

In October, however, the Maryland artillerymen began to see their big chance. Colonel Bowie was ordered up to the front to spend some time with an artillery regiment then in action in the Argonne. With him went his adjutant, Capt. B. Compton Graham, Capt. Edwin Warfield, Jr., Lieut. Henry Jenkins and several others. They were under fire several times, and filled their notebooks with data to use when they got into an actual engagement.

While they were up at the front, the regiment started to move from Camp Meucon. It was a slow process, with the scarcity of animals and the scarcity of railway transportation, too. The Maryland artillerymen claim to hold the record for the number of French villages lived in by American soldiers. They traveled for 14 days or more and slept in a new village every night.

They were in the neighborhood of Bar-le-duc, where the Blue and Gray Division went to rest after breaking the German resistance north of Verdun, when Colonel Bowie and his party came back from the front. In the same part of the country, spread around for miles, were 48 other regiments of American field artillery that were also coming up toward the fighting for the first time. It was one of the greatest congregations of big-gun men the world has ever seen, and for the time being it was as helpless as a bunch of children. There were no horses to pull the guns.

There would have been horses, though. From somewhere there would have come horses to take at least the One Hundred and Tenth Regiment into the fight and perhaps a good many other regiments, for the drive on Metz was to begin on November 14, and the Twenty-ninth Division, artillery and all, was to be in the forefront of the attack. But, of course, there was no drive on Metz.

The Blue and Gray division artillery was now back, though, with its old Camp McClellan comrades, after a separation of nearly five months. Wherever the division would move, the Maryland artillerymen would move. Several times after the armistice and while the Twenty-ninth was still in the Bar-le-duc region orders came saying "be ready." Everybody hoped the Blue and Gray would be part of the

Army of Occupation. But when it moved it went southward, toward the area around Bourbonne-les-bains.

Regimental Headquarters of the One Hundred and Tenth were established at Aisey, and the Second Battalion, the Marylanders went to Ormoy-haute-Saone. There they waited, as did the rest of the Blue and Gray, for the coming of June and the trip home.

Such is the story of the oldest artillery organization of Maryland in the great war. It is a story of disappointments, but it is an important story because it shows how completely and easily liaison was established between the idea of universal military training and the idea embodied in the National Guard—the one developing the spirit, the men and the military knowledge, and the other furnishing the medium for the best, quickest and most practical use of the spirit, the men and the knowledge.

It is perfectly evident that without either the Plattsburg idea or the Maryland National Guard Maryland would have had no artillery to give to the American Army. The fact that they did not get into the fight has nothing to do with it. They were there, in uniform—trained and ready.

Of the men who gave their lives in France, at least two we know of came from old Battery A—Robert Ober and Frederick Colston. And even before the battalion was organized eight of its original members had become captains, 15 had become lieutenants and 17 were in candidate officers' schools and were, for the most part, commissioned.

Of the officers of the original Second Battalion, One Hundred and Tenth, some were taken for other positions in the army during the war. From Battery D Lieut. Blanchard Randall, Jr., was picked to become aide-de-camp to Maj.-Gen. Charles G. Morton, commanding the Twenty-ninth Division. Captain McLanahan became an instructor at Fort Sill. Lieut. Edward Warfield, Jr., became a captain and was attached to Fifty-fourth Artillery Brigade headquarters. Lieuts. J. Morton Harris and D. List Warner were with Battery D until the end.

From Battery E went Lieut. Charles B. Reeves to become an aviator and Lieut. Beverly Ober to join the staff at Blue

and Gray Division headquarters. Ober became a captain and division ordnance officer. Capt. Gustavus Ober, Jr., the battery commander, preceded the battery home by a few weeks, while Lieuts. Gresham Poe and Frank H. Frisbie stayed with it.

Lieut. Robert Ober and Capt. Frederick Colston were in the Eightieth Division in the Argonne drive when they were killed. Capt. A. Hunter Boyd and Lieuts. Richard B. Chapman, S. Bonsal Brooks and William G. Dancy stayed with Battery F in France.

"From Plattsburg to Metz" we might have been able to call the story of Maryland's big-gun men. But it is one of the fortunes of war that things happen sometimes to put the Metz always farther and farther beyond a soldier's reach.

CHAPTER XIX.

MARYLAND'S "FIRST-TO-FIGHT" GO IN.

In all the American Expeditionary Forces there were no veterans with longer service or more battles to their credit than the men of the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery of the Forty-second Division—except possibly the regulars in the First Division.

Nobody expected nearly two years ago to be able to say that about them. Nobody quite knew then what they might expect to be able to say about any of the soldiers who were going away to France. It all seemed rather "impossible"—hard to understand.

The two pictures, one of the sort of terrible fighting going on in France—gas and flame and shell, all of which people knew only as words—and the other of these young men—very young, some of them—known to their friends as either good dancers or witty story-tellers or quiet, studious lads—these two pictures didn't fit together at all. It was all too strange to even imagine.

But the facts fitted together if the pictures did not. And so the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery came home as Maryland's veteran combat unit of the great war.

It went away from home on Saturday afternoon, August 24, 1917, and on that date it was but a few days old. Its soldiers were young soldiers; they had not had uniforms and Munson-last shoes very long. They had come into the service in those hot days when our streets were full of men in khaki haranguing the rather indifferent crowds not in khaki from the tails of motor-trucks, and our windows full of posters calling upon men to enlist. They had joined the Maryland Coast Artillery Battalion, which was then, like the Field Artillery Battalion, just being formed.

On August 14, 1917, the nation was electrified by a "story" that appeared in every afternoon newspaper in the country. It was dated "Washington," and it told of the plan to organ-

ize a "Rainbow Division" that should go to France immediately. Until that day America had not fully waked up to the real meaning of the war. War was known to mean food and Liberty Bonds and money and thrift, but it had not come definitely to mean men. But on this August afternoon America woke up. Her men were going—her own men, the State troops; and they were going from 26 States and the District of Columbia.

They called upon Maryland for a Trench Mortar battery. Nobody knew what a trench mortar was, not even the high officers of the national guard. They weren't quite sure what it was or how it was used even on Governor's Island, New York, whither all the officers from these 26 States were speeding for orders. It is said that the high regard they held in the Rainbow Division for Lieut.-Col. Robert J. Gill, of Baltimore, started when he reported at Governor's Island and the general or the chief-of-staff looked up at him over a pile of work and said:

"Oh, yes, Captain Gill! You will command the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery," and Gill saluted without batting an eyelid, though he didn't know a trench mortar from panjandrum. Gill's apparent stolidity was the more impressive because there were colonels who reported and said, "My God, sir, you don't mean it!" and were otherwise visibly perturbed when the nature of their jobs was told them.

There were stirring days around the old Richmond Market Armory, where they were picking the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery. They picked it from the new Coast Artillery Battalion, which everybody had thought would never leave the shores of Maryland, no matter how many American soldiers went over. And now it was to be the first to go, or part of it was. Major Carroll Edgar, Captain Gill, Lieut. Richard A. Carson, Lieut. J. Woodall Greene, all of whom, except Major Edgar, were going to command the battery in France, were in a room on the second floor of the armory, and outside the closed door the young coast artillerymen were lined up, waiting to be picked for the great trip or be told they would not be picked.

The Maryland battery was the second unit of the Rainbow Division to reach Camp Mills, on Long Island. The One Hundred Sixty-fifth Infantry, New York's old Sixty-ninth, beat them there by two or three days.

On October 18 the Rainbow Division began to sail, and the Trench Mortar Battery was in the first column that marched to the Long Island City ferry to cross to the docks at Hoboken.

Submarines were running wild about that time. The departure of the Rainbow was shrouded in the deepest secrecy. Nobody "saw them off." Nobody knew they were going. And not one of the ships in the convoy saw a submarine, though on the last day of October a wireless message reported a fleet of submarines waiting at the entrance to the port of St. Nazaire. The course of the whole convoy was changed and the danger avoided, and the Trench Mortar Battery landed in France at dusk on October 31, 1917.

American soldiers were comparatively new in France at that time, and there were crowds of French people around the docks at St. Nazaire, waiting to greet the Rainbow. But it was raining, and the mud was deep and sticky; altogether a dismal situation. The Trench Mortar Battery's first impressions of "Sunny France" were not favorable impressions.

The Marylanders stayed at a rest camp near St. Nazaire until November 10 and then went to Fort de la Bonelle, where they were to get their first instruction in the handling of trench mortars. They were the first American trench mortar men to reach this school, which later became the American center of learning in France in the science of trench artillery. The One Hundred and Seventeenth soon learned what "trench mortars" were and how they were used. There would be no quiet life behind the lines for them. When they got into the fighting they would be right up there at the front line, heaving bombs over the heads of the infantrymen into the German positions just ahead.

Being separated from the Rainbow Division immediately upon landing, they escaped the "Valley Forge Hike" of the rest of the Forty-second from Vaucouleurs area to the Rolampont area, where they were to go into training. They did

not rejoin the division until February 15, 1918, on which day orders came to the Rainbow to move into the front line. Its training days were over. It was going to fight.

The "quiet sector" about which the War Department was telling the people back home was then the Luneville sector on Lorraine, and it was into the old trenches there that the Rainbow went. It really was quiet—that is, it had been, until some of the Alabamians in the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Infantry got tired of seeing boche soldiers walking around on the parapets and washing their clothes in shell holes, and opened fire on some of them. On March 5 the boche retaliated and the quiet days were over for a time.

They retaliated with a raid, preceded by a heavy artillery bombardment on every known position from which the Americans might fire back, coming over about 140 strong, intent upon taking American prisoners. And when they were in a little valley that led to the Rainbow's positions, infantry, artillery and trench mortars opened on them, and the mortars were fired by the men of the One Hundred and Seventeenth. It was the Rainbow's first fight and it resulted in victory and the trench mortar men were largely responsible for it.

Four days later the Rainbow came back at the boche with a raid. Assisted by the French, with whom they were brigaded, they went over the top after a bombardment lasting four hours, captured prisoners and returned with few casualties. The heavy counter-battery work from the German artillery brought about the Trench Mortar Battery's first sacrifice—Private James E. Potts, who died at his gun.

On March 17 the Trench Mortar Battery with its barrage helped a raiding party from the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth New York fight the Germans out of a strong point in the Foret de Parroy. This was the first permanent gain ever made by American troops in France. Sergt. Joyce Kilmer, of New York, afterward killed on the Oureq, immortalized that fight in his poem, "The Woods Called Rouge Bouquet." Rouge Bouquet was the name of the particular little clump of greenery in the Foret de Parroy from which the boche were driven.

They had been in the trenches almost a month now; they

had earned a rest, and they were ordered to take one. But even as they started back for the Rolampont area, with visions before them of a few weeks of ease and sleep o' nights, the thing hapened that changed their whole career, taking from them any possibility of rest until the war ended. They came out of the Luneville sector on March 20, and on March 23 they were with the rest of the Rainbow Division about 15 miles behind the line, prepared to march to the rest billets. Then the great German offensive of March 21 gathered strength, Marshal Foch became supreme Allied commander, and General Pershing made his historic offer to Marshal Foch—the use of the whole American Army to handle as he wished. So the Trench Mortar Battery turned around and marched back to the trenches.

This time it went into the Baccarat sector, the Forty-second now holding a part of the line alone, unassisted by the French. Trench Mortar Battery headquarters were established in Pexonne. All through April there were raids and patrols. Corporal Charles J. Blankfard was wounded about April 21 and died in the hospital. Commendations and Croix de Guerres came to the Trench Mortar Battery. But there was little in the way of a real fight until May 2, when the Rainbow attacked the Bois de Chiens, a pretty little forest that had been giving forth sounds of hammering and building, suspiciously redolent of the concentration there of German storm troops.

Into this "Forest of Oaks," the Trench Mortar Battery and the field artillery of the Rainbow poured a terribly destructive fire until dusk of the next day; and then a raiding party from the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth of Ohio went over on a "go and come raid." They found the forest and all the defensive works the boche had been constructing there completely wrecked.

And now, by the middle of June, Marshal Foch had other plans for his American Rainbow Division. On June 15 the Trench Mortar Battery left Pexonne, the ruined village where it had lived for nearly three months with no native inhabitants but a butcher, a grocer and a few widowed women and their children, all red-eyed and choked with many gas attacks; and on June 22 it entrained. Its record and the record

of the rest of the Rainbow, of three solid months in the trenches, without rest or relief, was neither broken nor approached by any other American division throughout the whole war.

The Maryland battery's next appearance at the front was in the Champagne, 20 kilometers above Chalons-sur-Marne, where it helped stop in its tracks the last great offensive the armies of Germany attempted. This, many experts in military strategy agree, was the real turning point of the war, the operation of the Second Division at Chateau Thierry notwithstanding; for the Second Division's gallant fight, weakening as it was to the German morale, did not entirely stop its power of large-scale offensives, and the stand of Gouraud's Fourth Army before Chalons did stop it. The Rainbow Division was the only American division in Gouraud's army.

The French general's scheme of defense may be described by the term "elastic." He had abandoned his first line system of trenches and turned it into a mass of death traps. His first real infantry defense was his intermediate line, about three miles from the German positions, and back of that was his second line, with French and Rainbow infantry regiments in support. The French and American artillery were likewise brigaded together.

Out ahead of the infantry, the outfit that would be the first to throw into confusion the advancing Germans, was the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery from Maryland. Its duty was to fire bombs and more bombs until it had no more to fire or until the Germans were so close that the battery would be captured if it did not fall back—and then it was to fall back.

In the same dugouts, waiting with the Maryland men for the Germans to come close, were French sacrifice companies, ordered to fight until they died.

Another of General Gouraud's coups was an artillery barrage that should start shortly before the German bombardment was to start, demoralizing the Germans' preparations for the attack, upsetting their supply plans and killing some of their storm troops. By the lucky capture of a German sergeant on the very night the attack was to be made, General Gouraud was able to time his barrage to the minute. The

German sergeant gave away the exact time of the attack. It was to come at midnight.

It came, bringing with it a smashing wave of artillery fire that exceeded in volume of sound and devastating effect any artillery demonstration at any period of the war. The combined chorus of Allied and German guns was an appalling noise and the effect of the German fire on the lines and rear areas of Gouraud's army was deadly. But so was Gouraud's artillery deadly, and it caught the Germans at just the right time; it was too late for them to postpone the attack and they had to go through with it knowing that the Allies were ready and waiting for them. Gouraud's strategy had killed the precious chance of surprise.

At 4 o'clock on the morning of July 15 the bombardment lifted a bit and the German infantry started across. It was at this point that the Maryland Trench Mortar Battery, out there virtually in No Man's Land with nothing between them and the boche but their own guns, got to work.

All their training had been with the type of mortar known as the "French 58," but for this defensive fight they were ordered to use "Newton Sixes," a newer and larger gun. They had none of their own, so they borrowed them from the Eighty-ninth Division.

By the time they had to leave their positions to save themselves from capture, they had fired with these new, borrowed guns, about 750 bombs, put four German tanks out of action and killed scores of German infantrymen. Then they retired to the second line. Two of their men, Privates Harry P. Cushen and Franklin A. Landram, were killed in the Champagne fight and two were wounded.

On the night of July 16, after fighting desperately to get a foothold in the Allied lines, after the Alabamians and New Yorkers had counter-attacked and driven them out time and again, after ruses and tricks that all came to naught, General von Einem's army gave up hope and the fighting ceased with not a foot of ground gained or lost. Thus ended the last old-time trench battle of the war, the last German offensive; and thus came the turning point. For its valorous work the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery

was commended by Gouraud and by its own division commander, Maj.-Gen. Charles T. Menoher, and it was now looked upon as the pet outfit of the Rainbow Division—such a little crowd of lads it was, and so full of "real stuff."

A glimpse of Paris—beautiful Paris—was vouchsafed to the One Hundred and Seventeenth on its trip to the next fight; for by this time leaving one fight meant, for the Rainbow Division, merely going to another fight. It had had no rest yet, it had had no new equipment. And now it was bound for the Chateau Thierry salient which, under Foch's great counter-attack, begun on July 18, was slowly but surely contracting; closing in like pincers on that great arm the Germans had thrust out toward Paris.

The Trench Mortar men, traveling on flat cars—for the weather was warm and golden and the rush of clean air over the rolling train was like wine to tired soldiers—passed through Noisy-le-sec, a suburb of Paris. From bridges over the railroad yards French women and girls in fluffy summer things waved and cheered wildly as the Rainbow went by. Paris had heard how Americans had helped stop the Germans in the Champagne, and it was a long time since Paris had celebrated a victory, with the Gothas humming over the city every night, and the bellow of the guns almost at her gates. And here before them were the Americans who had beaten the boche—"nos braves amis"—so they threw flowers into the dirty train yards and wept down upon the flat cars.

The Rainbow went straight into the attack on the Germans along the River Ourcq, and so rapid was the operation and so open the fighting through the wheat fields that the trench mortars, better defensive than offensive weapons, did not get into it. The Maryland men lived in Chateau Thierry during that fight, working around the hospitals which were full with the wounded from that bloody struggle between the Ourcq and the Vesle; carrying messages and making themselves generally useful. They will always look back on those days in Chateau Thierry, battered, ruined city that it was and still under shell fire, as one of the happiest periods of their careers in France. Sometimes they got a chance to go into Paris, and that was an experience

that came to few members of American combat divisions while the war was going on.

By August 17 the Trench Mortar Battery, with the rest of the division, was loaded into box cars and started off for the Bourmont area. It was a somewhat different looking battery now—dirty and ragged, to be sure, but different in personnel, too. Captain Gill had been taken away—promoted—pushed up into the councils of the staff by the glory of the little battery he had brought over and trained and led in the fighting. He was a major now, and “G1,” by which term the division staff officer was known who had charge of all supply and transportation matters. The battery commander was now Lieut. Richard Carson, with Lieutenant Greene second in command. There were gaps in the ranks now, too.

At Bourmont, which is near Langres, the home of the American Army staff school, the Trench Mortar Battery more nearly approached a rest than at any other time or place during the war. There was nothing to do here but practice all over again how to fire trench mortars and to drill all day from sun-up to sunset. For a big thing was about to happen. The First American Army was being formed, and the Rainbow Division was to be a part of it. Furthermore, the First American Army was about to execute an operation against the enemy all by itself, without help or counsel from the French or British. It was to attack the St. Mihiel salient.

All around Bourmont divisions were gathering for training and equipment, preparing for the first great American drive. The First American Army was going to try to repeat in the old Lorraine salient what the combined armies of France and America had just done in the Chateau Thierry salient.

With the division the Trench Mortar Battery started on August 30, moving always by night and resting by day, for the attack was to be a complete surprise.

The bombardment started at 1 o'clock on the morning of September 12. Again the Trench Mortar Battery got no chance to put on a “shoot,” for the operation was an advance and the mortars were too heavy to drag along at a pace equal to the marching infantry. But they worked all that night on

the farthest advanced ammunition dump in St. Benoit, and they did great work as couriers and runners.

In September both Lieutenant Carson and Lieutenant Greene got promotions, Carson going to captain and battery commander and Greene getting a first lieutenancy. And by the time they reached Benoit-vaux-Couvent, in the country behind the Argonne drive, Carl F. Michael, the battery's old first sergeant, had come back from officers' school with a second lieutenancy and was assigned to the battery.

For on October 1, after they had held on to the new St. Mihiel line for nearly a month, constantly under the guns of Metz, the Rainbow had started for the last and greatest battle in American history. Plodding through miles of mud on their weary horses, moving by day and by night, the Trench Mortar Battery had crossed half of France to get into position for the next job. There it stayed—a unit in an American division of shock troops—to be held back to deal the finishing blow.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM THE ARGONNE TO THE RHINE.

Three days the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery stayed in Benoit-Vaux-Couvent waiting for orders sending the Rainbow Division into the Argonne drive. A few kilometers north of there was Nixeville, where their brother Marylanders in the 115th waited the word to attack.

Then it moved to Recicourt, almost due west of Verdun and due south of Montfaucon, and on October 6 it went into the Bois de Montfaucon, about a kilometer south of the ruined city on the hill, where two weeks before the Three Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry, of Baltimore, had fought its great battle.

It stayed in these reeking woods until October 13. The forest had been bitten and gouged and chewed by four years of shellfire from two armies seeking to conquer and defend Verdun. Shell holes full of water pitted the face of the land, and the strong stench of gas and of the dead hung over it.

On ahead the Thirty-second Division was struggling to take Romagne and Cunel, strong points on the Kremhilde Stellung, and the counter-bombardments of gas and high-explosive the Germans sent over fell upon the Trench Mortar men in the Bois de Montfaucon. Virtually in the midst of the fighting, it had nothing to do with the fight. But on October 13, the Rainbow was ordered to relieve the tired First Division on a line between Fleville and Exermont.

In the meantime the Trench Mortar men had been hard at work as couriers and prison guards. One platoon under Lieut. Henry Hundley was attached to the Eighty-fourth Infantry Brigade, and the other, under Lieut. Max Gersumky, was with the Eighty-third Brigade. It was during this period, from October 1 to October 16, that Electrician George Clark was killed.

In one of the most brilliant operations of the war the Rainbow Infantry captured Hill 288 and the Cote de Chatillon, forcing the Germans to fall back from Romagne and

Cunel and begin their rapid retreat which ended with the armistice on November 11. The Second Division, relieving the Rainbow on October 31, found almost a clear path before it immediately. Advancing became little more than pursuing.

But while the Rainbow Infantry was being relieved, the Trench Mortar Battery was just getting into the Argonne battle. With the rest of the Rainbow Artillery it was called upon to support the Second Division's attack on November 1.

By this time the Argonne drive was really beginning to drive. Even the wonderful machine-gun resistance of the Germans was crumbling. For the tired, comparatively untried divisions that had begun the attack had been relieved by veteran divisions with strings of victorious battles to their credit, and the Germans had now had about enough.

So, as I say, the Second Division's advance after it relieved the Rainbow Division was almost a parade, and the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery helped clear the way for it. Theirs was the last trench-mortar "shoot" of the war, and it was also their own last fight.

The Germans were strongly settled in the villages of St. Georges and Landres St. Georges, just beyond the two hills—288 and Chatillon—that the Rainbow Division had captured, and northeast of Grandpre. It was necessary to get St. Georges and Landres St. Georges before any further appreciable gain could be made, and a trench mortar bombardment was decided upon as the surest way of clearing out these two villages. The Marylanders were ordered to stay behind and put down the bombardment while the rest of the Rainbow Division was being relieved.

They were to put in their Newton sixes beyond the village of Sommerance, for trench mortars must be fairly close to the objective to be of great value. Generals from the Second and Eighty-ninth looked over the ground and said it could not be done. The trench mortar men would be under almost direct machine-gun fire and artillery observation while at work on the mortar emplacements. They would be killed off and the Germans would discover what the Americans were up to, and the whole plan would go to pieces.

But General Menoher had confidence in his trench mortar battery. Lieut. Greene said they could do it and the General told them to go ahead.

They put in the guns in two days, working at night, building bases and hauling the heavy mortars themselves. By the night of October 27 the work was finished, even to the camouflage. And that same night the Germans blew up the whole business.

The two generals who said it couldn't be done now cried, "We told you so," but the Maryland trench mortar men were back next day—in the same place.

Probably the Germans never expected that the mortars would be put again into the very emplacements they had destroyed, and they sent out many patrols and shot up many flares to try to discover the new site of the Newton sixes. And all the time the Maryland men were putting them back into the very same site. By the night of October 29 they had finished the job for the second time.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of November 1 they began to bombard the villages of St. Georges and Landres St. Georges. From each of their five guns they fired six bombs a minute, and in two hours they put over more shots than two regiments of 6-inch howitzers could have put over in the same period of time. The whole battery worked under the direction of Lieutenant Greene, and there were five men at each gun under three sergeants—Lantz, Warner and Charles W. Stout. In two hours they fired 1,000 bombs.

Most of the time they worked their mortars under heavy bombardment with high explosive and gas, and the One Hundred and Seventeenth sustained more casualties in this fight than in any other single operation during its career in France. Corporal Dupont Wolf was wounded three times, and died in a hospital after the armistice. Lieut. Carl F. Michael, the former first-sergeant, was badly gassed and did not return to the battery until it was settled down in Germany. Private Guernsey was badly shell-shocked, and Cook Solomon was wounded while frying steak in his kitchen.

But before the One Hundred and Seventeenth was through the Germans had evacuated St. Georges and Landres St.

Georges, and the Second Division, when it started the final drive toward Sedan, had no opposition from those two strongholds.

When the war ended the battery was again with the division grouped around Buzaney. While the Marylanders had been engaged in their last battle the Rainbow had been racing for Sedan with the First and Seventy-seventh Divisions, and had been the first to reach Wadlaincourt, on the heights overlooking the city. Then it was withdrawn and was not on the front line when the armistice went into effect.

The American Army of Occupation was now being formed, and the Rainbow Division was to be in it. Headquarters were established at Brandeville, a village the Germans had occupied almost up to the last hours of the war, and the days of the Trench Mortar Battery were busy with receiving and distributing new uniforms and equipment for this final, victorious hike.

Their first stop on the way to Germany was Montmedy, one of the important railheads on the railroad toward which the American armies had been driving since September 26. They reached there on November 20, the day President Poincaré arrived in his special train to extend to the Montmedy citizens France's welcome and love upon the city's return to the nation. For four years Montmedy had been occupied by the Germans, and its day in Montmedy gave the Trench Battery its first glimpse of the things behind the veil.

At this point another process of evolution overtook them. The afternoon of November 20 they got word that all their horses and guns would be taken from them and they would be supplied with motor trucks for the rest of the trip to the Rhine. There would be no more hay and forage to carry now and no more currycombing and grooming and hostling. There was joy in the One Hundred and Seventeenth's camp that night. They would travel to the Rhine in "luxury."

They left Montmedy at 6.45 next morning in their new trucks, crossed the border into Belgium, rolling past poor peasants and villagers, who were too stunned with the suddenness of their deliverance to cheer, but in whose eyes was the dumb gratitude of animals

rescued from torture. Their stay for the night was in the neighborhood of the city of Virton, where German soldiers were still living—German medical officers and Red Cross workers and nurses on duty at the German hospital, which was full of wounded men, some Americans among them.

Next day they came to Arlon, Belgium. Arlon was a big, beautiful city. It had been crowded with Germans during the war. Some of its most influential citizens had been deported to Germany because the Germans feared they would talk the Belgians into a state of rebellion against the invasion. These exiles had not come back yet when the Trench Mortar men arrived, but the people of Arlon forgot the things they had endured in their joy at seeing the Americans. There were torchlight parades around the city that night and the streets were full of mobs of shouting, cheering people. The division moved ahead on the following day, crossing the border into Luxembourg, but, with a queer mingling of delight and chagrin, the Trench Mortar Battery stayed in Arlon under orders. They were delighted because Arlon was such a wonderful place to be, with the citizens "breaking their necks" to entertain the Americans; and they were a little chagrined because it looked as though they might miss the chance to go into Germany with the division.

But, as the only American soldiers in Arlon, they very quickly forgot all about chagrin, for during the two weeks they were there they lived "the life of Riley." Their only military duties were keeping a guard on some guns and material the Germans had left behind in the Palais de Justice and the railroad depot. The wealthy citizens of Arlon gave them parties and teas and dances and they had a wonderful time for two weeks. They celebrated Thanksgiving Day there with a big dinner and a caldron of egg-nog.

About December 4, just after the Rainbow Division left the vicinity of Mersch, Luxembourg, to go into Germany, the Trench Mortar Battery started for Arlon to rejoin the division. Traveling ahead with Division Headquarters, I came back and connected up with the One Hundred and Seventeenth in the village of Stroheich, Germany.

Most of the men slept in the village schoolhouse. The school-

master and his frau lived on the second floor. The officers' mess was in the home of the burgomaster who had had three sons in the German Army. One had been killed and the other two were now home helping father on the farm.

At this stage of their relations with the American Army of Occupation, the German people were not quite sure how to act. There was a mixture of sullenness and fear in their manner; they never attempted to rebel against the authority of the Americans, at least in the Trench Mortar Battery's territory, but neither did they attempt any friendly overtures. They did whatever the Marylanders wanted them to do and slunk around regarding our men from the corners of their eyes. One night some small boys stole a lot of bacon from one of the battery's trucks, and the battery's new captain, William McCabe, ordered the burgomaster to find the little robbers and stationed an armed guard around the battery's supplies with orders to fire upon food thieves.

Shortly thereafter the battery moved to Dumpelfeld, and then to Kreuzberg, where it settled down for the period of occupation, which, everybody supposed, would last until the peace treaties were finally signed.

Kreuzberg is a small village beside the River Ahr, a narrow, brawling stream that tears down through the mountains—roaring, murmuring, whirlpooling—always to the Rhine. The town itself was in the midst of many mountains, whose steep slopes were all covered with vineyards. Standing in the little streets of Kreuzberg one felt like a very tiny pygmy cut off from the world by great barriers, with here and there a pass hewn through, seeming very far off and inaccessible. At various distances the ragged outlines of ancient castles broke into the sky-line.

On their first night in Kreuzberg the Trench Mortar men slept in one of these castles on the hill just behind the village, for the One Hundred and Fiftieth Artillery Regiment had beaten them into the place. But next day they began getting billeted, and just as they were becoming comfortably settled in the houses of the Kreuzberg people, First Sergeant Robertson Magruder and Sergeant Dearheart found a real barracks.

It was a brand new pair of long, one-story buildings just

being completed for occupancy by German railroad men who made Kreuzberg their headquarters. There were electric lights in the buildings, hot and cold water, shower baths, a comfortable bed with a mattress for each man, an up-to-date kitchen and a dining-room. So the men were all ordered out of the billets they had taken in the homes of Kreuzberg's families and put into these barracks. Thus the battery was kept together and a minimum of "fraternizing" with the German people was insured.

Even at this stage, though, the German people had not assumed that attitude of fawning friendliness that came later, especially in Coblenz, to be mistaken by casual observers for real brotherly feeling, but was never mistaken by the soldiers for anything except what it actually was. They were still shy, but not arrogant or unwilling to do as they were told.

The officers put up in a chateau on one of the hills around the town, and so complete were its appointments in every detail—even to the well-stocked wine cellar—that they resolved to give a big dinner, with General Gatley, the artillery brigade commander as the guest of honor; Major Gill and other members of the Rainbow Division's staff. It would be a good idea, they thought, to have a wild boar, roasted whole, borne into the dining room on a great platter, so they sent for the burgomaster and told him they wanted a wild boar.

The burgomaster grew a bit nervous and said that the season for boar had hardly arrived yet, though there were plenty of them in the mountains. He promised to organize a hunt, however, and get the district forester, with his men and dogs, on the job early next morning and suggested that the captain organize a hunting party in the battery to accompany the forester with their guns.

Bright and early next morning the hunting party started, seven trench-mortar men, three Germans and a little beagle-hound without dignity or presence enough to impress a rabbit, let alone a wild boar. All morning they climbed great mountains, taking "stands" here and there in the forests on their tops; and they saw where the wild boar bathed and shaved and slept and ate—but they saw nothing at all of the wild boar. Once, about 50 yards off, the

forester saw Mrs. Wild Boar ambling across the path, but before he could unsling his gun and shoot she had disappeared into the woods and nobody saw her again.

So the hunting party returned empty-handed and the burgomaster and forester were desolate. But the dinner was given and was a great success, for the burgomaster, at Captain McCabe's orders, scoured the countryside for chickens and rounded up six. Also he rounded up a few dozen precious eggs and when the guests came in egg-nog was served in the great hall downstairs by two pretty German girls in black dresses and white caps and aprons. It was a memorable party.

Rumors were spreading then that all trench mortar batteries in the A. E. F. were to be taken from their various divisions and sent home to take up coast artillery duties on their own coasts. And a few weeks after Christmas, which the Maryland men celebrated with a big dinner and a show, they got orders to proceed to St. Nazaire for early departure to the States.

They were a long time coming home after that, but when they came old Baltimore was waiting for them as happily as though the war had just that minute ended. For the Trench Mortar Battery was old Baltimore's "first to fight."

CHAPTER XXI.

MARYLAND'S COAST DEFENDERS IN FRANCE.

On November 11, 1918, in the multitude of General Orders, Special Orders, Bulletins, Memoranda and other military literature that descended in a flood upon the American Expeditionary Forces during the first few hours of peace, was this brief note, properly preceded by headings, addresses, dates and so on:

“Commanding General, 167th Field Artillery Brigade has reported that the firing of your battalion on counter-battery work had the desired effect each time and he is very grateful for your assistance.

By command of Brigadier-General Howley,
S. E. REINHART, Major, F. A.
C. of S. S. A.”

Down in one corner was the note: “Copies to Batteries E and F.”

The men for whom the General intended this brief, formal bit of congratulation were all Marylanders, and most of them were Baltimoreans. They had been in the war country longer than any other Maryland combat unit except the One Hundred Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery, yet they had been at the front only about two weeks. Week after week they had fired their guns at practice targets. They had dragged heavy eight-inch howitzers all over France from Brest through twelve villages, for seven months. Like a band of wandering gypsies they had roamed up and down that part of Europe, waiting and hoping for the “big chance.”

And the piece of paper bearing the message quoted above was their reward—that and the contentment in their own souls. For them it was reward enough. They had fought and made good.

They were the men of Batteries E and F, Fifty-eight Regiment Coast Artillery, blood brothers of the One Hundred and Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery, for all three descended

from the same family tree of Maryland soldiers—the Maryland National Guard Coast Artillery Battalion.

Not much was known about them then. Not much was written about them while the war was going on. I sent no dispatches about them; I could never find them. They were here today and there tomorrow, and the next day they were gone. They were little outfits—only about 250 men in each battery—easily lost in the great Allied shuffle that had spread all the way from Marseilles to Calais and from Vannes to Belfort. Nobody knew whether they were in the fighting or not, or on what part of the front or the training area.

But they got there on the first of November, and they stayed throughout the last eleven days; and in the first twelve hours up in the Toul sector, they dumped several tons of high explosive shells, weighing 215 pounds each, on eleven German batteries, one German ammunition train and a German dam, and they threw over a barrage for the infantry.

And, as Brigadier-General Howley said, it all had “the desired effect each time.” So there is another nail in the coffin of Kaiserism, marked “Made in Maryland,” that Maryland heretofore didn’t know she had made.

The men of Batteries E and F were of that old Richmond Market Armory band of soldiers—the soldiers who, people thought, would stay around Fort Howard throughout the war manning the big guns there and looking out to sea for warships flying the German flag. There was comfort in this thought for fathers and mothers who had sons in the new Coast Artillery Battalion, for Fort Howard was close to home, and the area between it and Roland Park, for instance, had not yet become a submarine zone.

They first began to have doubts about that though, when the War Department picked out 186 of the coast artillerymen to go with the Rainbow Division as the One Hundred Seventeenth Trench Mortar Battery. And when Batteries E and F outgrew Fort Howard and after a spell of guarding Baltimore piers and docks, embarked for France, the theory went to smash entirely. They sailed from Hoboken on the *Leviathan* on May 23, 1918.

They formed the third Maryland unit to land on the other

side. Johns Hopkins Base Hospital Unit, which established the famous "Base No. 18" at Bazoilles, was the first, and the Trench Mortar Battery was second. The Maryland infantry units were heard from next after the Trench Mortar Battery. Batteries E and F had come in so quietly that nobody had known it.

Commanded by Capt. Rudolph Ritterbusch, who had been in the regular army for 20 years and was on duty with the Maryland National Guard when the war broke out, Battery F landed at Brest on Decoration Day, just two hours after one of the liveliest submarine battles the American Navy fought during the war. Battery E was commanded by Capt. Robert Boykin.

It was variously reported at the time that the German under-sea boats in the fleet that attacked the convoy of Baltimoreans numbered from 10 to 20. As a matter of fact there were four. Private Howard Kelly Baker, of Battery F, son of Chaplain E. Cookman Baker of the Seamen's Bethel, described the fight well in a letter he wrote to his father from Paris.

"I was up on deck," he said, looking at the long stretch of land which was fast becoming plainer, when—BOOM!—we heard a loud report from one of our big guns. The concussion from the explosion vibrated through the whole ship. I did not notice anyone on deck (including some Red Cross nurses), who showed any signs of panic when it dawned upon us that we had run into a group of enemy submarines bent upon destroying us. Hardly had the echo of the first report died away when a second report was heard and so on until about six shots were fired. Then followed an interval of several minutes, when all of a sudden several periscopes came to view and the firing started up again. The air was full of powder smoke and the sound of the explosions both from the guns and the bursting of the shells out over the water. I missed seeing the first several periscopes, for I was on my way around on one side of the ship and the submarines were off our stern. I soon made my way back to the stern, however, but when I reached there everything seemed to have calmed down."

The crowd of artillerymen strained their eyes over the sea trying to make out a periscope, Private Baker wrote, but saw nothing except driftwood and a few small fishing boats.

"But at last," he continued, "not a half mile off our stern I noticed that the calm of the sea was disturbed by some fast-moving thing beneath the surface. The disturbance of the sea increased and there, in plain view of all who saw was the top of a periscope moving swiftly through the sea, causing a long, white wake in the foaming waters about it. Almost instantly after its appearance our guns opened fire. I was a little too excited to notice how many shots were fired at it, but I think at least seven. It was wonderful standing there watching the wake of the periscope, the loading and firing of the guns and lastly, the projectiles exploding all about the wake of the periscope. The periscope disappeared immediately after the explosion of the fifth or sixth shot and never appeared again."

The batteries marched through the streets of Brest on Decoration Day on their way to a camp about five miles outside of the city. "Yanks" were still a novelty in France then and children streamed along the streets beside the battery, shouting the new English words they had learned. "Give me seegaret" and "Give me penny!" There were few men in the streets, except very old ones—few people at all but women and children.

Until June 6 the battery stayed near Brest, then started on the peregrinations that carried it into more than a score of villages before it prepared to embark for home. It reached Ambazac on June 7 and stayed until June 21. From then until June 27 it was in Limoges; then it went back to Ambazac again and stayed until August 14.

In the meantime the Fourth of July came. They had a big time that day in Ambazac. The two outfits had a ball-game which Battery F won 13 to 4. The Regimental band played all afternoon.

In the morning the Mayor of Ambazac made a speech to the battery men. He spoke in French, but an interpreter appeared in the person of M. Quinter, a former Baltimorean, a member of the old Fifth Maryland Infantry, the possessor of a gold medal awarded him for saving another Fifth Regi-

ment man from drowning at Cape May, N. J., during an encampment—a general, all-round connecting link with the old home town. He was the idol of Batteries E and F while they stayed in Ambazac, and a genuine Franco-American god-father to both outfits.

“They, above all,” said M. Quinter, expressing for the Mayor the sentiments of the people of Ambazac, “wish me to impress upon you their infinite gratitude for the powerful help you offer to their mother country at so tragic an hour and with your lives and your immense material resources, bringing nearer therewith the end of its miseries and the avenging of its dead.

“They admire in your action the generous glow of a great, noble free nation, greedy of justice, rushing to the rescue of humanity of Civilization, of Liberty most dearly paid for and now in serious danger of perishing.

“The landing with so elevated an object of soldiers of the mother country of Washington, of Franklin, of Lincoln and of so many others of the greatest, makes all true French hearts enthusiastically rejoice.

“Be a thousand times welcomed in this land and be forever blessed.”

And a great deal more, all in the high-sounding phraseology that all French orators use; and concluding with a call for “three cheers for President Wilson, highest incarnation of your mother country, and for the soldiers who represent it to us so worthy!”

From then until November 1, life was just one hike after another for Batteries E and F, with now and then a bit of luxury thrown in by way of a ride in box cars. All summer long they roamed France. On August 14 they started from Ambazac to St. Leonard; on August 15 they went to La Courtine; on September 6 they got up to Villiers-sur-Marne, nearer the fighting front than they had been since they arrived in France, and they were a part of the First American Army when Pershing’s men launched their first great attack against the St. Mihiel salient, though they took no part in the drive, being attached to the Seventh Division.

They took to making “little Baltimores” out of the towns

they lived in. They always changed the names of the streets to Baltimore street, and Howard street and Charles and Lexington streets, and once they named the tiny railway station "Mount Royal." As one of the men said, "If it had about five more stories and a tower and a park it would look almost like Mount Royal station."

During this period of training and travelling Captain Ritterbusch was transferred from command of the battery to a place on the staff of the regiment, and Captain J. C. Hawkins, a West Pointer, took his place.

Four more cities the heavy-gun men from Baltimore lived in, before the orders finally came taking them into the fighting. They went to Vignory for one day, October 23 to 24, passed through the city of Toul on October 25; Liverdun on October 27 and 28, and from the 29th to the 31st they were in and around Griscourt. On November 1 they reached Jazenville on the Moselle river in a forest about 20 kilometers from the city. There they unlimbered for action.

And there they were when it was all over, plumping over their 215-pound "pigs" on the German batteries and rear areas around Metz. One of their targets was in a stone-quarry, a difficult place to get at. But they got at it and cut more stone there for German graveyards in five minutes than a whole army of German stone-cutters could have cut in five months. Witness General Howley's thanks and congratulations.

That is the story of Batteries E and F of the old Maryland National Guard—two outfits from the home State who waited and worked and fumed impatiently and impotently at delays even as the light artillery outfit from Maryland; and then, being a bit luckier, finally got into the scrap before the running Germans got beyond their long reach. It has to be rather sketchy because they were shunted around France so much and got up to the front so late. Correspondents, having queer ideas about news, spent their time trying to find out what was happening to the men who had been fighting in the Argonne for many weeks, and a couple of batteries of "heavies" that came late into the fight did not (unfortunately for the peace of mind of the batteries' folks back home), get much attention.

But they were up there and fighting and, if nobody else knew it, the Germans did, and General Pershing did, which, after all, is all that really mattered at the time.

The men of the batteries knew that General Pershing knew, for he came down to Bordeaux where they were waiting to go home, and told them so himself. It was at Bassens, a big camp outside of Bordeaux like Pontanezen outside of Brest, on February 27, 1919, just after an inspection. The Commander-in-chief called all the officers and sergeants of the Fifty-eighth around him and said:

"I cannot let this command go home without saying a few words. I appreciate what you have done, for you have done it well. Your services at the front were very satisfactory, and the people at home are entitled to know that you were a unit in the greatest military machine in the world. It is an honor to have been a member of the American Expeditionary Forces, and units not so fortunate as you in getting to the front are nevertheless a part of this great machine. Your work and the work of the entire A. E. F. was not only routine—the machine depended on each man to do his best, and I certainly appreciate your splendid work.

"I want this command to go home morally sound, and in good physical condition.

"Please convey to the men what I just said, as it is almost impossible for me to speak to them all."

Not every outfit in France had a personal talk like this from General Pershing. The battery men were very proud of that February day.

They had come to Bordeaux after resuming their travels when they left the line on November 21, taking in on the way the towns of Bruley, Pagny-sur-Meuse, Hondelaincourt, Lescheres, Vignory, Tours, Rouvroy and Vignonet. And in May, 1919, they came home, defenders of Maryland's coasts, having carried the coast-line across the Atlantic to join it with the coast-line of civilization in the woods and hills of France.

CHAPTER XXII.

WE COME TO THE END OF THE STORY.

And now, having seen what the big organizations of Maryland soldiers did in France—the organizations that were “all Maryland” in their make-up except for the “replacements” that came in to fill the gaps of battle—we come to organizations into which Maryland men went either through choice or because they were ordered there in groups to fill up the rosters, or because, when the organizations were formed there were not enough Marylanders available to make them complete.

In the first sort were included virtually every division and every corps and army headquarters, and every base port and every supply, transportation and executive office in the American Expeditionary Force. Maryland men were in all of them. One found them all over France, in Marseilles, in Bordeaux, in Brest, and St. Nazaire, which were all base ports. One found them in Tours, headquarters of the Service of Supply, and in Dijon and Is-sur-tille, great regulating stations—warehouse cities always filled with food, clothes, arms and ammunition for the American fighters. Many of them were in Paris in quartermasters’ offices or with the Motor Transport Corps, or the Assistant Provost Marshal.

They operated railroad trains, piloted aeroplanes, drove trucks, unloaded ships, arrested stragglers, kept records and accounts, issued supplies, repaired shoes, put up buildings, dug ditches, cooked grub, washed dishes. Sometimes you could find but one Maryland man in a group of several hundred, but he always knew where there was another, though the place might be ten miles away. If you could find Corporal Joe Smith, of Easton, you could always find Private John Brown, of Frederick, for though Smith might never have heard of Brown back home he had discovered him over in France.

Marylanders flying in the air saw Marylanders below them struggling against the German resistance in the woods and

fields. Lieut. Alex Grier, an artillery aerial observer from Salisbury, looked down every day from his seat in a plane upon his old comrades of the 115th Infantry fighting the enemy out of the Consenvoye and Montagne Woods.

Packets of Baltimore and Eastern Shore newspapers used to come hurtling down on the Maryland doughboys up there. At first they suspected a new sort of German bomb and a new display of the power of the German intelligence section which, they thought, might have discovered the very names of the newspapers the American soldiers opposite them wanted to read. But when the papers dropped every day they suspected something else—that a Maryland bird-man was flying over their lines. This suspicion was right. It was Grier, of Salisbury.

* * * * *

Maryland men fought on every front in France and on the Italian front. From Mons to Sedan—from “Johnnie” Poe to Henry Gunther, they fought and died.

They were in the First Division when it took Cantigny in the spring of 1918. Major Redmond Stewart was Judge Advocate of that Division, and there were Maryland doughboys in it. When the Marines and the Infantry of the Second Division stopped the Germans on the Chateau-Thierry-Paris Road in June, and drove them out of Belleau Wood later, Marylanders were there. When the Eightieth Division fought in the Argonne in September, Maryland officers commanded most of the companies and battalions. Major German H. H. Emory’s grave is on French soil the Eightieth wrested from the Germans. Lieut. Poultney Gorter was with Major Whitteley, of the “Lost Battalion” of the Seventy-seventh in the Argonne when the Major told the Germans to “go to hell.” Lieut. Daniel Willard, Jr., fought at Dead Man’s Curve with the Twenty-sixth Division when the Germans launched their raid at Seicheprey. And so it went.

Not a battle America fought in the war was fought without Maryland men. Not a bit of backing came up from the S. O. S. that had no Maryland men behind it.

In the second sort were included the men of old Troop A, Maryland’s National Guard cavalry troop, and some of the

men of the old Fourth Infantry that was commanded by Colonel Harry C. Jones, later commander of the 113th Infantry and still later a regimental commander in the Eightieth Division.

The Fourth was the most completely split-up regiment of the old Maryland outfits. Only a few of its men went into the 115th Infantry. Many went to the 110th Field Artillery Regiment. More went to the 104th Ammunition Train and the 104th Supply Train, keeping the trucks going back and forth between the lines and the supply bases by day and by night, along roads that were seldom better than quagmires and nearly always under shell fire.

Troop A started out in the military police organization of the Blue and Gray Division. In the course of discharging their duty as enforcers of General Morton's discipline, they became the model soldiers of the Division. Before the Twenty-ninth went to France they and the Essex Troopers from New Jersey who served with them in the military police outfit, had to change their hatecords from yellow to blue. But though they thus lost the distinguishing mark of their branch of the service, old Troop A never lost the "spirit of the cavalry," which, all cavalymen will always swear on any stack of Bibles, is the deepest and sincerest spirit in any army.

They had horses in France for a time, even after the Blue and Gray went into the front line in the Alsace sector, but before the division moved up toward the Argonne drive the horses were taken away. And while the Blue and Gray was in army reserve around Bar-le-duc late in September, old Troop A was dealt the blow that broke it into almost as many pieces as there were men in the troop. The same thing that took Brigadier-General Harry H. Bandholtz away from the Fifty-eighth (Maryland-Virginia) Brigade, took Troop A away from the Blue and Gray Division. It was the reorganization of the entire military police system of the American Expeditionary Force.

Under the new system each division had its own military police company, and a few of the Troop A men stayed with the Blue and Gray's company. But the majority of them

went, and shortly thereafter one could have found a Troop A man wherever the shadow of the American Expeditionary Force fell in Europe—Holland, England, Italy, France or Germany.

Of the third sort of organizations that were not "all-Maryland," the largest were two of the machine-gun battalions of the Blue and Gray Division, the 112th and the 110th. Almost two-thirds of the men in the 112th were Maryland men from the old First National Guard Regiment. This battalion was a part of the Fifty-eighth Brigade and subject to the orders of the brigade commander. Under Major David J. Markey, of Frederick (later Lieutenant-Colonel), it supported the Maryland and Virginia infantry in their fights in Alsace and in the wooded heights of the Meuse River. Without their accurate fire and their fearless advances with the infantry in the face of fire from the German machine-guns, the Fifty-eighth Brigade would not have made the great record it did.

The 110th, known as the Divisional Machine-gun Battalion because it operated under orders from Division Headquarters and might be sent to bolster up any part of the whole divisional line, had a number of old Fourth Maryland men in it, and one whole company was the machine-gun company of the old "Dandy Fifth," commanded by Capt. Joseph Davidson. Captain Davidson became a major at Camp McClellan and took command of the battalion for a while, but while in France he was sent to London to become Assistant Provost Marshal of the A. E. F. there.

Maryland men in the 110th, many of them from Loyola College, fought under Major Frank Jones and Capt. Lee Turner. They were in the front line at Molleville Farm, Richene Hill, and in the Bois de Consenvoye and the Bois de la Grande Montagne, and it was largely because their fire made the German positions too hot to hold that the Blue and Gray infantry were able to break the enemy's "Invincible Verdun Line."

And then there were the 113th Field Hospital Company and the 113th Ambulance Company of the 104th Sanitary Train of the Blue and Gray Division. These were Maryland's

National Guard medical troops—the stretcher-bearers, ambulance drivers and first-aid men who roamed the battle-fields picking up the wounded, driving their ambulances along shell-swept roads and working without food or rest even as the doughboys, to save the dying.

The 113th Field Hospital was commanded by Major Harry Mitchell, of Elkton. In the Alsace sector it took over a French hospital at Romagny and its principal work was handling gas patients. To Romagny came blinded Maryland soldiers, their eyes swollen shut and red with mustard gas, and choking to death with phosgene. During the big gas attack there early in September, 300 blinded, choking soldiers were rushed to the Maryland Field Hospital in 18 hours.

The Maryland Ambulance Company, under Captain Franklin B. Anderson, had a tremendous task during the first days of the fighting on the Meuse River. The Germans had blocked the highways with the ruins of the villages of Brabant and Samogneux and had blown deep mine craters in the roads. Under little bridges they had planted mines. During the whole of October 8, no ambulances could get within two and a half miles of the advancing lines. The wounded had to be carried back on stretchers to the dressing-station which was two miles from the woods where the fighting was.

During the whole 21 days of fighting the 104th Sanitary Train of the Blue and Gray, commanded by Major J. Harry Ullrich, of Baltimore, and of which the Maryland Ambulance and Field Hospital Companies were a part, handled 6,661 casualties and evacuated them—that is, gave them quick first-aid treatment and sent them back to larger hospitals.

Later, Major Mitchell became a Lieutenant-Colonel and he and Major Fred Vinup, as Director of Ambulances, brought the 104th Sanitary Train home.

* * * * *

Thus we come to the end of the story of what Maryland did in the Great War—Maryland fighting men. For this pretends to be nothing but a story of the fighters—a poor enough story, too, but justified in its shortcomings by the justification that all mere story-tellers of the war must use for generations

to come: that no words in any language can ever tell the story but poorly.

Maryland did many other things in the war. She poured out her money, she supported the government's every move with her whole heart. But the greatest thing she did was send her fighting men. In no line of the records of any of them is there a word for which Maryland can feel aught but the deepest pride as long as the name "Maryland" lives in the annals of glorious American history.

APPENDIX



SOME STATISTICS ON THE 115TH INFANTRY. OF THE BLUE AND GRAY DIVISION.

About 1,500 prisoners were captured by the One Hundred and Fifteenth Infantry Regiment in the attack north of Verdun, beginning October 8, 1918.

The following German and Austrian material and ammunition was captured by the same regiment in the same operation:

One German 77-millimeter gun.
One Austrian "88."
One Austrian "105."
One Austrian "150."
Two Minenwerfer.
Two Granatenwerfer.
800 Austrian and German rifles.
200 automatic pistols.
One scissors telescope.
One Radio outfit with bicycle generator.
Sixty heavy machine-guns.
Twenty Lewis machine-guns.
Two anti-tank rifles.
Two engineer dumps completely stocked with engineering material.
2,600 rounds of light and heavy artillery ammunition.
500 rounds of machine-gun and rifle ammunition.

THE MEDAL OF HONOR.

The following members of the One Hundred Fifteenth were awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest decoration the United States bestows upon its soldiers:

Second Lieutenant Patrick Regan—Company H.
Private Henry G. Costin—Company H (deceased).

THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS.

Following is a list of officers and men of the One Hundred Fifteenth who were awarded Distinguished Service Crosses or Croix de Guerres for valor in action:

Captain Louis Diener—Sanitary Detachment.
First Lieutenant Artie E. Bolton—Company G.
First Lieutenant James B. Boyle.
First Lieutenant Frederick W. Ecker—Company F.
First Lieutenant Robert S. Landstreet—Company H.
First Lieutenant William P. Lewis.
First Lieutenant Merrill Rosenfeld—Company G (deceased).
First Lieutenant Chandler Sprague—Company K.
First Lieutenant Harry L. Webb—Company B (deceased).
Lieutenant Leslie J. Jobes—Company A (deceased).

Sergeant Raymond F. Banahan—Company L.
 Sergeant Joshua D. Brown—Company B.
 Sergeant Hugh C. Carter—Medical Department.
 Sergeant Harry C. Clark—Company G.
 Sergeant John H. E. Hoppe.
 Sergeant Carl Horseman—Company C.
 Sergeant Robert L. Hunter—Company A.
 Sergeant Howard E. Madsen—Company D.
 Sergeant Joseph F. Mannion—Company C.
 Sergeant Hugh P. McGainey—Company H.
 Sergeant Nisel Rafalsky—Medical Department.
 Sergeant William M. Rice—Company E.
 Sergeant John W. Saxon—Company K.
 Sergeant Harold D. Smith—Company C.
 Sergeant John E. West—Company F.
 Sergeant Edward R. White—Company I.
 Corporal John W. Ayers—Company C.
 Corporal James J. Byrne—Company D.
 Corporal Pietro De Berardinis—Company H.
 Corporal Clarence L. A. Dunsing—Company A.
 Corporal John E. Ferguson—Company H.
 Corporal Leonard A. Renshaw—Company I.
 Corporal Joseph E. Tennyson—Company B (deceased).
 First Class Private Rufus M. Coleman—Company B.
 First Class Private Ben Van Gunday—Company F.
 First Class Private Leroy Jones—Company E.
 First Class Private Howard H. Morrow—Company F.
 First Class Private Eugene F. Saunders—Company F.
 First Class Private Phillip E. Smith—Company B.
 First Class Private Warren C. Stewart—Medical Dept.
 First Class Private Thomas F. Streb—Company H.
 First Class Private John Walters—Company K.
 First Class Private Andy Youngbar—Company K.
 Private John L. Biser—Company B (deceased).
 Private Putney Costin—Company H (deceased).
 Private Bradford Ferry—Company E.
 Private Frank Fleischman—Company K (deceased).
 Private Harry B. Insley—Company C.
 Private James R. Miller—Company C.
 Private William M. Murphy—Company H (deceased).
 Private Thomas H. Smith—Company C.
 Private Ralph L. Whitney—Company C.
 Private Joseph P. Woodville—Company B.
 Mechanic Russell C. Smith—Company B.

THE CROIX DE GUERRE.

Colonel Milton A. Reckord.
 Major E. Brooke Lee.
 Captain Frank C. Mellon.
 First Lieutenant Daniel O'Connell.
 Sergeant Raymond Banahan—Company L.
 Sergeant Joshua D. Brown—Company B.
 Sergeant Samuel Cadell—Company K.
 Sergeant William E. Holmes—Company L.
 Sergeant John H. E. Hoppe—Company K.
 Sergeant Richard Loeschki—Company K.
 Sergeant Hugh P. McGainey—Company H.
 Private Ben Van Gunday—Company F.
 Private Harry B. Insley—Company C.

First Class Private Phillip E. Smith—Company B.
 First Class Private John Walter—Company K.
 Private James R. Miller—Company C.
 Private Daniel E. Turner—Company L.
 Private Ralph N. Whitney—Company C.
 Private Andy Youngbar—Company K.

BELGIAN DECORATION.

Major E. Brooke Lee.
 Second Lieutenant Daniel O'Connell.

DIVISIONAL CITATION.

Captain Herbert L. Grymes, Captain E. Brooke Lee, Captain Philip C. McIntyre, Captain Harry C. Ruhl, First Lieutenant Paul E. Marsh, First Lieutenant Richard D. Ransome, First Lieutenant F. Lester Smith, First Lieutenant Charles M. Saxelby, First Lieutenant Chandler Sprague, First Lieutenant John E. Theirault, Second Lieutenant Daniel O'Connell, Second Lieutenant J. Spence Phelps; Band Leader Leonard A. Plant, Headquarters Company; First Sergeant Charles W. Bailey, Company D; First Sergeant Howard W. Forester, Company A; First Sergeant Hugh L. Haddick, Company C; Mess Sergeant William W. Lewis, Company K; Sergeant Fred Bielaski, Machine-gun Company; Sergeant Jesse M. Bradley, Company C; Sergeant Samuel Cadell, Company K; Sergeant Percy Dashiell, Company I; Sergeant Fred. Gerck, Company L; Sergeant John H. E. Hoppe, Company K; Sergeant William E. Holmes; Sergeant Richard Loeschki, Company K; Sergeant Frank B. Lambi, Company E; Sergeant Leo C. McKenzie, Company G; Sergeant Marion D. Smith, Machine-gun Company; Sergeant John W. Saxon, Company K; Sergeant John H. Shanahan, Company D; Sergeant Arthur Sabin, Machine-gun Company; Sergeant Henry McP. Tongue, Machine-gun Company; Corporal Howard A. King, Company H; Jeffrey B. Quante, Company F; Corporal Euell Redmiles, Company F; Corporal John Raymond, Company E; Corporal Wyatte Smith, Company F; Corporal Clyde M. Tennyson, Company A; Wagoner J. Carey, Supply Company; Cook Frank Gore, Company C; Bugler William T. Kreh, Company A; Bugler James Watts, Company C; Mechanic George L. Mason, Company A; First Class Private Charles A. Bechtold, Sanitary Depot.

First Class Private J. Davey, Medical Department; First Class Private George A. Gipe, Jr., Company I; First Class Private Michael Muchan, Machine-gun Company; First Class Private William A. McKenzie, Sanitary Department; First Class Private Andy Youngbar, Company K; First Class Private Paul Zetack, Company F; Private Charles Edw. Brown, Company D; Private William E. Delss, Company H; Private William C. Davern, Company E; Private Frank F. Fleischmann, Company K; Private Joseph L. Getzel, Company H; Private Walter G. Grubb, Company D; Private Archie H. Heim, Company A; Private Archie A. Martin, Company I; Private John Noweiski, Company H; Private Osborne A. Peter, Company H; Private Charles A. Reasin, Company D; Private Burkhardt, Jr., Company H; Private John L. Stearns, Company D; Private Joseph M. Shuttleworth, Company A; Private Adam Skopeck, Company H; Private Louis Sindler, Company H; Private David W. Turner, Company I; Private Reginald Walsh, Company H; Captain John R. Kaiser, Captain Thompson A. Lyon and Sergeant Oliver L. Bond, Company B; Sergeant Laban Baker, Company C; Sergeant Forest L. Cathey, Company

B; Sergeant Howard E. Coppersmith, Company C; Sergeant John C. Magin, Company C; Sergeant Jennings B. Ossenton, Company D; Sergeant Emmet L. Randolph, Company D; Sergeant Thomas J. Rouzie, Company D; Sergeant O. L. Tucker, Company A; Sergeant William F. Woodward, Company B; Corporal John R. Barry, Company A; Corporal David T. Drake, Company D; Corporal Herman T. Ortman, Company A; Saddler George T. Hill, Company D; Wagoner John C. Bolker, Headquarters Company; Wagoner John W. Cawley, Headquarters Company; Wagoner William Foraker, Headquarters Company; Cook Vasadas Grites, Company B; Private Everett M. Barrett, Company B; Private Wilbur T. Brownly, Company B; Private Howard H. Ferrall, Company A; Private Webster D. Halstead, Company B; Private Pearl C. Laughrey, Company B; Private Arnold Peterson, Company B; Private George F. Rowe, Company B; Private Paul T. Semones, Company C; Corporal Emil Reese, First Class Private Donald C. Greason, First Class Private Mitchell F. Lloyd and First Class Private Elwood E. Waller, Jr.

ORIGINAL OFFICERS OF 115TH ON OCTOBER 1, 1917.

COL. CHARLES A. LITTLE, Commanding.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MILTON A. RECKORD.

First Battalion.

Major Henry S. Barrett, commanding; First Lieutenant Harry C. Gaffney, adjutant.

Company A—Captain, Elmer E. Munshower; first lieutenants, Paul Marsh, Foster B. Davis and Milton E. Mackall; second lieutenants, Frederick L. Smith and Philip K. Moisan.

Company B—Captain, Winfield B. Harvard; first lieutenants, Harry L. Hagan, John H. Truett (one vacancy); second lieutenants, James H. Bowers, Henry C. Stanwood.

Company C—Captain, Theodore L. Beers; first lieutenants, J. S. Phelps, Charles M. Saxelby, William A. Twamley; second lieutenants, Emerson C. Harrington, Jr., Donald Wilson.

Company D—Captain, Herbert L. Grymes; first lieutenants, Harry C. Webb, George R. Eiler, Joseph A. Ayers; second lieutenants, William P. Kennedy, Arthur T. Kreh.

Second Battalion.

Major Frank A. Hancock, commanding; First Lieutenant Edward McK. Johnson, adjutant.

Company E—Captain, Harry C. Ruhl; first lieutenants, Millard E. Tydings, Richard M. Lambert, Hugh McCoy; second lieutenants, C. Otis McCauley, Herbert A. Payne.

Company F—Captain, Ralph Hutchins; first lieutenants, Philip McIntyre, Walter Katzenberger, Harry C. Butler; second lieutenants, Nathan R. Warthen, William B. Wylie.

Company G—Captain, Henry F. Robb; first lieutenants, George Henderson, Leslie H. Berryman (one vacancy); second lieutenants, William P. Lewis, Thomas F. Troxell.

Company H—Captain, Walter E. Black; first lieutenants, Frank C. Mellon, C. F. Edison, Clifton A. Pritchett; second lieutenants, Thomas K. Roberts, Robert Fusselbaugh, Jr.

Third Battalion.

Major Charles B. Finley, Jr., commanding; First Lieutenant Harlan Johnson, adjutant.

Company I—Captain, Amos W. W. Woodcock; first lieutenants, William D. Carey, Frank A. Heywood, Jr., and W. Warren Search, Jr.; second lieutenants, Alexander T. Grier and Robert S. Landstreet.

Company K—Captain, E. Brooke Lee; first lieutenants, E. Carroll Cissel and James B. Boyle (one vacancy); second lieutenants, Frank L. Hewitt and Merwin E. Lilley.

Company L—Captain, John H. Wagner; first lieutenants, Carl Ward, Boyd W. Perkins, Richard W. Laws; second lieutenants, Richard L. Fearn, Jr., Harry Oehrl.

Company M—Captain, James G. Knight; first lieutenants, Oscar V. Dawes, Samuel A. Merritt, John D. Wade; second lieutenants, Andreas Z. Holley, William S. Adams.

Headquarters Company.

Captain, William P. Lane; regimental adjutant, Captain Thornton Rogers; first lieutenants, Gaylord L. Clark, Charles N. Matthews; second lieutenants, Edward McColgan, John H. Wiederman, Joseph J. Philbin.

Supply Company.

Captain, Charles E. Myers; first lieutenant, Bruce Aldrich.

Machine-gun Company.

Captain, Carey Jarman; first lieutenants, Leslie L. Klakring, Bernard J. Wiegard; second lieutenants, Guy C. Parlette, C. W. Zenker, John M. Weir.

OFFICERS OF 115TH IN MARCH, 1919, WAITING IN FRESNES, FRANCE, TO RETURN HOME.

COLONEL MILTON A. RECKORD.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVID J. MARKEY.

ADJUTANT, CAPTAIN GEORGE HENDERSON.

First Battalion.

Major Thomas McNicholas, commanding.

Company A—Captain, Elmer A. Munshower; first lieutenants, Paul A. Marsh, Foster B. Davis, Lester F. Smith.

Company B—Captain, Winfield B. Harward; first lieutenants, Joseph A. Ayers, Charles M. Saxelby.

Company C—Captain, Philip K. Moisan.

Company D—Captain, Herbert L. Grymes; first lieutenant, William P. Kennedy.

Second Battalion.

Major E. Brooke Lee, commanding.

Company E—Captain, Harry C. Ruhl; first lieutenants, James F. Smith, C. Otis McCauley, Richard M. Lambert.

Company F—Captain, Philip C. McIntyre.

Company G—Captain, Thomas G. Wade (not a Marylander).

Company H—Captain, Henry F. Mellon; first lieutenants, Hugh McCoy, Robert S. Landstreet, D. S. C.

Third Battalion.

Major Amos W. W. Woodcock, commanding.

Company I—Captain Drake (not a Marylander).

Company K—Captain, Raymond F. Shannon (not a Marylander).

Company L—Captain, Harry Wagner; first lieutenant, Robert Fuseselbaugh.

Company M—Captain, Harry C. Butler.

Supply Company.

Captain, Frank M. Hewitt; first lieutenant, Francis C. Bowersox.

Headquarters Company.

Captain, Gaylord Clark; first lieutenants, William A. Twamley, Robert F. Barrick.

Machine-gun Company.

Captain, Carey Jarman; first lieutenant, John M. Weir; second lieutenants, Charles W. Zenker, Claire F. Cassell.

Medical Detachment.

Captains, Caldwell Woodruff, Roscoe Hannigan; first lieutenant, Daniel Bratton.

Chaplains.

Frederick C. Reynolds, William F. McLaughlin.

Regimental Staff.

Captain Thornton Rogers, operations officer; Captain Harlan Johnson, statistical adjutant; Lieutenant Herbert A. Payne, acting regimental adjutant; Captain Edward Johnston, intelligence officer; Lieutenant Harry A. Hagan, ammunition officer; Lieutenant Wallace S. Moore, liaison officer.

CHANGES AMONG OFFICERS OF 115TH DURING 18 MONTHS OF ACTIVE SERVICE.

Colonel Charles A. Little, honorably discharged.

Major Henry F. Barrett, sent home as instructor.

Major Charles B. Finley, promoted to Colonel after serving as Lieutenant-Colonel in Division Headquarters.

Captain Ralph Hutchins, promoted to Major and transferred to One Hundred and Fourteenth Infantry.

Captain William P. Lane, Jr., promoted to Major and Assistant Adjutant, Twenty-ninth Division.

Captain James G. Knight, promoted to Major, returned home as instructor.

Captain Walter Black, returned home and promoted to Major.

Lieutenant Clifton A. Pritchett, promoted to Captain and Assistant to Division Adjutant.

Lieutenant William B. Wylie, promoted to Captain, then to Major, Fifth Corps Headquarters.

Lieutenant Bernard J. Wiegard, promoted to Captain, transferred to One Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry.

Lieutenant Thompson A. Lyon, promoted to Captain, transferred to One Hundred and Twelfth Machine-gun Battalion.

- Lieutenant C. Newton Matthews, transferred to One Hundred and Thirteenth Infantry.
- Lieutenant John C. Lane, promoted to Captain, Division Headquarters Troop, then to Balloon Replacement Company, Air Service.
- Lieutenant Boyd W. Perkins, transferred to Service of Supplies, American Expeditionary Force.
- Lieutenant Henry C. Stanwood, sent to Staff Officers' School, Langres, France.
- Lieutenant John H. Truett, wounded in action.
- Second Lieutenant James H. Bowers, promoted to First Lieutenant and returned home.
- Lieutenant J. Spence Phelps, wounded in action, returned home.
- Lieutenant Donald Wilson, transferred to Air Service.
- Lieutenant Emerson C. Harrington, transferred at Camp McClellan to another division.
- Lieutenant W. Warren Search, Jr., assistant to G1, Division Headquarters.
- Lieutenant Arthur T. Kreh, Supply Officer, One Hundred and Twelfth Machine-gun Battalion.
- Lieutenant Harry L. Webb, killed in action.
- Lieutenant George R. Erler, promoted to Captain, returned home.
- Lieutenant Millard E. Tydings, promoted successively to be Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel; divisional machine-gun officer.
- Lieutenant James B. Boyle, wounded in action, returned home.
- Lieutenant Walter Katzenberger, transferred to Cavalry at Camp McClellan.
- Lieutenant William Penn Lewis, D. S. C., returned home.
- Lieutenant Nathan R. Warthen, transferred to Line School as instructor.
- Lieutenant Alex Fulford, transferred from regiment at Camp McClellan, afterward serving as civilian with Red Cross in France and Serbia.
- Captain Henry F. Robb, returned home.
- Lieutenant Leslie A. Berryman, transferred to General Headquarters.
- Lieutenant Robert W. Laws, wounded in action, returned home.
- Lieutenant Merrill Rosenfeld, killed in action.
- Lieutenant Richard L. Fearn, Brigade Intelligence Officer.
- Lieutenant Frank A. Heywood, transferred Railway Transportation Service.
- Lieutenant Julian H. Carey, honorably discharged at Camp McClellan.
- Lieutenant Thomas K. Roberts, honorably discharged at Camp McClellan.
- Lieutenant Alex T. Grier, transferred to Air Service.
- Lieutenant E. Carroll Cissell, returned home, died of influenza.
- Lieutenant Merwin E. Lilley, Adjutant, Third Battalion.
- Lieutenant Chandler Sprague, D. S. C., returned home, promoted Captain, General Staff.
- Lieutenant John Wade, promoted to Captain; killed in action.
- Lieutenant Samuel Merritt, Divisional Billeting Officer.
- Lieutenant Oscar V. Dawes, honorably discharged.
- Lieutenant Andreas Z. Holley, discharged for physical disability, drafted and reassigned to One Hundred Regiment; promoted to Color-Sergeant; sent to Candidate Officers' School and balked of commission by armistice; later promoted to Second Lieutenant.
- Captain Charles E. Myers, Assistant to Division Quartermaster.

Lieutenant E. Bruce Aldrich, promoted to Captain, One Hundred and Fourth Supply Train.
 Lieutenant W. Harry Oehrle, Assistant Division Ordnance Officer.
 Lieutenant Leslie S. Klakring, honorably discharged.
 Lieutenant John R. Kaiser, promoted to Captain, One Hundred and Twelfth Machine-gun Battalion.
 Lieutenant Guy C. Parlett, died at Base Hospital.

TOTAL CASUALTIES IN 115TH INFANTRY REGIMENT
 DURING THREE MONTHS ACTUAL SERVICE ON
 THE FRONT IN FRANCE.

ALSACE SECTOR.

(July 27 to September 22, 1918.)

Killed in action—Enlisted men.....	21
Died of wounds—Enlisted men.....	2
Severely wounded—Enlisted men.....	32
Missing in action—Enlisted men.....	11
Slightly wounded:	
Officers	1
Enlisted men	30
Gassed	45
Shell shocked	2
Sick and injured.....	659
Total.....	<hr/> 794

VERDUN SECTOR.

(October 8 to October 29, 1918.)

Killed in action:	
Officers	4
Enlisted men	120
Died of wounds—Enlisted men.....	7
Severely wounded in action:	
Officers	2
Enlisted men	223
Slightly wounded in action:	
Officers	12
Enlisted men	297
Gassed:	
Officers	1
Enlisted men	26
Shell shocked:	
Officers	5
Enlisted men	26
Missing in action—Enlisted men.....	15
Accidental wounds—Enlisted men.....	2
Sick and injured:	
Officers	4
Enlisted men	221
Total.....	<hr/> 1,052

Total casualties in 115th during three months' fighting.... 1,846
 (Slightly more than 50 per cent.)

SOME STATISTICS ON THE 79TH DIVISION, INCLUDING THE 313TH INFANTRY.

The following officers and men in the Seventy-ninth Division were awarded Distinguished Service Crosses for valor in action:

THREE THIRTEENTH INFANTRY.

Major Horatio N. Jackson, Regimental Surgeon.
Major Effingham B. Morris.
Captain Frank R. Wheelock.
First Lieutenant Royal C. Johnson.
Sergeant Harry E. Forrest.
Sergeant Ernest W. Hitchins.
Corporal George L. Brown.
Private Roland W. Abrams.

THREE FOURTEENTH INFANTRY.

Captain Charles K. McDermut.
Captain Frederick A. Muhlenberg.
Captain Henry M. Smith.
First Lieutenant Lee M. English.
Sergeant Mike A. Hartman.
Sergeant Edward V. Monahan.
Sergeant Louis S. Smith.
Sergeant Peter Strucel.
Corporal John Chyke.
Corporal James A. Larson.
Corporal William J. Walsh.
Private (First-Class) Nolan L. Jordan.
Private Jacob Bolen.
Private Stanley Culver.
Private John J. Auber.
Private Calvin J. Cressman.
Private Clifford M. Seiders.

THREE FIFTEENTH INFANTRY.

Major Samuel W. Fleming.
Major Ward A. Pierson.
Captain William W. Carroll.
Captain Earl C. Offinger.
Captain George L. Wright.
First Lieutenant Benjamin Bullock, 3rd.
Second Lieutenant John T. Owens.
First Sergeant Joseph E. Kilroy.
Sergeant Paul B. Jenkins.
Sergeant Bernard Sweeney.
Sergeant Ludwig J. Nachtman.
Sergeant Jacob Recktenwald.
Sergeant Harry L. Greenwood.
Sergeant Arthur W. Olanson.
Corporal Joseph A. Keenan.
Private William Bryson.
Private Frank H. Flegel.
Private Walter O. Goodman.
Private (First-Class) Frank Lomonoco.

Private Graconio Masciarelli.
Private Charles W. Palardy.
Private Americo di Pasquale.
Private Guisepppe Spadafora.
Private William Swearingen.
Private Eugene C. Watkins.

THREE SIXTEENTH INFANTRY.

Major William S. Manning.
Captain Benjamin F. Hewitt.
Sergeant Samuel E. Phillips.
Sergeant Harold P. Rumberger.
Sergeant Grover C. Sheckart.
Corporal Guy M. Habecker.
Corporal Charles M. Kidd.
Private (First-Class) Thomas H. Morris.
Private (First-Class) John Wilkins.
Private Clarence Frey.
Private Herman G. Paustian.

DIVISION HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT.

Sergeant Thomas M. Rivel.
Private (First-Class) Arthur J. McCain.
Private Arthur S. Roberts.

304TH ENGINEERS.

Captain Albert C. Rubel.

304TH TRAIN HEADQUARTERS.

First Lieutenant Samuel Marks.

AMBULANCE COMPANY.

First Lieutenant William D. McClelland.
Sergeant James E. Stone.
Sergeant Donald S. Wagner.
Corporal Joseph W. Klapetsky.

310TH MACHINE-GUN BATTALION.

Private John R. Bauernfeind.
Private Dwight E. Lemon.
Private Charles E. Simpson.
Private Benjamin G. Stankunos.

311TH MACHINE-GUN BATTALION.

First Sergeant Ralph A. Capen.
Sergeant James R. Mansfield.
Corporal John J. Poillon.
Private Charles I. Thomas.
Private Perry W. Wilt.

312TH MACHINE-GUN BATTALION.

Private (First-Class) Joseph J. Milgram.
Sergeant Oscar Allison.

CASUALTIES OF THE 313TH.

The casualties of the Three Thirteenth Infantry in the Montfaucon operation were as follows:

Officers killed	11
Officers wounded	34
Officers died of wounds.....	2
Men killed	105
Men wounded	783
Men missing	162

(Many of the men at first reported missing came back, having strayed into the 37 Division on the left or the 158th Brigade on the right. Others turned up later in the hospitals or the lists of killed).

Total casualties in the regiment in three sectors (Montfaucon, Troyon and Grande Montagne) from September 26 to November 11, 1918.....1,670

The following enemy material was captured by the Three Thirteenth:

Montfaucon attack:

Seventy-five machine-guns.
Eleven field pieces.

Grande Montagne Sector:

Three machine-guns.

The following batches of prisoners were captured by the Three Thirteenth:

Montfaucon attack	300
Troyon sector	2
Grande Montagne sector.....	27

STATISTICS ON THE 117TH TRENCH MORTAR BATTERY.

Roster of the Battery at the end of the war:

CAPTAIN J. WOODALL GREENE, *Commanding.*

First Lieutenant Edward G. Reade, M. G.

First Lieutenant Carl F. Michael.

Second Lieutenant Henry H. Hundley.

Second Lieutenant Osborne B. Morrow.

Second Lieutenant Max H. C. Gerumky.

Adreon, W. T., private.	Ford, F. E., private.
Allen, E. H., private.	Foster, A. J., corporal.
Albert, C. L., bugler.	Furlong, R. B., private.
Anderson, R. Q., private.	Ganzhorn, F. M., private.
Atkinson, J. E., wagoner.	Garitee, W. L., private, first-class.
Bannon, T. J., private.	Gerwig, W. B., private, first-class.
Barker, M. R., private, first-class.	Gordon, C. J., corporal.
Barker, R. L., private, first-class.	Greer, G. B., private, first-class.
Barnes, M. L., private.	Gurney, J. T., private.
Baughman, L. B., sergeant.	Hall, M. R., private, first-class.
Block, B., Jr., private, first-class.	Harmon, J. B., Jr., corporal.
Bodein, Harry, private.	Hayes, Othel, private.
Bowen, V. H., private, first-class.	Hickman, O. E., private, first-class.
Brawner, H. P., private.	Hoffman, L. G., private.
Brooks, R. M., private.	Holbein, F. L., private, first-class.
Brown, J. E., private.	Holmes, G. C., corporal.
Busick, W. N., private.	Holtz, A. F., Jr., private.
Byrnes, W. J., private, first-class.	Horn, J. K., corporal.
Cairnes, R. M., private, first-class.	Horner, C. L., private.
Callow, P. R., private, first-class.	Hubbard, T. L., private.
Cammann, W. G., private.	Hunt, P. W., private, first-class.
Campbell, T. D., private, first-class.	Isaac, J. E., private.
Carroll, H. I., bugler.	Jackson, W. H., private, first-class.
Cassidy, J. F., corporal.	James, W. R., private, first-class.
Clark, G. G., private, first-class.	Johnson, W. H., private, first-class.
Clark, J. A., private.	Jones, C. H., private, first-class.
Clarke, S. M., wagoner.	Jubb, W. J., private.
Crowl, H. W., private.	Kaissling, E. C., private, first-class.
Davison, C., private, first-class.	King, C. N., private, first-class.
Dearhart, R. A., corporal.	Klein, H. S., private.
Doyle, W. E., corporal.	Klock, J. J., private.
Dumler, E. A., sergeant.	Kohlhepp, A. E., private.
Dwyer, L. M., private, first-class.	Krastell, O. R., Jr., private.
Edwards, E. K., Jr., corporal.	Kratz, H. A., private.
Evans, L. R., corporal.	Kunst, A., private, first-class.
Fanning, H. W., corporal.	Labanz, J. J., private, first-class.
Farnandis, W., private.	Lamorelle, P. F., private, first-class.
Feustter, H., private.	
Flick, F. C., private.	

- Langenfelder, G. A., private, first-class.
 Lantz, J. P., sergeant.
 Lathroum, I. G. R., private.
 Lawson, C. A., horseshoer.
 Lean, J. T., private.
 Lenhart, A. T., private.
 Leonhardt, C., private.
 Letzer, E. A., Jr., private.
 Lewis, R. A., private.
 Magruder, R. B., corporal.
 Marley, N. T., private.
 Masson, S., corporal.
 Mealy, J. K., corporal.
 Montgillion, J. L., mechanic.
 Mulcahy, O. L., private.
 Mullen, J. H., Jr., private.
 Murphy, J. J., corporal.
 Murphy, T. A., private.
 Myers, H. J., private.
 Nichols, W. T., sergeant.
 Norton, T. M., private, first-class.
 O'Brien, F. A., private.
 O'Brien, W. T., mechanic.
 Osborne, R. M., private.
 Perego, F. C., cook.
 Peters, J. E., private.
 Peterson, F. E., private, first-class.
 Pettit, H. C., sergeant.
 Price, T. C., private.
 Pridgeon, E. W., private.
 Pryor, A. R., mechanic.
 Quinn, R. I., private.
 Rannels, E. N., corporal.
 Ridgely, S. S., sergeant.
 Rigden, N. L., private.
 Rollins, J. G., corporal.
 Ruhlman, J. P., private, first-class.
 Russ, J. J., private.
 Schmid, H. J., Jr., private.
 Peck, J. A., private.
 Schultze, J. E., cook.
 Sharretts, R. A., private.
 Shea, F. E., private.
 Siffrin, H. E., private, first-class.
 Skinner, W. H., mechanic.
 Smith, A. G., horseshoer.
 Smith, W. J., private.
 Smoot, P. A., private.
 Solomon, S. L., cook.
 Sporrer, T. W., sergeant.
 Stansbury, H. D., private, first-class.
 Stein, J. P., mechanic.
 Stevens, L. E., corporal.
 Stout, A. R., private, first-class.
 Stout, C. W., sergeant.
 Stricker, W. H., private.
 Suter, J. W., corporal.
 Vogelsang, F. P., private.
 Vordemberge, D. C., private.
 Walter, C. E., Jr., private, first-class.
 Warner, W. E., sergeant.
 Wasserman, E., private.
 Weber, G. P., sergeant.
 Weise, W. A., private, first-class.
 Weller, L. D., private, first-class.
 Wells, R. N., private, first-class.
 Whelpley, M. E., private.
 Whitaker, J. L., private.
 Winand, W. T., private, first-class.
 Wolf, D. L., corporal; died in hospital after armistice.
 Wood, E. B., saddler.
 Woodall, E. T., private, first-class.
 Yarnall, R. A., sergeant.
 Yeatman, C. G., private.
 Yewell, J. B., private.
 Young, J. A., private, first-class.
 Young, M. G., private.
 Zeller, W. W., corporal.

Transferred from the Battery during its service in France:

- Lieutenant-Colonel Robert J. Gill, Assistant Chief of Staff, Forty-second Division.
 Captain Richard E. Carson, returned home as instructor.
 Sergeant W. V. Archer, Special Training Board, A. P. O., 727.
 Private E. O. Birkhead, Headquarters Troop, Forty-second Division.
 Private T. C. Brittain, address unknown, forward to us.
 Private C. F. Brown, Base Hospital No. 9.
 Private J. M. Cole, Base Hospital No. 42, A. P. O. 731.
 Private R. E. Cooney, Jr., Headquarters Troop, Forty-second Division.

Private E. B. Ensor, obtain address from relatives.

Private W. W. Fields, Base Hospital No. 20.

Bugler A. W. Fischer, Headquarters Company, F. A. R. R., A. P. O. 778.

T. L. Gladmon, A. P. O. 727.

Private J. H. Gochnauer, Headquarters Company, U. S. C. C., A. P. O. 727.

Sergeant R. B. Holmes, Engineers' Candidates School, A. P. O. 714.

Wagoner J. M. Huppman, address unknown, forward to us.

Second Lieutenant H. F. Miller, obtain address from relatives.

Private L. L. Norton, Advisory Section, S. O. S., A. P. O., 757.

First-class Private R. M. Pryor, Headquarters Detachment, Sixty-seventh F. A. Brigade.

First-class Private P. E. Ratcliffe, Headquarters Detachment, Sixty-seventh F. A. Brigade.

Sergeant O. S. Travers, Army Candidates School, A. P. O. 718.

Sergeant F. C. Wells, Army Candidates School, A. P. O. 718.

Sergeant J. H. Williams, Army Candidates School, A. P. O. 718.

Second Lieutenant V. V. Wilson, Second A. L. C., A. P. O. 717.

Sergeant M. Wright, Trench Artillery Center, Vitrey (instructor).

First-class Private V. J. Yealdhall, Headquarters Detachment, Sixty-seventh F. A. Brigade.

Sergeant M. W. Joint, One Hundred and Seventeenth Supply Train, A. P. O. 715.

Sergeant C. C. Normont, One Hundred and Seventeenth Supply Train, A. P. O. 715.

The following members of the battery were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for valor in action:

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert J. Gill.

Sergeant Charles W. Stout.

Mechanician John P. Stein.

Corporal Russell A. Yarnall.

Private James E. Potts (killed).

Corporal Joseph N. Walker.

Corporal Thomas W. Sporrer.

Corporal Harry W. Fanning.

Private Bernard J. Block.

Private Raymond Bryant.

The following men of the Battery received the Distinguished Service Cross for valor in action:

Lieutenant Carl F. Michael.

Sergeant Vance V. Wilson.

Corporal Charles J. Blankfard (killed).

Private George B. Greer.

Corporal James P. Lantz.

Mechanician John P. Stein.

Corporal Harry W. Fanning.

Private Bernard J. Block.

Following are the men of the Battery who were killed in action :

Private James E. Potts.
Corporal Charles J. Blankford.
Private Harry P. Cushen.
Private Franklin A. Landram.
Electrician George Clark.
Corporal Dupont Wolf.

SOME DATA CONCERNING THE SECOND BATTALION, 110TH FIELD ARTILLERY REGIMENT.

Following is a list of the officers and men of the original Battery A as it stood ready for Mexican border duty in June, 1916:

Captain William Fell Johnson, Jr.
First Lieutenant Gustavus Ober, Jr.
Second Lieutenant Joseph G. Ridgley, Jr.
Second Lieutenant A. Hunter Boyd, Jr.

SERGEANTS.

Baily Chapman,
Cooper H. Drewry,
Gresham H. Poe,
D. Stewart Ridgley,

G. C. Swope,
Edwin Warfield, Jr.,
D. List Warner.

CORPORALS.

W. G. Bowdoin, Jr.,
William G. Danny,
D. H. Gorman,
J. Morrison Harris,
Philip H. Harrison,

W. W. Lanahan,
W. B. M. McCormick,
Alex H. Rutherford,
Blanchard Randall, Jr.,
Frank B. Smith.

PRIVATES.

Addison O. Armstrong,
Jesse L. Boynton,
Allen S. Bowie,
John Bosley, Jr.,
Charles H. Boehm,
George Blakiston,
Brooke Bird,
D. W. Barton,
Howard Baetjer,
George G. Buck,
Charles Buchanan,
S. Bonsal Brooks,
T. Buchanan Blackston,
Francis R. Cross,
B. Warren Corkran,
J. Key Compton,
Iredell W. Iglehart,
Bartlett F. Johnson,
Richard N. Jackson,
N. W. James,
A. P. Knapp, Jr.,
Frank R. Kent,
R. G. Lowndes,
W. Penn Lewis, Jr.,
E. W. Love,
Leonidas Levering, Jr.,
Vivian C. Leftwich,
Edwin J. Lee,
R. P. H. McLean,
T. H. McCoy, Jr.,
A. Bradford McElderry,
W. Canby Marye,
Barnes Compton,

F. C. Colston,
John H. Cates,
Henry T. Duer,
A. Adgate Duer,
Thomas Donaldson,
Robert H. Deford,
John Deford,
H. B. Davis,
J. Howard Eager,
Robert W. Forsyth,
T. Marshall Forsyth,
W. S. Franklin, Jr.,
H. Findlay French,
Robertson Griswold,
Frank Gosnell, Jr.,
W. H. B. Goodwin,
F. Lawrence Goodwin,
Martin Gillett,
George M. Gillett,
Donald N. Gilpin,
H. Granger Gaither,
Harry P. Gallagher,
J. C. Gittings, Jr.,
Guy T. O. Holliday,
R. C. Hoffman, Jr.
F. B. Harvey,
C. W. Harvey,
Hall Harrison,
H. P. Harrison,
Artemus Harlan,
J. Custis Handy,
D. C. Handy,
W. H. Harris, Jr.,

Francis N. Iglehart,
Joseph A. W. Iglehart,
James R. Manning,
Richard MacSherry,
Pierce Marston,
H. J. Matthews,
A. Rege Nelson,
Johnson Orrick,
H. A. Orrick, Jr.,
C. Leonard Ober,
J. Hambleton Ober,
Frank B. Ober,
Albert G. Ober,
W. A. Parker,
G. B. Penniman,
J. Harvey Rowland,
C. Ransom Rowland,
James B. Robertson,
Charles F. Roberts,

Joseph G. Ridgely, Jr.,
Charles B. Reeves,
Francis K. Reed,
Ernest Roberts,
Nathan R. Smith, Jr.,
Harold W. Smith,
W. Donnell Stewart,
Rossiter S. Scott,
Horatio W. Turner,
John G. Thomas,
Stewart B. Taylor,
Lawrence S. Wroth,
Fred B. Wood,
R. W. Williams,
B. D. Williams, Jr.,
G. W. C. Whiting,
S. Bonsal White,
Henry M. Warfield, Jr.,
W. B. Waterman.

Some of the men old Battery A gave to other branches of the service during the Great War:

TO THE REGULAR ARMY.

George M. Gillett, captain; James R. Manning, lieutenant; George Ross Rede, lieutenant; David W. Barton, lieutenant; Alexander Payson Knapp, Jr., lieutenant; Stewart B. Taylor, lieutenant; Thomas H. McCoy, Jr., lieutenant.

TO THE OFFICERS' RESERVE CORPS.

Walter G. Bowdoin, captain, Infantry; John E. Deford, lieutenant, engineers; Robert B. Deford, captain, quartermaster; Walter S. Franklin, captain, quartermaster; H. Findlay French, captain, quartermaster; F. Lawrence Goodwin, lieutenant, infantry; J. A. W. Iglehart, lieutenant, artillery; John H. Ober, lieutenant, artillery; Ernest Roberts, captain, quartermaster; James H. Rowland, lieutenant, artillery; Rossiter S. Scott, captain, engineers; Frank B. Smith, captain, quartermaster; Frank B. Ober, lieutenant, artillery; Hall Harrison, captain, artillery; Donald N. Gilpin, lieutenant, artillery; Fred C. Colston, lieutenant, artillery (killed in France); Philip H. Harrison, lieutenant, artillery; J. Howard Eager, captain, artillery; Richard MacSherry, lieutenant, quartermaster.

TO THE CANDIDATE OFFICERS' SCHOOLS.

Laertes P. Springs, Key Compton, Jr., George G. Buck, Paul R. Powell, Robert D. Frick, Frank Gosnell, Jr., F. Barton Harvey, Clinton K. MacSherry, Thomas H. McKay, Robert P. McLean, Leonard Ober, Johnson Orrick, George D. Penniman, Jr., David C. Sanford, Talbot T. Spear, Benjamin D. Williams, Wilmer Hoffman.

TO UNITED STATES AIR SERVICE.

Lieutenant George Ewing, Jr. (killed in France); Lieutenant Louis R. ("Babe") Ewing (killed in France); F. K. Read, Charles S. Roberts, Brooke G. Bird, Charles B. Reeves.

TO THE U. S. NAVAL RESERVE FORCE.
Harry A. Orrick, Jr.

TO THE AMBULANCE SERVICE IN FRANCE.
Gaylord B. Brooks.

Officers of the original Maryland Field Artillery Battalion,
110th Regiment, that grew out of Battery A:

BATTERY A (later Battery D).

Captain J. Craig McLanahan.

Lieutenants, Edwin Warfield, Jr., J. Morrison Harris, Blanchard
Randall, Jr., D. List Warner.

BATTERY B (later Battery E).

Captain Gustavus Ober, Jr.

Lieutenants, Gresham Poe, Frank H. Frisbie, Charles B. Reeves,
Beverly Ober.

BATTERY C (later Battery F).

Captain A. Hunter Boyd.

Lieutenants, Albert G. Ober, Richard B. Chapman, S. Bonsal
Brooks, William G. Dancy.

ORIGINAL ROSTER OF BATTERY F. 58TH REGIMENT, FIRST ARMY ARTILLERY.

Capt. Rudolph Ritterbusch
First Lieut. Felix A. Leser
Second Lieut. J. F. Baker

Lieut. Frederick Henninghausen
Lieut. W. P. Prout
Lieut. Charles A. Witz

SERGEANTS

Sergt. James E. Wilson
Sergt. R. L. Dandridge
Sergt. Francis E. Beacham
Sergt. David A. Brown
Sergt. John G. Caldwell
Sergt. Percy R. Gorrell

Sergt. Vernon L. Harbaugh
Sergt. M. M. Jacobs
Sergt. Eugene B. Kelly
Sergt. Michael J. McHugh
Sergt. Salem W. Royston
Sergt. Robert H. Smith

CORPORALS

John K. Bates
Stanley M. Bouis
Charles S. Brauner
Harry T. Brice
Guy E. Childs
Edward C. Dayve
Harry M. Diffenderfer
Charles A. Fauth
Paul H. Hasselbacher
Merrill M. Hieatzman
Elias T. Hoffstetter
William H. Hobbo

John A. James
James F. Jones
F. M. Lazenby
Emile R. Mohler
James H. Patton, Jr.
Walton C. Orrell, Jr.
George M. Parr
Milton E. Poole
Richard H. Pratt
James R. Ridgley
Samuel A. Tubman
Bryant E. Baker

MECHANICS

Wilmer O. Andrews
Wilford N. Davis
Frank Kelly

Daniel J. Krauder
William B. Leager
James G. McGee

BUGLERS

Howard L. Sutton

Edward C. Fillack
Albert J. Miller

COOKS

Ernest Brownhill
Edward F. Bentz

Michael Knell
John G. Massey

PRIVATEES

Swope Acker
Robert N. Abrecht
Howard K. Baker
Everett J. Baker
Solon L. Baker
Richard J. Barron
Hayward T. Barton
Gaac Baunn
John Baylor
Omar C. Bennett
Nelson E. Berliner
Stanley F. Bond
Elmer L. Bonsall
Anthony Bouchet

Charles Bovlit
William F. Bleakley
Samuel Blunt
Franklin S. Brown
George C. Brown
Robert E. Brown
S. Stewart Brown
Francis J. Buchanan
Max Budnick
Robert S. Burwell
Jacob R. Button, Jr.
Thomas L. Carnes
J. S. Carroll
Francis B. Carter

PRIVATES

Arthur W. Chambers	Preston L. Hohn
Ernest L. Chell	John F. Horrigan
Charles E. Childs	John S. Houch
James B. Chipchase	Francis Dorsey Howard
Raymond S. Clarke	Herbert O. Howard
William H. Clark	Edward L. Hyland
John H. Collision	James H. Jacobs
William H. Corddry	Talbott W. Jenkins
John M. Covell	James C. Jenkins
John D. Cox	George J. Johnson
John Stanley Cooke	Howard Kellogg
Clarence A. Coseno, Jr.	Thomas J. Kenney
Joseph F. Coursey	Charles Reynolds Kershaw
James H. Cramer	James J. King
Cameron Cromwell	Joseph V. Kolb
Warren P. Culbertson	Charles J. Kondner
Walter B. Cutsail	Walter W. Korpman
Joseph G. Dahlen	Thomas M. Landy
Harry E. Dashiell	Harry J. Lang
William F. Dashiell	Milton W. Leimbach
James H. Davis	Denny Lewis
Charles A. Day	Norman L. Lewis
Malcolm G. Denton	Dave Lipsey
Herbert G. Dorney	Elmer J. Litz
Percy F. Dorney	Clarence H. Little
Charles G. Dunn	Richard T. Long
Harry A. Durney	John G. Ludwig
George Duvall, Jr.	Raymond A. Maloney
Austin J. Dyer	John W. McAllister
Charles F. Easton	Eston McFadden
Charles F. Easton	Ralph L. McFaul
Earle R. Ebi	James P. McGregor
Paul W. Englar	John J. McGuire
Lawrence C. Evans	Lawrence A. McHugh
S. S. Field, Jr.	Bowie McKanzie
Clarence E. Foulke	Chester Meredith
Frederick W. Freimuth	John G. Miller
Dick Gallagher	Randolph B. Milton
Richard Gallagher	Eustis E. Morsberger
Charles L. Gibbons	Louis E. Murkey
William H. Gittings, Jr.	Francis G. Murphy
Edward C. Golder	John J. Murphy
Edward Glatt	Martin F. Murray
Louis Glatt	William L. Musch
Edward Glowka	Linn W. Myers
Clayton M. Groff	Edward Neserke
James E. Green	Charles W. New
William F. Gover	R. A. Nicholson
James W. Goodman	Charles A. Nicodemus, Jr.
Horace K. Hansberger	Robert N. Nicodemus
H. A. Harling	William J. Norman
Leo E. Hare	Bernard B. Norton
Edgar B. Harrod	William P. Nixon
Ollie H. Herder	George E. Off
Charles V. Hoddinott	John A. Oliver
Thomas L. Hodges	Joseph R. Ozman
John W. Hogg	Orville Painter
William J. Holton, Jr.	H. Orr Pencock

PRIVATEES

Ralph C. Payne
Kenneth L. Peddicord
Kennbert Picker, Jr.
James O. Pippen
Douglas G. Pollard
James E. Poulton
William A. Phipps
Roland S. Quick
George C. Rasch
Leo C. Read
Edwin Hall Reich
John C. Reidman
George J. Reippel
William H. Richardson
Henry B. Richmond
Norman W. Romoser
James W. Ruark
Luiford H. Ruth
Luther D. Salem
William J. Schaeffer
George Schleunes, Jr.
Charles J. Schwab
Thomas P. Scott
Edward M. Shane
Harry E. Shaw
James D. Shea
Herbert R. Shilling

Raymond W. Shipe
Edwin D. Shriner, Jr.
Barney S. Skarass
Charles W. Slagle, Jr.
William H. Slasman
Waynard E. Smith
Lawrence Sonneborn
Arthur L. Sorrell
Anthony F. Stadler
Maurice L. Starkey
Charles E. Stephens
William E. Stevens
Charles A. Stewart
Frank A. Swegon
Daniel H. Swindermon
John M. Tate
Samuel O. Thomas
William E. Thompson
Leonard J. Tolodziecki
Jerome B. Trout
Cromwell Warner
Otto A. Werner
Robert K. West, Jr.
John Winand
James Woods
Arthur C. Wright
John J. Zankus

Maryland's Honor Roll

MARYLAND'S HONOR ROLL.

This is a list of the men of the State of Maryland who died for the great principles upon which the United States went to war. The author of this book is indebted to the Historical Division of the Maryland Council of Defense for the compilation of names. It is reproduced here as it stood corrected up to April 6, 1919.

Because the compilation of an absolute accurate list may not come for many months, and because the author believes the people of Maryland want to hear as soon as possible as complete a story as possible of the fighting its sons did in the Great War, this list is submitted now. The perspective with which future historians see the events chronicled here may bring about as many changes in their stories as the slow accumulation of statistics may bring about in Maryland's honor roll.

A

- | | |
|---|--|
| Abbott, Maurice L. (Corporal—Army). | Alexander, John A. (Second Lieutenant—Army), Keymar, Md. |
| Abbott, Raymond R. (Private—Army). | Alexander, John M. (Private—Army), Baltimore. |
| Aberman, Harry (Private—Army). | Allen, Lewis W. (Private—Army), Finchville, Md. |
| Adams, John Carver (Captain—Army), Montgomery county. | Alley, James (Private—Army), Fallston, Md. |
| Adams, Lewis, Jr. (Private—Army), Thurmont, Md. | Allison, Edgar G. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore. |
| Adams, Louis Raymond (Private—Army), Baltimore. | Alt, Henry, Jr. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore. |
| Adams, William (Private—Army), Bellevue. | Althouse, George (Lieutenant—Army), Cumberland, Md. |
| Adams, William J. (Private—Army), Baltimore. | Aman, Joseph L. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md. |
| Adrian, Henry C. (Private—Army), Baltimore. | Ameling, John J. (Private—Army), Woodwardville, Md. |
| Ahring, Harry C. (Private—Army), Baltimore. | Amrhein, William (Private—Army), Baltimore. |
| Airey, Alfred J. (Private—Army), Baltimore. | Anderson, Ambrose N. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore. |
| Airey, George E. (Private—Army), Baltimore. | Anderson, John T. (Mechanic—Army), Church Hill, Md. |
| Akers, Byron V. (Corporal—Army), Frederick. | Andrews, Charles H. (Private—Army), Baltimore. |
| Albert, Walter G. (Private—Army), Hagerstown. | Andrews, Junius (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore. |
| Alder, A. Garland (Private—Army), Brunswick, Md. | Andrews, Morris (Corporal—Army), Annapolis, Md. |
| Aleshire, Isaac (Fireman—Navy), Baltimore. | |

Apple, Isaac H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Armiger, George J. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Armstrong, Clarence (Private—Army), Frederick.
 Armstrong, Harry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Armstrong, Robert M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Arrington, Joshua E., Baltimore.
 Asbury, Everett F. (Private—

Army), Street, Md., R. F. D., No. 2.
 Asquith, Calvin (Private—Army), Edgewater, Md.
 Atkinson, Robert B. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Atwood, William E. (Private—Army), Rockville, Md.
 Augenstein, Melvin M. (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
 Austrian, Seligman B. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Awner, Maurice (Private—Army), Baltimore.

B

Bacon, Charles A. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Baden, Norwood (Private—Army), Baden, Md.
 Bader, Joseph A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Baer, Bainard C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Baker, Claude Albert (Seaman—Navy), Sparrows Point, Md.
 Baker, Frederick H. (Private—Army), Roland Park, Md.
 Baker, George M. (Lieutenant—Army), Rodgers' Forge, Md.
 Baker, Johnnie (Private—Army), Willards, Md., R. F. D., No. 2, Box. 33.
 Baker, Marshall S. (Private—Army), Finzel, Md.
 Baker, Murry (Private—Army), New Midway, Md.
 Baker, William R. (Private—Army), Lutherville, Md.
 Baldwin, Charles A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Baldwin, Lewis R. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Baldwin, Wilbur F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Ball, Spicer (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Ball, Alvin (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Ballard, Herman (Private—Army), Hebron, Md.
 Balling, Benjamin F. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Bandel, Edgar L. (Private—Army), Orangeville, Md.
 Barber, Francis F. (Private—Army), Laytonsville, Md.
 Bangs, Theodore E. (Private—

Marine Corps), Stemmers Run, Md.
 Barber, Lewis E., Hagerstown, Md.
 Barroll, Ernest M. (Private—Army), Horton, Md.
 Barry, Edward (Private—Army), Eckhart Mines, Md.
 Barry, Thomas W. (Private—Army), Eckhart Mines, Md.
 Barrett, Norman Ashton (Lieutenant—Army), Pensacola, Fla.
 Barth, Herman A. (Corporal—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Bartozaves, Frank (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bascoe, Thomas (Private—Army), St. Mary's County.
 Bassford, Wallace Lee (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Baum, John J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bauman, Raymond F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Baumbblatt, Melvin (Navy), Baltimore.
 Baxley, W. Brown (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Bayer, Russell J. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Baynard, Norman Wesley, Ridgely, Md.
 Bayne, Samuel E. (Private—Army), Towson, Md.
 Beachley, Hobert M. (Private—Army), Burkittsville, Md.
 Beall, Vincent L. (Private—Army), Jessups, Md.
 Bean, Frederick (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Bean, John B. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Beasman, Carl William (Private—Marine Corps), Eldersburg, Md.
 Beauchamp, Oliver T. (First Lieutenant—Army), Princess Anne, Md.
 Becker, Gerald (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Becker, Clarence M. (Private—Army), Williamstown, Md.
 Bell, Rev. Arthur (Chaplain—Army), Brunswick, Md.
 Bell, Clarence L. (Machinist—Army), Baltimore.
 Bell, Edward J., Jr. (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Bell, George A. (Cook—Army), Baltimore.
 Benda, John J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Benesch, Milton (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Benjamin, Simon (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Benner, Alvy (Private—Army), Sharpsburg, Md.
 Bennett, Eugene J. (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Bennett, Morris W. (Musician—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Bennick, Martin (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Benson, Percy (Lieutenant—Canadian Expeditionary Force), Baltimore.
 Benton, Howard (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bentzel, Arthur H. (Private—Army), Emmitsburg, Md.
 Berfeld, Philip R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Berger, Frank (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Berlau, Frederick (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Besse, Anthony (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bester, Edward J. (Private—Army), Hagerstown.
 Biden, Edward L. (Private—Army), Walbrook.
 Bielatowicz, John William, Baltimore.
 Bigham, Robert R. (Private—Army), Dunseith, Md.
 Billingslea, C. C. (Major—Army), Westminster, Md.
 Billingsley, Raymond W. (Sergeant—Army), Monkton, Md.
 Binhack, Arvil M. (Private—Army), Princeton, Md.
 Biscoe, Albert J. (Wagoner—Army), Baltimore.
 Biscoe, Raymond C. (Private—Army), Valley Lee, Md.
 Biscoe, William J. (Private—Army), Valley Lee, Md.
 Blades, Julius C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Biser, John L. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md., R. F. D. No. 3.
 Black, Morris (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Blackston, John F. (Private—Army), Trappe, Md.
 Blackwell, Julius (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Blank, George (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Blankford, Charles J., Jr. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Bloom, William D. (Corporal—Army), Robinson Mount, Md.
 Blueford, William J. (Private—Army), Crisfield, Md.
 Bode, Walter G. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Boggs, Blaine, Showells, Md.
 Bonneville, Edward (Private—Army), Stockton, Md., R. F. D. No. 2.
 Bonne, James Earl (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Boots, Samuel C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bopst, Thomas R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bornhorn, Henry (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Bosley, Clarence E. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Bosse, Anthony John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Boswell, Henry H. (Private—Army), Rosaryville, Md.
 Bowers, Fred R. (Corporal—Army), Hagerstown.
 Bowie, William (Private—Army), Chesapeake City, Md.
 Boyd, Isaac (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Bradshaw, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Brandau, Raymond A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Brandt, Carl R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Branson, Joseph H. (Private—Army), Clements, Md.
 Brashears, James H. B. (Lieutenant—Marine Corps), Annapolis, Md.
 Braunschweiger, Henry A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Brice, William, Shady Side, Md.
 Briggs, Walter M. (Private—Army), Gaithersburg, Md.
 Briscoe, Albert J., Jr. (Private Army), Baltimore.
 Britt, Edward (Private — Army), Midlothian, Md.
 Brittingham, Claude J. (Private —Army), Pocomoke City, Md.
 Brittingham, Ralph L. (Private —Army), Berlin, Md.
 Broadwater, Sheridan (Private Army), New Germany, Md.
 Brock, Warren L. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Brok, Francis (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Brooks, Pomfret, Md.
 Brooks, Harry V. (Private — Marine Corps), Henrytown, Md.
 Brooks, Walter J. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Brown, Alonzo (Private — Army), Olivet, Md.
 Brown, Dulbert (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Brown, Fenton, Brownsville, Md.
 Brown, Frenk M. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Brown, Guy O. (Mechanic — Army), Phoenix, Md.
 Brown, Lester C. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Brown, Newton (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Brown, William S. (Private — Army), Scotch Hill, Lonaconing, Md.
 Bruehl, Charles F. (Sergeant—Army), Glenive, Md.
 Bruff, Leroy J. (Sergeant — Army), Baltimore.
 Buchanan, Earl S., Cumberland, Md.
 Buckingham, Jennings Alceous (Private—Army), Mt. Airy, Md.
 Buhl, William J. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Bullock, Daniel J. (Musician—Army), Baltimore.
 Bundick, Clinton C. (Private—Army), Pocomoke, Md.
 Bundy, Robert F. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Bunke, William (Private — Army), Union Bridge, Md.
 Burdick, Harold Stacey (Lieutenant-Commander — Navy), Annapolis, Md.
 Burger, Raymond F. (Sergeant —Army), Baltimore.
 Burgess, Herman E. (Private—Army), Hyattsville, Md.
 Burgess, William Earl (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Burk, Conrad C. (Corporal — Army), Hagerstown.
 Burke, Jesse D. (Private — Army), Kemptown, Md.
 Burke, Olin, Allegany county.
 Burkhart, John R., Allegany county.
 Burley, Daniel (Private — Army), Ellerslie, Md.
 Burns, Jesse L. (Wagoner — Army), Monrovia, Md.
 Burns, Noel L. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Butler, Clarence (Private — Army), Nottingham, Md.
 Butler, Edward E. (First Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Butzner, John F. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Byrd, Robert D. S. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.

C

- Cable, Harry K. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Cader, Albert G. (Civilian), Brunswick, Md.
 Cahn, Bernard J. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Caldwell, J. E. (Private — Army), Galena, Md.
 Calhoun, Earl M. (Private — Army), Garrett county, Md.
 Campbell, Hurst V. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Campbell, Samuel T. (Private Army), Eckhart Mines, Md.
 Campbell, William W. (Private —Army), Baltimore.

- Canty, John B. (Private — Army), Midland, Md.
 Carey, James F. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Carey, Ollie (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Carney, Charles V., Allegany county, Md.
 Carney, Edward (Private—Army), Mount Savage, Md.
 Carney, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Carney, Joseph, Allegany county, Md.
 Carr, Benjamin S. (Corporal—Army), Annapolis, Md.
 Carr, James L. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Carroll, Frederick F. (Sergeant—Army), Monrovia, Md.
 Carroll, James Alfred, Jr. (Private—Army), Galena, Md.
 Carroll, John (Private—Army), Galena, Md.
 Carroll, William (Private — Army), Bellevue, Md.
 Carson, James L. (Corporal—Army), Frostburg, Md.
 Casey, Harry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Cayer, Albert J. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Cassine, Clarence R. (Private—Army), Pearson, Md.
 Cates, John M. (Lieutenant—Commander—Navy), Annapolis, Md.
 Chalk, William E. (Chief Yeoman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Chambers, Collins (Private — Army), Chestertown, Md.
 Chambers, John J. (Private—Army), Ellicott City, Md.
 Chambers, Walter W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Chaney, Arthur L. (Musician—Army), Cumberland.
 Chaney, Joseph H., Dunkirk, Md.
 Chenoweth, Okey R. (Private—Army), Cardiff, Md.
 Chisholm, George E. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Church, John (Private—Army), Box No. 1, Salisbury, Md.
 Ciambruschini, Julius (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Ciborowski, Stanislaw (Private Army), Baltimore.
 Clagett, Honore M., Jr. (Navy), Petersville, Md.
 Clark, George G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Clark, Halford (Lieutenant—Army), Washington, D. C.
 Clark, William Russel (Navy), Baltimore.
 Clazey, William F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Cline, Benjamin F. (Private—Army), Thurmont, Md.
 • Cling, Harry L. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Clopper, John E. (Corporal—Army), Boonesboro, Md.
 Cloud, Seymour (Private — Army), Keep Tryst, Md.
 Clubb, Charles R. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Coale, William E. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Cochrane, Stanley L. (Lieutenant—Army), Crisfield, Md.
 Cockey, William Warfield, Jr. (Private—Army), Norfolk, Va.
 Cofran, Edward (Private — Army), Finksburg, Md.
 Cohee, Samuel B. (Private — Army), Marydel, Md.
 Cohen, Isadore (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Cohen, Louis (Boatswain's Mate—Navy), Baltimore.
 Cohen, Samuel J. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Cole, Albert (Stevedore—Navy), Baltimore.
 Cole, Clarence H. (Private — Army), Perryville, Md.
 Cole, Robert L. R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Coleman, George F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Coleman, Robert H. (Lieutenant Army), Baltimore.
 Collins, Andrew H. (Private—Army), Snow Hill, Md.
 Collins, George B. (Cadet — Army), Baltimore.
 Colston, Frederick C. (Captain Army), Baltimore.
 Compher, William B. (Private—Army), Poolesville, Md.
 Connelly, Thomas (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Connolly, James, Annapolis, Md.
 Conway, James R. (Sergeant—Army), Cumberland, Md.

- Cook, Abraham A. (Private—Army), Harmons, Md.
 Cook, Robert D. (Private—Army), Oxford, Md.
 Cook, Wayman (Private—Army), Queenstown, Md.
 Cooley, Vincent—Clinton, Md.
 Cooper, Abraham (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Cooper, James (Private—Army), Prince George, Maryland.
 Cordell, Littleton T. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Corrigan, Harry C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Corson, Horace V. (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Corson, James L. (Corporal—Army), Frostburg, Md.
 Costello, Frank M. (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Couchman, Edward H. (Private—Army), Mount Washington, Md.
 Coulbourn, Lloyd R. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Coulson, William Hilary (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Council, Julius K. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Coutogianis, Stove (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Covington, George (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Cox, Charlotte A. (Nurse—Army), Baltimore.
 Craig, Charles B. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Crampton, William L. (Private—Army), Sharpsburg, Md.
 Crandell, Boyed (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Crandell, Thomas, McKendree, Md.
 Creek, Charles (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Creek, George (Private—Army), Hancock, Md.
 Creighton, John (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Cresap, Jas. McDowell (Lieutenant-Commander—Navy), Annapolis.
 Crispens, Howard E. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Crist, Samuel J. (Private—Army), South Cumberland, Md.
 Croker, Edward B. (Navy), Baltimore.
 Cromwell, Alfred J. (Private—Army), Lake Rowland, Md.
 Cronin, Herbert W., Allegany county.
 Cronkrite, Alex. P. (Major—Army), Baltimore.
 Cross, James Frank Marston (Chief gunner's mate—Navy), Baltimore.
 Cruise, James G. (Private—Army), Westernport, Md.
 Crum, Walter Cramer (Private—Army), Walkersville, Md.
 Cucchiella, Emidie (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Cullen, Michael F. (Private—Army), Westernport, Md.
 Cullison, George G. (Private—Army), Deals Island, Md.
 Cullum, Robert V. (Private—Army), Aberdeen, Md.
 Cunningham, Ray D. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Curry, Otis (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Curtis, Wallis (Private—Army), Poplar Hill, Md.
 Cushen, Harry P. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Custer, Sherman B. (Private—Army), Swanton, Md.

D

- Dahlfield, Henry (Private—Army), Chestertown, Md.
 Dandridge, Clayton (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Daniels, Benjamin N. (Machineist—Navy), Olivet, Md.
 Dantone, Sam (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Daughton, Clarence (Private—Army), Pylesville, Md.
 Davenport, Isaac (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Davis, Charles (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Davis, Charles E. (Bugler—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Davis, Clarence S. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Davis, George B. (Private—Army), Hebron, Md.

- Davis, George H. (Sergeant—Army), Easton, Md.
 Davis, Jeff (Private—Army), Centreville, Md.
 Davis, Joseph L. (Corporal—Army), Havre de Grace, Md.
 Davis, Richard N. (First Lieutenant—Army), Chautauqua Cottage, Md.
 Day, Jerome L. (Private—Army), Ellicott City, Md.
 Day, Joseph E. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Deal, Jacob E. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Deal, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dean, David J. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Dearnberger, Edward L. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Degiacomo, Nicholas (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 DeGoey, Louis R. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Delcher, Edward N. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Deller, John J. (Private—Army), Catonsville.
 Delss, William E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dennis, Ma ulden (Private—Army), Elkton, Md.
 Dennison, Harry I. (Private—Army), Clinton, Md.
 Dertzbaugh, William L. (Private Army), Frederick.
 Devilbiss, Herbert (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Diangelo, James J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dickey, Allen (Private—Army), Oella, Md.
 Dietz, Joseph G. (Sergeant—Army), Highlandtown.
 Disharoom, William W. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Disney, Leroy R. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Disney, Wilmer A. (Private—Army), Bowie, Md.
 Dixon, Rodney E. (Private—Army), Funkstown, Md.
 Dobson, Harvey (Private—Army), Cordova, Md.
 Dobrzykowski, Frank (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dodson, Cyrus W. (Private—Army), Manokin, Md.
 Doerfler, Charles J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dolan, Ernest W. (Private—Army), Twiggstown, Md.
 Domer, Frederick (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Donaldson, Fleming, Allegany county.
 Doran, Elwood (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dorn, Andrew (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dorsey, Harry H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dorsey, Joseph D. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Dorsey, Joseph T. (Private—Army), Abell, Md.
 Dorsey, Walter J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dorsey, William T. (Private—Army), Poplase, Md.
 Dorsey, William—Chesapeake Beach, Md.
 Doshfield, Henry (Private—Army), Chesterville, Md.
 Dowell, Henry E.—Huntingtown, Md.
 Dowling, William H. (Private—Army), Westernport, Md.
 Downs, William H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Doxzon, George (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Doyle, Martin J. (Sergeant—Army), Catonsville.
 Doyle, Wyatt D. (Second Lieutenant—Army), Cavetown, Md.
 Draper, Thomas W. (Ensign—Navy), Brightontown, Md.
 Dresbach, Edward H. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Dressel, J. T. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Drexler, Albert (Private—Army), Curtis Bay, Md.
 Drexler, Ferdinand (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Drohan, Stanley T. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Dryden, Orville G. (Private—Army), Princess Anne, Md.
 Duckay, James (Private—Army), Chesterville, Md.
 Duckery, George Eder (Private—Army), Millington, Md.

Dunnock, John W. (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Dunphy, Page M. (Private—Army), Towson, Md.
 Durochre, Charles (Doctor—Navy), Annapolis, Md.
 Dutkowsky, John J. (Sergeant

—Army), Brooklyn, Md.
 Dyer, Norman (Private—Army), Denton, Md.
 Dykes, John (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Dyson, Aaron (Private—Army), Gaithersburg, Md.

E

Earp, J. Marsden (Lieutenant—Navy), Baltimore.
 Eberlein, Antone (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Edelen, Benedict (Private—Army), Accokeeke, Md.
 Eden, Arthur (Cadet British Royal Aviation Corps), Baltimore.
 Edgar, James A. (Private—Army), McHenry, Md.
 Edwards, Roland (Private—Army), Odenton, Md.
 Egenhoefer, Henry M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Eichelberger, Albert—Clearspring, Md.
 Eichelberger, Edward Carey (Lieutenant—Navy), Baltimore.
 Eichelberger, John (Cook—Army), Blairs Valley, Md.
 Elder, Francis X. (Private—Army), Emmitsburg, Md.
 Eliason, Patrick E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Elliott, Ernest W. (Private—Army), Elliott, Md.
 Elliott, William J. (Private—Army), Park, Md.
 Elmo, Nicola (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Emory, Cyril A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

Emory, German H. H. (Major—Army), Baltimore.
 Engle, Orem Bay (Private—Army), Bittering, Md.
 Engle, Orem R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Enlow, Albert (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Enlow, Harry E. (Private—Army), Friendsville, Md.
 Ensor, Maurice (Navy), Baltimore.
 Erdman, Joseph E. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Ernst, Arnold T. (Private—Army), Perryville, Md.
 Ernst, Harry Lakin, Maugansville, Md.
 Estey, Theodore R. (Private—Army), Ellicott City, Md.
 Etzler, Maurice (Private—Army), New Market, Md.
 Ewing, George W. J. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Ewing, Louis R. (Lieutenant—Army), Brooklandville, Md.
 Exline, Floyd E. (Private—Army), Hancock, Md.
 Eyler, Benjamin F. (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Eyler, Edgar J. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.

F

Fairgrievies, John R. (Sergeant—Army), Moscow, Md.
 Faith, Clifton R. (Sergeant—Army), Relay, Md.
 Farmer, George W. (Private—Army), Hyattsville, Md.
 Farmer, Perry B. (Private—Army), Mardela Springs, Md.
 Farr, William (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Farraday, Hugh (Private—Army), Frostburg, Md.
 Farraday, John, Sr. (Private—

Army), Frostburg, Md.
 Faughander, John F. (Private—Army), Williamsport, Md.
 Fehn, John E. (Private—Army), Rossville, Md.
 Feigley, Edward F. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Feldmann, D. Raymond (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Felter, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Fenwick, Thomas N. (Private—Army), Hyattsville, Md.

- Ferguson, Meredith (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Fields, Daniel, Jr. (Private—Army), Federalsburg, Md.
 Fields, John L. (Private—Army), Kingston Station, Md.
 Firor, Carl L. (Private—Army), Sabillasville, Md.
 Firor, Paul L. (Private—Army), Sabillasville, Md.
 Fisher, Charles W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Fiske, George R. (Private—Army), Linkwood, Md.
 Flaig, Joseph W. (Plumber—Navy), Baltimore.
 Flatters, John R. (Private—Army), Grace City, Md.
 Flechtner, George A. (First Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Fleischman, Frank F. (Private Army), Back River, Md.
 Fleming, William McKnutt—Goldsboro, Md.
 Fletcher, Edward (Private—Army), Beltsville, Md.
 Flood, James E. (Private—Army), Relay, Md.
 Flynn, Frank J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Fohs, Alfred W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Foltz, Robert H.—Hagerstown, Md.
 Fooks, Levin (Private—Army), Berlin, Md.
 Ford, Joseph H. (Private—Army), Landover, Md.
 Ford, Lewis T. (Private—Army), Shady Side, Md.
 Forrest, Henry E. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Forsythe, Joseph A. (Corporal)—Clearspring, Md.
 Forester, Louis G. (Engineer—Navy), Baltimore.
 Foster, Charles N. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Fox, Milton O. (Army), Baltimore.
 Fox, Orestus Samuel (Private—Army), Keymar, Md.
 Fozenbaker, Thomas (Private—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
 Fraley, William E. (Lieutenant Army), Baltimore.
 Fraley, W. T.—Catoctin Furnace, Md.
 Frampton, Howard (Private—Army), Easton, Md.
 Frank, Wilbur H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Frankforter, George Paul (Corporal—Army), Manchester, Md.
 Frantum, Earl (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Frantz, Harry T. (Private—Army), Lutherville, Md.
 Frazier, Thomas W. (Private—Army), Eastport, Md.
 Frederick, Elmer C. (Private—Army), Cockeysville, Md.
 Frederick, Robert B. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Frey, John—Allegany county.
 Fricker, Luther P. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Friend, Owen Foster (Private—Army), Friendsville, Md.
 Frizzell, J. W., Jr. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Frock, Howard (Private—Army), Taneytown, Md.
 Frock, Maurice E. (Private—Marine Corps), Hagerstown, Md.
 Frye, John (Private—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
 Fuchs, John H. (Bugler—Army), Baltimore.
 Fulmer, Monte J. (Corporal—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Fyle, James P. F.—Perryman, Md.

G

- Gaffney, Albert L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gale, Clarence (Lieutenant—Navy), Anne Arundel county.
 Ganster, John (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore.
 Gardina, Vincent (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gardner, Martin E. (Sergeant—Army), Sharpsburg, Md.
 Garner, Basil E. (Private—Army), Shady Side, Md.
 Garner, Harvey E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Garner, William, Anne Arundel county.

- Garrish, Frank T. (Corporal—Army), Williamsport, Md.
 Gast, Oscar L. (Private — Army), Brooklyn, Md.
 Gelwicks, Charles E. (Private—Army), Emmitsburg, Md.
 Goejenskiowski, Bronistan (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gersuk, Jacob (Private—Army), Arlington, Md.
 Gibson James F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gillen, John J. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Glantz, George R. (Private—Marine Corps), Hamilton, Md.
 Glenn, Leslie Paret (Private—Army), High Point, Md.
 Glock, Harry J. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Glotfelty, Robert R. (Private—Army), Accident, Md.
 Gohr, O. M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Goldberg, Isador (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Goldbery, Isidore (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Golloday, John M. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Goodnow, Raymond (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gorman, Thornton, Paris, Md.
 Gottlieb, Joseph (Sergeant — Army), Baltimore.
 Graham, Basil (Private — Army), Dixon, Md.
 Graham, Wilbur E. (Corporal—Woodsboro, Md.
 Graham, William A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Grail, Thomas G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Granger, James H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gray, Frank (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gray, Thomas H. (Private—Army), Elliott, Md.
 Green, Albert G. (Private — Army), Annapolis, Md.
 Green, Charles H. (Private—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
 Green, Walter H. (Corporal—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
 Grey, David I. (Corporal — Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Gross, Robert H. (Cook — Army), Baltimore.
 Gulbrandsen, Erling E. (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Guinn, Thomas H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gunther, Henry N. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Gellner, Justus B. (Sergeant—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Gildart, Robert C. (Lieutenant—Colonel — Army), Annapolis, Md.
 Goddard, Benjamin H. (Wagoner—Army), Beauvue, Md.
 Gollery, Francis R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Goodnow, Edward (Private—Army), North East, Md.
 Graham, Adolphus (Private—Army), Dickerson, Md.
 Graham, Thomas B. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Griffith, Maryland Virginia (Private—Army), Basic City, Va.
 Grill, George E. (Corporal—Army), Woodlawn, Md.
 Guard, John Scott (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Grogan, Carroll R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Groh, Herbert Elmer (Machinist's Mate—Army), Pasadena, Md.

H

- Hager, John, Chesapeake City, Md.
 Hahn, H. H., Ringgold, Md.
 Hahn, Martin Luther (Private—Army), Taneytown, Md.
 Hahn, Roy W. (Private — Army), Mount Airy, Md.
 Hall, Robert E. (Private — Army), Eastport, Md.
 Haller, Norman C., Brunswick, Md.
 Halpert, Samuel (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hambury, James C. (Private—Army), Wetipquin, Md.
 Hammers, Joseph B. (Private—Army), Westernport, Md.
 Hammerbacher, Charles (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Hammond, Charles — Walstons, Md.

- Harden, Raymond M. (Private—Army), Easton, Md.
- Harvey, Charles L. Oakland, Md.
- Healy, James L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Hitchens, Lawrence G. R. (Seaman—Navy), Frostburg, Md.
- Hooper, Parr (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Hughes, Eldridge (Private—Army), Vienna, Md.
- Hancock, Alma W. (Private—Army), Snow Hill, Md.
- Handy, Herman F. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
- Hanlon, Joseph T. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Hann, Alvin Fairbanks, Catonsville, Md.
- Hanna, Albert J., Whitehall, Md.
- Harden, Charles, Washington county.
- Harding, James (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
- Hargett, Earleston L. (Lieutenant—Army), Frederick, Md.
- Hargraves, Benjamin, North East, Md.
- Harlan, Ben, (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Harper, Earl J. (Private—Army), Brunswick, Md.
- Harper, James F. (Mechanic—Army), Baltimore.
- Harper, Lloyd (Private—Army), Brunswick, Md.
- Harrer, Charles P. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Harriman, Howard Joseph (Musician—Navy), Baltimore.
- Harris, Howard (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Harris, Isadore (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Harris, Julius A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Harrison, Ellis R. (Private—Army), Woodbine, Md., Route 3.
- Harrison, Lawrence (Private—Army), St. Michaels, Md.
- Hart, Edwin S. (Private—Army), Colgate, Md.
- Hart, Henry W. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Hartman, Adam, Jr. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Hartman, Allen S. (Private—Army), Cavetown, Md.
- Hartman, Jacob L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Hartman, Lloyd J. (Private—Army), Mt. Savage, Md.
- Hartman, Milton E. (Sergeant—Army), Suitland, Md.
- Hasky, George (Navy), Baltimore.
- Hass, Jos. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Hauck, Bernard T. (Corporal—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Hauck, John C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Haughey, Frank J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Hawkins, Thomas E. (Private—Army), Tippet, Md.
- Hawley, Charles J. (Private—Army), Peabody, Md.
- Hayman, John W. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
- Heaps, Charles (Private—Army), Cardiff, Md.
- Heaps, Charles H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Heard, Louis F. (Wagoner—Army), Leonardtown, Md.
- Heard, Rudolph (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Heavener, William W. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Hebron, Charles (Private—Army), Andover, Md.
- Hebron, Charles F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Hedges, Harvey L. (Private—Army), Walkersville, Md.
- Heiber, Roy Ellsworth (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Heimiller, Robert E. (Private—Army), Havre de Grace, Md.
- Heinburk, Francis F. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Heller, Henry K. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Heltger, Arthur E. (Mechanic—Army), Gardenville, Md.
- Heltzel, Robert M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Henderson, Charles W. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Henderson, F. N. (Captain—Army), Rockville, Md.
- Henderson, John M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Henderson, Joseph (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Henderson, William W. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Henkleman, Walter (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Herbert, Thomas J. (Gunner's Mate—Navy), Baltimore.
 Herpel, John G. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Hesterberg, Martin E. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hesson, Raymond L. (Corporal — Army), Taneytown, Md.
 Hevelow, Eugene R. (Private—Army), Chesapeake City, Md.
 Heywood, Carroll (Fireman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Hibbits, Joseph L. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Hicks, Charles (Private — Army), Snow Hill, Md.
 Hicks, Ernest (Private—Army), Dickerson, Md.
 Hill, Charles C. (Sergeant—Army), Govans, Md.
 Hill, George R. (Private — Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Hill, Gilbert (Private—Army), Parkton, Md.
 Hill, Henry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Hill, Isaac, Olivet, Md.
 Hill William, H. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Hillger, Arthur F. (Mechanic—Army), Gardenville, Md.
 Hitchcock, Albert M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Hively, William J. (Private—Army), Westminster, Md.
 Hoen, Heaufort (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hoffman, Fred (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hoffman, John L. (Corporal—Army), Middletown, Md.
 Hoffman, Roy L. (Corporal—Army), Middletown, Md.
 Hogans, Walter T. (Private—Army), Georgetown, Md.
 Hohl, Charles (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hohman, Joseph (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hohenberry, Glenn, A. (Private —Army), Baltimore.
 Holka, Max (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Holland, Stockett Lee (Navy), Baltimore.
 Holland, Waldon (Private — Army), Preston, Md.
 Hollman, Joseph (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Holly, Dory T. (Private — Army), Wellham Station, Md.
 Holmes, Charles J. (Boatswain Navy), Baltimore.
 Holmes, Frank (Private — Army), Laurel, Md.
 Holzen, Charles B. (Corporal—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Hood, Charles (Private—Army), Norbeck, Md.
 Hooper, William S. (Private—Army), Smithsburg, Md.
 Hoover, John H. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Hornung, John K. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Horstman, Paul F. (Private—Marine Corps), Glenburnie, Md.
 Hosier, Clarence H. (Corporal—Army), Mardela Springs, Md.
 Hossbach, Joseph A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Houck, Bernard T. (Corporal—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 House, Charles Wood (First Lieutenant — Army), Baltimore.
 Houston, Claude E., Baltimore.
 Houston, Samuel Humes (Major —Army), Baltimore.
 Howard, Rev. A. T. (Chaplain—Army), Rockville, Md.
 Howard, Clarence G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Howard, David R. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Howard, Earl B. (Private—Army), Secretary, Md.
 Howard, George A. (Wagoner—Army), Baltimore.
 Howard, Leonard J. (Corporal—Army), East New Market, Md.
 Howard, Lester William (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Howard, Paul, Hebron, Md.
 Howes, Charles C. (Private—Army), Churchton, Md.
 Hoxter, Raymond C. (Corporal —Army), Baltimore.
 Huber, Edward A. (Private—Army), Raspeburg, Md.

- Hudson, Elisha C. (Corporal—Army), Bishopville, Md.
 Hudson, Francis E. (Private—Army), Bishop, Md.
 Hughes, Fred R. P. (Navy), Rossville, Md.
 Hughes, Herman L. (Corporal—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Hulbert, Henry L. (Lieutenant—Marine Corps), Halethorpe, Md.
 Hull, L. (Private—Army), Silver Spring, Md.
 Hungerford, Joseph Dent (Captain—Army), Marshall Hall, Md.
 Hunt, William (Private—Army), Ashland, Md.
 Huntemann, Charles F. (Lieutenant—Army), Mt. Ranier, Md.
 Hunter, Robert L. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Hunting, Warren B. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Hupka, Charles A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Hurlock, Milton W., Denton, Md.
 Huson, Frank T. (Yeoman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Huston, William D. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Hyland, William E. (Private—Army), Belair, Md.
 Hunt, Henry P., Jr. (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore.

I

- Iglehart, Norman H. (Private—Army), Beltsville, Md.
 Ikena, John C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Illian, Charles (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Ingram, Herbert A. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Irvin, Edmund, (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Itnyre, Abner W. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Ivens, Thomas B. (Private—Army), Worton, Md.

J

- Jackson, Alexander (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Jackson, Arthur (Private—Army), La Plata, Md.
 Jackson, Harry H. (Lieutenant—Army), Easton, Md.
 Jackson, H. J. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Jackson, James L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Jackson, James A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Jackson, Joshua (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Jagodzinski, Felix (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 James, John L. (Private—Army), Columbia, Md.
 Janeway, Theodore C. (Army), Baltimore.
 Janowski, Frank J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Jaskolski, Frank J. (Navy), Baltimore.
 Jefferson, J. C. (Lieutenant—Army), Elkton, Md.
 Jeffries, Thomas L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Jenifer, Richard (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Jenkins, Thomas J. (Private—Army), Frostburg, Md.
 Jervis, George S. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Johnson, Daniel, Shady Side, Md.
 Johnson, George H. (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Johnson, Joseph P. (Wagoner—Army), Baltimore.
 Johnson, Philip (Private—Army), Pine Orchard, Md.
 Johnson, Wesley (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Johnson, William P. (Private—Army), Toddville, Md.
 Johnson, William M. (Sergeant—Army), Bethesda, Md.
 Johnson, William W. (Private—Army), Gambrills, Md.
 Jones, Alfred H. (Cook—Army), Baltimore.
 Jones, Beverly Franklin (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Jones, Chester A. (Private—Army), Frostburg, Md.

Jones, Grandville R. (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
 Jones, Henry R. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Jones, Robert, Congress Heights, Md.

Jourden, Charles T. (Private—Army), Whiteside, Md.
 Jubb, James E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Juenst, Ernest Nichols (Private—Army), Baltimore.

K

Kahmer, Louis P. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kaidel, Harry M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kaiser, Henry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kaiser, John R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kalinski, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kaminski, James W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kantowski, Adam (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Katz, George S. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Katz, Zadoc M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kavanaugh, Martin P. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Keating, William J. (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
 Keech, Eugene V. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Keenan, Edward N. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kielholtz, William A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Keithley, Lawrence H. (Private—Army), Belair, Md.
 Kelley, Charles E. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Kelley, Earl C. (Private—Army), Elkton, Md.
 Kelley, Harry H. (Private—Army), Phoenix, Md.
 Kelley, Millard F. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Kelley, Thomas (Private—Canadian Royal Air Force), Cumberland, Md.
 Kelley, William (Wagoner—Army), Baltimore.
 Kelly, Edward J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kelly, James M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kemp, Benjamin (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kennelly, John G. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.

Kent, Benjamin (Private—Army), Huntington, Md.
 Kent, Edgar A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kerns, Eugene J. (Private—Army), Kitzmiller, Md.
 Kerns, Eugene L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kern, Fred (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Kielholtz, William A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kifer, Jesse W. (Private—Army), Barton, Md.
 Kildow, Percy P. (Corporal—Marine Corps), Oakland, Md.
 Kimball, Joseph W., Jr. (Private—Canadian Expeditionary Forces), Govans, Md.
 King, William C. (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Kinnear, Russell M. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Klein, Ferdinand A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Klein, Henry Charles (Coxswain—Navy), Baltimore.
 Klepper, Charles F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Klima, James J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kline, George (Private—Army), Westernport, Md.
 Kline, Robert C., Mapleville, Md.
 Kline, William H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Kling, Henry L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Klingelhofer, Howard Lumsden (Sergeant—Army), Towson, Md.
 Klitch, Alexander H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Knight, Alonzo (Private—Army), White Marsh, Md.
 Knight, Arthur (Private—Army), Bradshaw, Md.
 Knowles, Miriam (Nurse—Army), Yardley, Pa.
 Koehler, Louis H. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.

- Koerner, Francis X. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Koerner, William (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Kohl, Andrew F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Koogle, David F. (Private—Army), Middletown, Md.
- Kosinski, J. C. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Kramer, Charles R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kramer, Clarence W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kramer, Edwin W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kramer, John W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kraut, Elmer W. (Private—Army), White Hall, Md.
- Krauthblatter, George (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Krengel, Edgar R. (Corporal—Army), Govans, Md.
- Kroh, William Herman (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Krucuk, Daniel (Private—Army), Sparrows Point, Md.
- Kruhm, William (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kuhber, Joseph E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kuhl, Harry L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kutchern, Frank J. (Private—Army), Curtis Bay, Md.
- Keen, William C. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Keiper, Henry (Fireman—Navy), Crellin, Md.
- Kelbaugh, Roy T., Thurmont, Md.
- Klingelhoef, Charles Henry (Warrant Officer—Navy), Baltimore.
- Kritt, Harry A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Kudlacek, John (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.

L

- Laidarman, Joseph (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lake, Milton J. (Corporal—Army), Ilchester, Md.
- Laken, James H. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Lambert, James E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lambert, John H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Landers, Robert B. (Sergeant—Army), Hagerstown.
- Landrum, Franklin Addison (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lane, Harold C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lang, John H. (Private—Army), Highlandtown, Md.
- Lang, Frank J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lankford, Charles A. (Wagoner—Army), Crisfield, Md.
- Lantz, Joseph T. (Private—Army), Arlington, Md.
- Lansing, Orion (Private—Army), Maryland Line, Md.
- Larkin, William L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Larnes, Basil E., Shady Side, Md.
- Larramore, Perry (Private—Army), Bar Neck, Md.
- Latowski, Joseph A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Law, John Henry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lawrence, George R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Layfield, John E. (Private—Army), Fruitland, Md.
- Layman, Stanley (Private—Army), Frostburg, Md.
- Lead, Albert (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Leake, Melvin (Private—Army), Vale Summit, Md.
- Lee, C. (Doctor) (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Lee, Columbus (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lee, Thomas Vernon (Fireman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Lee, William (Private—Army), Upper Marlboro, Md.
- Leeland, F. (Private—Canadian Army), Upper Cross Roads, Md.
- Lehman, Max F. (Sergeant—Army), Annville, Pa.
- Leiderman, Joseph (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lenhart, Harry K. (Private—Army), Germantown, Md.

- Leonard, Bernard E. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Leonard, Roscoe C., Cambridge, Md.
- Lescallette, Jesse S. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lewis, Gaither L. (Private—Army), Smithsburg, Md.
- Lewis, George H. (Private—Army), Berlin, Md.
- Lewis, James E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lewis, William A. (Bugler—Army), Frostburg, Md.
- Lightfoot, J. Howard, Allegany county.
- Liller, Guy P. (Corporal—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Lindemon, John C. (Private—Army), Cockeysville, Md.
- Lindsay, Howard A. (Private—Army), Hancock, Md.
- Lindsay, John H. (Private—Army), Silver Spring, Md.
- Link, George E., Jr. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Link, Howard W. (Corporal—Army), Halethorpe, Md.
- Linthicum, Charles G. (Private—Army), Clarksburg, Md.
- Linzey, William M. (Private—Army), Raspeburg, Md.
- Lippman, Milton M. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Little, John D. (Private—Army), Oakland, Md.
- Little, Paul Lloyd, Carroll county.
- Livingston, Ernest (Private—Army), Fruitland, Md.
- Livingston, William D. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
- Lohr, Grover C. (Private—Army), Swanton, Md.
- Long, George G. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Long, James (Private—Army), Cockeysville, Md.
- Long, Kenneth B. (Private—Army), Westminster, Md.
- Long, Norman E. (Corporal—Army), California, Md.
- Lewin, Raymond Gardner (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lilley, Clarence E. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Lewis, Meredith B. (Second Lieutenant—Royal Air Force), Baltimore.
- Linderborn, Alex (Private—Army), East Brooklyn, Md.
- Livingston, Calin (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
- Lertz, Jacob A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lore, Arick L. (Sergeant—Army), Solomons, Md.
- Louis, Edwin Anthony (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore.
- Love, James P. (Corporal—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
- Lowe, Walter P. (Private—Army), Overlea, Md.
- Lowenstein, Aaron M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lowman, Dewy Nicholson (Fireman—Navy), Leesville, Md.
- Lowndes, Andrew J. (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
- Luckan, Charles (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Ludwig, James C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Luhrman, Bernhard N. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Luik, Walter (Private—Army), Betterton, Md.
- Lundy, James L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lutwyche, Walter W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Lutz, Martin Luther (Private—Army), Middletown, Md.
- Lyles, Ralph (Private—Army), Monrovia, Md.
- Lynch, Baltimore.

M

- Macatee, Samuel A. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Machilik, A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mackessy, Thomas L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mahan, Ellis P. (Sergeant—Army), Elkton, Md.
- Mahool, George F. (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
- Majors, William G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Malone, Stanley—Allen, Md.
- Manley, George H. (Navy), Baltimore.
- Marks, William D. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Marquard, Arthur (Private—Army), Hamilton, Md.
 Marquess, William (Private—Army), Sunderland, Md.
 Marsh, John R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Marshall, Winfred (Private—Army), Severn, Md.
 Martin, Archie—Salisbury, Md.
 Martin, Frank M. (Private—Army), Belair, Md.
 Martin, John E. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Martin, Roland W.—Monrovia, Md.
 Martin, Wilson Hugh (Private—Army), Snow Hill, Md.
 Marvel, Martin J. (Private—Army), Easton, Md.
 Marx, L. (Private—Army), Gardenville, Md.
 Mast, Sebastian A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Mathews, Elsworth Eden (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Mathis, Robert E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Matronech, Daniel (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Matthews, Wallace (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Matthews, William S. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Maxwell, Essel M. (Private—Army), Lanham, Md.
 Maxwell, William T. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McAllister, George W. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 McAlpine, James N. (Private—Army), Gilmore, Md.
 McCarthy, Edgar J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McCarty, John (Lieutenant—Army), Riderwood, Md.
 McCausland, Clarence (Civilian, Draftsman), Berwyn, Md.
 McClintock, Alexander H. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 McCollister, George E. (Private—Army), Annapolis, Md.
 McCollister, George M. (Corporal—Army), Annapolis, Md.
 McCormick, Joseph (Bugler—Army), Baltimore.
 McCoy, John H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McCoy, John P. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 McDonnell, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McDonogh, John (Captain—Army), Beach Grove, Ind.
 McElderry, Augustus Bradford (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 McGee, Matthew B. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 McGee, Paul (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McGolerick, Judge (Private—Army), Point of Rocks, Md.
 McHenry, John (First Lieutenant—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 McIlhenny, George V. (Corporal—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 McIlhenny, John E. (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 McIntyre, Bernard J. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 McIntyre, David N. (Private—Army), Swanton, Md.
 McKee, John A. (Private—Army), Cardiff, Md.
 McKee, John T. (Corporal—Army), Granite, Md.
 McKenna, James F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McKenty, James N. (Private—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
 McKenzie, James L. (Private—Army), Gilmore, Md.
 McKenzie, Oliver H. (Private—Army), Oella, Md.
 McKenzie, Robert K. (Private—Army), Roland Park, Md.
 McKenzie, William A. (Private—Army), Roland Park, Md.
 McKibbin, James Malcolm (Captain—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 McLain, Robert C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McLaughlin, Stephen O. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 McLernon, John (Trumpeter—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 McNally, Frank T. (Private—Marine Corps), Brunswick, Md.
 McNeal, Albert (Mechanic—Army), Baltimore.
 McSherry, Cyprian (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
 Mead, Albert (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Meekins, Herbert (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Mehlhorn, Herman (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Mehring, John A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mercer, George (Private—Army), St. Augustines, Md.
- Mercer, Jacob (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
- Meredith, Alvin S. (Corporal—Army), Federalsburg, Md.
- Meredith, Ferguson R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Meredith, George E. (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
- Mergler, W. D. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Merkel, Lawrence (Fireman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Merryman, John A. (Private—Army), Highlandtown.
- Meyers, Mannes (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mezzanotte, Nicholas (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Michael, Austin G.—Washington county.
- Michael, Charles R.—Allegany county.
- Micheau, Grace Bell (Nurse—Army), Baltimore.
- Milhisser, Harry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Milholland, John E. (Cook—Army), Baltimore.
- Millard—Mason Springs, Md.
- Miller, Albert J. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Miller, Frank Monroe—Carroll county.
- Miller, Harry (Private—Army), Chestnut Ridge, Md.
- Miller, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Miller, John W. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Miller, Lawrence B. (Private—Army), Mt. Savage, Md.
- Millhouse, Samuel—Hagerstown, Md.
- Minton, Charles J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mitchell, Harry W. (Private—Army), Whaleyville, Md.
- Mitchell, John (Private—Army), Stanton, Md.
- Mitchell, William E. (Quartermaster—Navy), Baltimore.
- Mitsko, Anthony J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mohr, Charles H. (Private—Army), Glenarm, Md.
- Mooney, Leo E. (Yeoman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Moore, Kenny J. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
- Moore, Thomas R. (Corporal—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
- Moran, Thomas (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Moreland, Henry M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Morgan, Henry L. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Morningstar, George S. (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
- Morris, Isaac (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Morris, John R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Morrison, George L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Morrow, Thomas C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Moss, Marie A. (Nurse—Army), Govans, Md.
- Moultey, James E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mowbray, Charles B. (Lieutenant—Army), Federalsburg, Md.
- Mroz, Stanislaw (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Muchanko, Michael (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mudge, James E. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Muir, J. Allison, Jr. (Seaman—Navy), Roland Park, Baltimore.
- Muir, John Talmadge (Second Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Mulcrone, James C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Mulherin, Win A. (Private—Army), Limestone, Md.
- Mullen, Bernard A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Murphy, Benjamin H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Murphy, James (Corporal—Army), Woodlawn, Md.
- Murphy, William M. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Murray, Edward A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Murray, Joseph D. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Murray, Joseph L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Myers, Charles L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Myers, Charles T. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Myers, Earl C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Myers, Fulton J.—Allegany county.
 Myers, Harry J. (Private—Army), Manchester, Md.
 Myers, Irvin K. (Private—Army), Westminster, Md.
 Myers, Loy C. (Private—Army), Taneytown, Md.
 Myers, Roscoe, Allegany county.
 Mason, George (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Mason, Harry (Private—Army), The Rocks.
 Marshall, Webb (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 McCarthy, John Patrick (Second Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Mollman, James Rudolph (Private—Army), Elkridge, Md.
 Moore, Joseph L. (Private—Army), Williamsport, Md.
 Moore, Effenger F. (Private—Army), Crapo, Md.
 Morwood, William F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

N

- Nagengast, Frank (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Nashold, Walter M. (Private—Army), Greensboro, Md.
 Naumann, Julius (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Naylor, Levi T. (Private—Army), Cockeysville, Md.
 Nee, Thomas J. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Newcomer, James B. (Sergeant—Army), Halfway, Md.
 Nichols, John H. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Nicholson, John W. (Private—Army), Derwood, Md.
 Nillihallen, John L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Nock, Ivan (Grenadier—French Foreign Legion), Baltimore.
 Nograpski, Stephen P. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Norris, John F. (Private—Army), Great Mills, Md.
 Nowack, William F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Nuedling, Leo J. (Private—Army), Highlandtown.
 Nasemore, Charles Herbert (Private—Army), Baltimore.

O

- Ober, Robert (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Oden'hal, Nathan O. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 O'Donnell, Harry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 O'Donnell, William R. (Private—Army), Clarksville, Md.
 Oettinger, David (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Offer, Nathaniel (Private—Army), Churchton, Md.
 O'Hare, Reginald Eugene (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore.
 Ohler, Vernon (Private—Army), Emmitsburg, Md.
 O'Leary, Timothy (Corporal—Army), Luke, Md.
 Oliver, Arthur (Private—Army), Dentsville, Md.
 O'Malley, Thomas (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 O'Melia, John B. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Orendorf, William W. (Bugler—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Osborne, Edward R. (Private—Army), Belair, Md.
 Osborne, Thomas J. (Private—Army), Lower Marlboro, Md.
 Ostrowski, Walter H. (Corporal—Army), Halethorpe, Md.
 Owings, Samuel D. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Orndia, Randolph (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Owens, Leroy (Private—Army), Baltimore.

P

- Padgett, George (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Page, George R. (Lieutenant—Army), Hamilton, Md.
- Parker, Charles F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Parker, H. V. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
- Parker, Isaac (Private—Army), Mitchellville, Md.
- Parker, John (Private—Army), Glenburnie, Md.
- Parker, Joshua W. (Private—Army), Parsonsburg, Md.
- Parker, Wayman (Private—Army), Chestertown, Md.
- Parlett, Carleton M. (Lieutenant—Army), Annapolis, Md.
- Parlette, Guy C. (Lieutenant—Army), Millersville, Md.
- Parrish, Elick (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Parrott, Harper Benson (Fireman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Parsons, Charles — Salisbury, Wicomico county.
- Paskowski, Edward Joseph (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Pattison, William M. (Lieutenant—Army), Roland Park, Md.
- Patton, Albert M. G. (Private—Army), Govans, Md.
- Pearson, Edwin C. (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
- Pennock, Edgar N. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Perniz, John (Private—Army), Sparrows Point, Md.
- Perry, Joseph H. (Private — Army), Ridgely, Md.
- Peters, Henry A. (Private — Army), Cambridge, Md.
- Peters, Louis E. (Private — Army), Conowingo, Md.
- Petty, Charles A. (Private — Army), Bowling Green, Md.
- Peterson, Phineas A. (Private—Army), Elkton, Md.
- Pilkerton, James A. (Private—Army).
- Peugnet, Charles P. E. (Major—Army), Adamstown, Md.
- Pfaff, Harry John, Jr. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Pfeffer, Arthur W. (Private—Army), Highlandtown, Md.
- Phelps, Carl Penrose (Private—Army), Street, Md.
- Phillips, Charles M., Jr. (Private—Army), Hurlock, Md.
- Phillips, Otto C. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Picha, Jerry G. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Pilkerton, James A. (Private—Army), Mechanicsville, Md.
- Piner, Fletcher (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Piper, Elmer Lewis (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
- Pitcher, Ruban A. (Private — Army), Westminster, Md.
- Pitsnogle, Daniel W. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
- Pitts Perry (Private—Army), Chase, Md.
- Platt, Henry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Platt, Lucian (Second Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Platt, William D., Jr. (English Red Cross), Baltimore.
- Plessinger, Elmer I. (Private—Army), Hancock, Md.
- Plummer, George, Jr. (Private—Army), Bethesda, Md.
- Polidoro, Philip (Private — Army), Kitzmiller, Md.
- Pomeroy, Robert Owens (Corporal—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
- Ponton, Andrew J. (Private—Army), Buckeystown, Md.
- Poole, Clifford H. (Private—Army), Silver Spring, Md.
- Popiacke, Martin (Sergeant—Army), Orangeville, Md.
- Porter, Edward M. (Corporal—Army), Salisbury, Md.
- Porter, Horace H. (Lieutenant Army), Baltimore.
- Porter, Maurice E. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Portner, Charles A. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Potter, Herman, Private — Army), Cordova, Md.
- Posey, Samuel (Private — Army), Grayton, Md.
- Potts, James Edgar (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Powell, Richard A. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.

- Powers, Clarence W. (Cook—Army), Keep Tryst, Md.
 Prebezewski, Steven Kazmar (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Prettyman, Frederick W. (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Price, Cornelia L. (Nurse—Army), Baltimore.
 Price, George S. (Private—Army), Phoenix, Md.
 Price, Herbert Reginald (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Price, Norman B. (Private—Army), Olney, Md.
 Price, Thomas E. (Gun Captain—Navy), Centreville, Md.
 Price, Willard T. (Private—Army), Brooms Island, Md.
 Prince, Edmund Howard (Lieutenant—Army), Towson, Md.
 Prissman, Samuel (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Provard, Joseph W. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Pryor, Jeoffrey, Salisbury, Md.
 Pryor, Jesse M. (Private—Army), Thurmont, Md.
 Przybyłowski, Leonard (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Pulham, Charles A. (Navy), Baltimore.
 Pulis, William H. (Private—Army), Roland Park, Md.
 Purcell, John Joseph (Private—Army), Pylesville, Md.
 Pusey, Frederick D. (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Pusse, William (Private—Army), Denton, Md.
 Putsche, Thomas F. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Pyles, Richard A. (Private—Army), Mount Rainier, Md.
 Pappas, Harry, Baltimore.
 Page, William H. (Private—Army), Secretary, Md.
 Pallidor, Philip Kitzmiller, Md.
 Payne, Robert Kennert (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Peters, Edward (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Poe, John P., Jr. (British Army), Baltimore.
 Powell, Earl Jerome (Yeoman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Powell, Ellsworth D. (Wagoner—Army), Crisfield, Md.
 Pryle, Leo A. (Private—Army), Vale Summit, Md.
 Proctor, Basil Allan (Machinist's Mate—Navy).
 Purdy, Samuel (Private—Army), Baltimore.

Q

- Quante, Jeffrey (Corporal—Army), Hamilton, Md.
 Quick, Asa Arnold (Canadian Expeditionary Force), Sharps-town, Md.
 Quick, Ralph Henry (Private—Canadian Expeditionary Force), Oak Grove, Md.
 Quinn, Leonard Melville (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Quirk, John Edward (Private—British Army), Baltimore.
 Quisenberry, James Francis (First Lieutenant—Army), Hyattsville, Md.

R

- Rairick, Paul (Private—Army), Eckhart Mines, Md.
 Ramagnano, John A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Randall, Thomas E. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Rappe, William H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Ratcliff, Edd T. (Private—Army), Kingsman, Md.
 Ratke, John L. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Rauser, William G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Ray, George T. (Recruit—Army), Baltimore.
 Rayne, Glenn (Private—Army), Berlin, Md.
 Read, Walter L. (Navy), Baltimore.
 Recce, Wharton J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Recher, Gerald W., Washington county.
 Rechner, Henry J. C. (Corporal Army), Baltimore.
 Reed, Stanley (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Redwood, George Buchanan (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Reel, Howell G. (Private—Army), Sharpsburg, Md.
- Reese, Wilbur J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reibold, Frederick Louis (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
- Reichert, Frederick H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reich, G. Edward (Sergeant—Army), Catonsville, Md.
- Reichner, Harry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reid, Charles E. (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
- Reid, Howell Lewis (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Reid, Theodore (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reid, William R. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Reifsnider, Robert B. (Private—Army), Smithburg, Md.
- Reilly, George P., Jr. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reilly, William L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reilly, W. P. (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
- Reindollar, Harry A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Reinhardt, Joseph (Private—Army), Savage, Md.
- Renshaw, Herbert—Salisbury, Md.
- Reuter, Frederick J. (Private—Army), Monkton, Md.
- Revell, William E. (Sergeant—Army), Eastport, Md.
- Rice, Christian H. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
- Richards, James Melville C. (Captain—Army).
- Richards, Lloyd Edward—Carroll county.
- Richardson, George E. (Corporal—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
- Richter, Julius F. (Mechanic—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
- Ricker, Thomas A. (Corporal—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
- Ricketts, William (Private—Army), Brunswick, Md.
- Ridgley, William Vernon (Private—Army), Mt. Airy, Md.
- Riemer, Charles H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Ries, E. (Canadian Exp. Force)—Frostburg, Md.
- Reid, Elton N. (Private—Army), Welbourn, Md.
- Reisinger, Joseph G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Roberts, Alwin R. (Sergeant—Army), Westernport, Md.
- Rodeheaver, Franklin M.—Oakland, Md.
- Ruppert, George (Corporal—Army), Davidsonville, Md.
- Russell, Thomas (Private—Army), Howard county.
- Ruths, Gustav Carroll (Private—Army), Lake Shore, Md.
- Rinehart, James W. (Private—Army), Crellins, Md.
- Ritchie, F. A. (Corporal—Army), Allegany county.
- Ritchie, James M. (Private—Army), Lonaconing, Md.
- Rittenhouse, Milton M. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
- Ritter, Christian (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Roberts, James H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Roberts, Martin M. (Mechanic—Army), Parkville, Md.
- Robertson, Arthur C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Robinson, Albert (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Robinson, Bennis (Private—Army), Hurlock, Md.
- Robinson, Clifford (Corporal—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
- Robinson, Jenkins A. (Engineer—Navy), Mt. Washington.
- Robinson, John A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Robinson, John W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Robinson, Richard D. (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
- Robinson, Sydney (Private—Army), Forest Hill, Md.
- Robinson, William A. (Private—Army), Millington, Md.
- Robinson, William Henry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
- Rochester, Theodore (Private—Army), Seat Pleasant, Md.
- Rodman, Oscar E. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

- Roeder, George M. (Sergeant—Army), Brunswick, Md.
 Roehner, Harry H. (Private—Army), Halethorpe.
 Roemer, John L. (Private—Army), Raspeburg, Md.
 Rogers, Charles C. (Lieutenant—Army), McDonogh, Md.
 Rogers, Walter J. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Rorabaugh, Frank C. (Cook—Army), Savage, Md.
 Rose, Thomas J. (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Rosenberg, Sidney (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Rosenfeld, Merrill (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Rosenthal, Harry (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Rosewag, Adam J. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Ross, Raymond E. (Private—Army), Street, Md.
 Rotan, William H. (Private—Army), Morrell Park, Baltimore.
 Roth, Aris C. (Private—Army), Oakland, Md.
 Roth, Harry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Roth, Lloyd L. (Corporal—Army), Govans, Md.
 Rowe, Francis E. (Navy)—Emmitsburg, Md.
 Rowley, Morris M. (Sergeant—Army), Stockton, Md.
 Royston, William I. (Private—Army), Upperco, Md.
 Ruark, William M. (Private—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Ruch, Thomas H.—Hagerstown, Md.
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 Ruffer, Roy C., Broad Run, Md.
 Rumenap, Frederick H. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Russ, Luther (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Russell, Charles Portner (Navy)—Baltimore.
 Ryan, John R. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Ryan, Maxwell (Private—Army), Rock Hall, Md.

S

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 Safranski, Adam A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Salvadori, Adolfo (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
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 Sanders, Murton B. (Private—Army), New Windsor, Md.
 Sanders, Theodore (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Sands, Joseph (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Santos, Alexander (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
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 Sauerhoff, Robert F., Jr. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Saunders, Benjamin K. (Private—Army), Woolfords, Md.
 Savedge, Earl (Private—Army), Deer Park, Md.
 Saxon, John W. (Sergeant—Army), Kensington, Md.
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 Schimpf, Norman (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
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 Schneider, John (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Schoelkopf, Paul G. (Private—Army), Cockeysville, Md.

- Schofield, Samuel (Private — Army), Aberdeen, Md.
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- Schotta, Charles F. (Private — Army), Oella, Md.
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- Schultz, Herbert J. (Corporal — Army), Baltimore.
- Schutte, Joseph W. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Schwaab, John L. (Corporal — Army), Baltimore.
- Scott, John (Private — Army), Millington, Md.
- Seabrease, Edward (Private — Army), Baltimore.
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- Sears, Thomas Lee, Mount Harmony, Md.
- Seib, John (Private — Army), Ocean, Md.
- Seibert, William (Private — Army), Hagerstown, Md.
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- Selby, Leslie, Frederick, Md.
- Selby, George C. (Private — Army), Mount Airy, Md.
- Sema, Jacob (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Sessions, George (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Seward, Elliott, B. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Seward, Mark H. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Shafaruk, Alexander (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Shaffer, Edgar (Private — Army), Parkton, Md.
- Shaffer, James (Mechanic — Army), Mount Savage, Md.
- Shamleffer, William P. (Sergeant — Army), Baltimore.
- Shankel, Daniel A. (Private — Army), Harmony Grove, Md.
- Shannahan, James J. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
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- Shannon, Samuel D. (Lieutenant — Army), Baltimore.
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- Shapiro, Eli M. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
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- Sharon, J. F., Hagerstown, Md.
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- Shavin, George (Private — Army), Goltz, Md.
- Shaw, Edwin A. (Bugler — Army), Lansdowne, Md.
- Shaw, Emanuel (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Shaw, George H. (Private — Army), Bartholows, Md.
- Shea, William (Private — Army), Frostburg, Md.
- Sheffer, Charles H. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Sherbert, Murray A. (Private — Army), Huntingtown, Md.
- Shields, Harry G. (Private — Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Shields, James (Private — Army), Greenville, Md.
- Shipley, Raymond (Private — Army), Cumberland, Md.
- Shipley, Robert H. (Private — Army), Pikesville, Md.
- Shively, Horace D., Goldsboro, Md.
- Shoemaker, Oscar B. (Private — Army), Hancock, Md.
- Shroyer, Walter L. (Private — Army), Longs, Md.
- Silbereisen, Charles R. (Navy), Baltimore.
- Siewierski, Adam Paul (Fireman — Navy), Baltimore.
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- Siltman, Irwan R. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Simmons, Thomas W., Jr., (Coxswain — Navy), Cambridge, Md.
- Simms, Marshall (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Simpson, Charles S. (Private — Army), Frederick, Md.
- Simpson, Stuart R. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
- Singleton, John (Private — Army), Aberdeen, Md.

- Skinner, Harry G., Jr. (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore.
 Skorep, A d a m (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Slicher, William J. (Corporal—Army), Chesapeake City, Md.
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 Small, Leroy (Private—Army), Chevy Chase, Md.
 Smith, Albert (Private—Army), Brandywine, Md.
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 Smith, Edward A., Jr. (Quartermaster—Navy), Baltimore.
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 Smith, Gordon L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Smith, James L. (Trumpeter—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Smith, John A. Baxter (Rear-Admiral—Navy), New York, N. Y.
 Smith, John C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Smith, John S. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Smith, Lawrence B. (Private—Army), Reisterstown, Md.
 Smith, Norman E. (Private—Army), Federalburg, Md.
 Smith, Theron E. (Private—Army), Rockville, Md.
 Smith, Walter J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Smith, Walton (Private—Army), Quantico, Md.
 Smith, William P. (Private—Army), McHenry, Md.
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 Smullen, William, Salisbury, Md.
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 Snyder, Frank (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Snyder, John (Private—Army), Clear Spring, Md.
 Snyder, Lester D., Hagerstown, Md.
 Snyder, Louis (Private—Army), Annapolis, Md.
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 Sporka, Joseph (Private—Army), Curtis Bay, Md.
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 Sterling, Hugh (Private—Marine Corps), Luke, Md.
 Stevens, Edward J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Stevens, Maynard W. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Stevens, The Rev. William D. (Chaplain—Army).
 Stewart, Edgar C. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Stickell, Joseph, Washington county.
 Stitely, Clifford M. (Private—Army), Thurmont, Md.
 Stitz, James (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Stockett, Lee Holland (Navy), Baltimore.
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 Stottlemeyer, Harry E. (Private Army), Hagerstown, Md.
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 Stolba, John James (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Streams, Charles (Private — Army), Brunswick, Md.
 Strehlen, John J. (Mechanic—Army), Perry Hall, Md.
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 Stull, Charles R. (Private — Army), Sharpsburg, Md.
 Stull, Raymond L. (Private—Army), Thurmont, Md.
 Sullivan, Clifford E. (Sergeant —Army), Woodensburg, Md.
 Sullivan, Frank James (Private —Army), Baltimore.
 Sullivan, James M. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Sunderland, Harry A. (Private —Army), Baltimore.
 Superczynski, Conrad J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Svrjcek, William Vincent (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Swadley, Leslie Clarence (Private—Army), Gilmore, Md.
 Sweeney, Joseph S. (Captain—Army), Baltimore.
 Syrop, E. Franklin (Lientenant —Army).
 Saffield, Edward H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Saville, John (Retired Officer—Navy), Baltimore.
 Schafer, John Grover (Private —Army), Baltimore.
 Schumacher, Henry (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Schwartz, Raymond E. (Seaman—Navy), Lauraville, Md.
 Seaman, Julius (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Selby, Roger Carroll (Private—Army), Mount Airy, Md.
 Sheckels, George Laurence (Yeoman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Skilling, John G. (First Lieutenant — Army), Lonaconing, Md.
 Snyder, John J., Jr. (Seaman—Navy), Graham, N. C.
 Stanton, William Clay (Corporal—Army), Grantsville, Md.
 Strawn, Kenneth P. (Private—Army), Landover, Md.
 Swann, Howard J. (Private—Army), Piney Point, Md.

T

- Tafel, John F. (Corporal — Army), Baltimore.
 Talbert, Henry V. (Private—Army), Funkstown, Md.
 Tarr, Dudley S. (Seaman — Navy), Baltimore.
 Taylor, Albert C. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Taylor, Herbert Douglas (Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Taylor, James, Jr. (Canadian Exp. Force), Baltimore.
 Taylor, James E. (Private—Army), Tysonstown, Md.
 Taylor, Ulysses (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Tayman, William (Private — Army), Croome, Md.
 Teague, Warren (Second Lieutenant—Army), Odenton, Md.
 Tegeder, Walter Scott (Mate—Navy), Baltimore.
 Tennyson, Joseph (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.

- Terrier, Stuart McDonald (Ensign—Navy), Baltimore.
 Theiss, Thomas (Private—Army), Highlandtown.
 Thim, Harry J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Thomas, Alma (Private—Army), Lakeland, Md.
 Thomas, Arthur H. (Private—Army), Mount Winans, Md.
 Thomas, John F. W. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Thomas, William (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Thompson, George P. (Private—Army), Gardenville.
 Thompson, Henry M., Jr. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Thompson, John Sharples, Jr. (Second Lieutenant—Army), Baltimore.
 Thompson, Leroy F. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Thompson, Joseph (Private—Army), Ryceville, Md.
 Thorne, George Henry (Navy), Baltimore.
 Thrush, Walter—Clear Spring, Md.
 Tilghman, Robert N. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Tilling, Joseph A. (Private—Army), Hillsdale, Md.
 Tillman, Frank R. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Tipton, E. P. (Private—Army), Frederick, Md.
 Tirschman, Henry E. (Private—Army), Colgate, Md.
 Todd, Roland E. (Private—Army), Preston, Md.
 Tolsky, James A. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Tomlinson, Edward E. (First Lieutenant—Army), Newark, N. J.
 Toms, Stanley M. (Corporal—Army), Glenelg, Md.
 Toothman, Kenneth R. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Toulson—Federalsburg, Md.
 Townsend, John W. (Corporal—Army), Cambridge, Md.
 Townsley, Howard L. (Private—Army), Fallston, Md.
 Tracy, Ephraim Frank—Carroll county.
 Tracey, James F. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Tralinsky, Bernard (Fireman—Navy), Baltimore.
 Traue, George J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Trimble, John (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Trimbley, Earl (Private—Army), Sang Run, Md.
 Troutman, Henry C. (Private—Army), Ellerslie, Md.
 Truitt, Archie W. (Private—Army), Willards, Md.
 Tully, Joseph F. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Turnbaugh, William, Jr. (Private—Army), Ashland, Md.
 Turner, Elzie—Seat Pleasant, Md.
 Turner, Frank Brown (Lieutenant—Army), Charles county.
 Twigg, Hobart M. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Twigg, J. A. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Twigg, Nial Franklin (First Lieutenant—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Thomas, Lawrence (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Thompson, Leander J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Timmerman, George H.—Wilson, W. Va.
 Todd, Arthur (Private—Army), Port Deposit, Md.
 Tolson, Herbert Page (Private—Army), Stafford Store, Va.

U

- Ulrich, Christian G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Umstot, Lester A. (Private—Army), Ellerslie, Md.
 Unger, Harry E.—Smithburg, Md.
 Upman, Frank J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.

V

- Valentine, Fred (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Valentine, Russell B. (Sergeant—Army), Cumberland, Md.

- Vandeleur, John P. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Vanik, Frank T. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Van Mater, Daniel L. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Vannucci, John (Private—Army), Frostburg, Md.
 Varella, Victor (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Viar, William (Private—Army), Hagerstown, Md.
 Vickers, Luke R. (Lieutenant—Army), Church Creek, Md.
 Vincent, William (Private—Army), Wayside Postoffice, Md.
 Voegelien, Joseph (Private—Army), Hamilton, Md.
 Volkmann, Anton Carl (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Vonberger, Ehrick (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Vogel, H. Albert (Seaman—Navy), Wagner's Point, Md.

W

- Waddy, Edward (Recruit — Army), Baltimore.
 Wade, John D. (Captain — Army), Gaithersburg, Md.
 Wagner, Nicholas H. J. (Navy), Baltimore.
 Walker, Charles F. (Corporal—Army), Point of Rocks, Md.
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 Wallace, Noble L. (Private — Army), Roland Park, Baltimore.
 Walsh, Maurice G. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Walsh, Reginald (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Walter, Roy B. (Private — Army), Fulton, Md.
 Walzl, Harry A. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Wanstall, Frederick (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Wantland, Harry D. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Ward, Frank (Private—Marine Corps), Baltimore.
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 Warns, Adolph (Private — Army), Baltimore.
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 Waters, Garland (Private — Army), Davidsonville, Md.
 Waters, James (Army), Thurmont, Md.
 Waters, John Nelson (Corporal—Army), Upper Fairmount, Md.
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 Watterson, David (Private — Army), Denton, Md.
 Watts, Charles D. (Corporal—Army), Baltimore.
 Watts, Walter W. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Wayson, Vernon Jerome (Private—Army), Galloways, Md.
 Weatherly, George F. (Corporal Army), Roland Park, Md.
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 Webb, John R., Frederick, Md.
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 Weichert, Oscar C. (Private—Army), Fullerton, Md.
 Weigand, Philip Emil (Corporal Army), Baltimore.
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 Wells, Richard White (Private Army), Baltimore.
 Wells, William Alfred (Marine Corps), Baltimore.
 Wenzel, Lewis E. (Private—Army), Pikesville, Md.
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- Wernecke, Christian J. (Musician—Navy), Baltimore.
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 Wharton, George A. C. (Private Army), Crisfield, Md.
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 Wheeler, Paul, Eastport, Md.
 White, Edward (Corporal — Action), Worton, Md.
 White, Henry (Private—Army), Salisbury, Md.
 White, John C. (Captain — Army), Baltimore.
 White, Théodore (Private — Army), Baltimore.
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 Wietheger, Frederick M. (Sergeant—Army), Baltimore.
 Wiland, Cyrus (Sergeant — Army), Lonaconing, Md.
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 Wilgis, Roland O. (Private—Army), Belair, Md.
 Wilhelm, Samuel (Private — Army), Glencoe, Md.
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 Wilkinson, Donald (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Wilkinson, Edward (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Williams, Charles E. (Private—Army), Cumberland, Md.
 Williams, James H. (Private—Army), Relay, Md.
 Williams, Ralph Burgess (Navy), Baltimore.
 Williams, William H. (Private —Army), Whitehall, Md.
 Williams, William Haner (Private—Army), Dry Branch, Md.
 Williamson, Philip H. (Lieutenant—Army), Mt. Washington, Md.
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 Wilson, Charles H. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Wilson, Samuel David, Carroll county.
 Wilson, Frederick (Navy), Easton, Md.
 Wilson, Herbert (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Wilson, Joseph (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Wilson, W. Ernest (Private—Army), Westwood, Md.
 Wimmer, Warren H. (Corporal —Army), Baltimore.
 Winchenbach, Roland C. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Windsor, Frank L. (Corporal—Army), Colgate, Md.
 Windsor, Ralph E. (Private—Army), Sharptown, Md.
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 Wine, Vere W. (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Winfree, Wallis (Private — Army), Salisbury, Md.
 Wingate, Frederick (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Winter, Herman (Private — Army), Laurel, Md.
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 Witsotzkey, Samuel Conrad (Fireman — Navy), Forest Hill, Md.
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 Wolf, John C. (Private — Army), Rossville, Md.
 Wolf, William Robert (Fireman Navy), Baltimore.
 Wolf, William (Private — Army), Baltimore.
 Wolfe, John M., Washington county.
 Wolfe, John W.—Near Wolfesville, Md.
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 Woodson, Allaire E. (Private—Army), Silver Spring, Md.
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- Woolridge, Harvey (Seaman—Navy), Baltimore.
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 Wright, Brymore (Private—Army), Baltimore.
 Wright, Kemp (Wagoner—Army), Federalsburg, Md.
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 Warfield, John Breckenridge (Captain—Army), Howard county, Md.
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 Welsh, Richard E. (Cadet-Engineer—Navy), Baltimore.
 White, Herbert Luther (Seaman—Navy), Norfolk, Va.
 Wilkinson, Edwin J. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Wilson, James S. (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Yingling, James William, Carroll county.
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 Young, Charles (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Youngbar, James (Private—Army), Fairfield, Md.
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 Zaykoski, Benjamin (Private—Army), Baltimore.
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 Zeman, Charles (Private—Army), Curtis Bay, Md.
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THE STORY OF THE THREE THIRTEENTH WHICH DEALS
WITH THE REGIMENT'S DAYS AT CAMP MEADE ¶ ¶ ¶ ¶

